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JOANNINA.

THE

EASTERN SHORES OF THE ADRIATIC IN 1863.

WITH A VISIT TO MONTENEGRO.

BY THE

VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD,

AUTHOR OF 'EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRES AND SYRIAN SHRINES.'

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PREFACE.

THIS brief narrative of a summer's journey is not offered to the public as containing any very new or important information. The ground, however, is not as yet hackneyed, and some account of it may interest the general reader.

Those who seek for something better and more solid, I gladly refer to the three chapters added by my husband.

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THE

EASTERN SHORES OF THE ADRIATIC.

CHAPTER I.

SOUTHERN ALBANIA.

WE had arrived in Corfu early in May 1863, hoping to find a fresh and breezy spring still smiling there: but a precocious summer had been beforehand with us. Corfu boasts a more rainy climate than the general average of Greece, and, when everything in Attica is burnt up, sun-baked, and buried in clouds of dust, the more fortunate Ionian island retains its lovely spring verdure till almost the middle of June. But this year both the earlier and the latter rains had entirely failed, not only in the islands, but throughout Hungary and the Roumelian countries as far as Constantinople. The people were already prophesying drought and famine, and their anxieties on that account occupied them far more than their hopes and doubts arising out of the prospect of the annexation. For

several days we were deluded by the sight of a low black band of clouds rising in beneficent menace over the Albanian mountains, and stretching along the dull metallic sky towards the island. This took place regularly in the early part of the afternoon; but each time we were doomed to the disappointment of hearing the faintly-rumbling thunder lose itself in the far distance, and watching the thin curtain of rain fade away in mid-channel without a drop reaching the island; and the unfortunate town continued as close, sultry, and airless as ever. It was too hot and dusty to walk, drive, eat, or sleep; and consequently the only alternative was to leave it. I had taken a longing for cool breezes and green glades, and so I gladly made up a party of friends, while my husband was in Constantinople, for a fortnight's picnic in the mountains. We started on June 1, intending to make Ioánnina, the capital of Southern Albania, our farthest point.

Our expedition was of the rough-and-ready kind: some of us were old campaigners at tent-life and horseback-travelling, and some of us were too young and gay and new to everything not to take each désagrément as an additional pleasure. We were three ladies and three gentlemen; and we had

provided ourselves with two tents, a cook, and two men-servants, whose only fault was that they were as incapable of accomplishing any part of their duty as the cook was innocent of all cooking. The gentlemen, therefore, not only pitched the tents, but they also superintended the saucepans, while the servants looked on, talked, and drank up the wine and brandy in our stores.

The 'Petrel,' the little yacht of the Lord High Commissioner, carried us gallantly, before a fresh sirocco, across the channel to the bay of Santa Quaranta,*—a dreary spot, hemmed in by steep grey cliffs, with the warning masts of sunken brigs sticking up in the unquiet waters. The house of the unfortunate British consular agent, who has to pass his time in this cheerful place, is the only habitation visible. It stands near the ruins of a very large Venetian castle, which once guarded this shore, but of which there are now no remains worth inspecting.

As the horses and guides we had engaged to meet us at 5 P.M. had not yet arrived, we were glad to have the yacht to sleep in; and, considering the way punctuality is understood east of the

* No doubt it is bad Italian, thus to turn forty saints into one woman, but everybody at Corfu does so.

Adriatic, we thought ourselves fortunate in seeing the desired troop of quadrupeds arrive at the shore between 5 and 6 A.M. of the following day. I say quadrupeds, not as a fine way of saying horses in three syllables, but because they were a set of nondescript screws, which even a horse-dealer or a naturalist might hesitate before pronouncing horse, ass, or mule. After one look at the animals, and one attempt at saddling them, we sent our half-dozen English saddles on board again, and consigned ourselves to the common *samária*, or pack-saddles of the country. I counsel every traveller, but more especially all ladies, to follow our example. These saddles are square, with a large wooden cross-piece at each end, against which one can lean in ascending or descending a steep mountain; a shawl or pillow tightly tied on makes them perfectly comfortable; they are easily mounted at either side, and they do not fret the beast who carries them, as any contrivance to which he is not accustomed would do—a consideration of some value where the paths are steep and laborious, and the footing insecure.

The first start of a newly-combined party is always an affair of difficulty, and a trial of patience; the first day's march is sure to be one of no small irregularity. We formed no exception to the rule:

ere any of us had mounted, one lively mule had, regardless of his load, playfully gambolled up and down the steep hill-side, scattering blankets, boxes, and bags among the rocks, and converting us unanimously to his own opinion that there was no use in engaging him to be of our party.

After an immensity of screaming, talking, bustling, and coaxing, we at last started up a winding path over the hills, which were thickly covered with thorns * and flowers, and which gave us from the summit a beautiful view of the wide plain between us and the Delvino mountains. This plain is covered with green meadows and luxuriant hedges of *agnus castus*, with streams winding over it in all directions : almost all of them are branches of the Pavla, a river that runs into the lake of Butrinto. We descended a rough rocky path, along which the whole party succeeded in missing and losing each other, and, fording or picking our way over at least twenty of these channels, we came at last to the commencement of the village of Delvino, an unusually pretty place. The houses are scattered over a dozen steep-sided hills, and hidden between

* *Paliurus aculeatus.* The whole of Albania and most of Dalmatia is covered over with this shrub, in hedges and bushes. It is pretty and gay to look at, but its thorns are dreadful.

the thick woods and gardens that clothe them. Here and there two or three houses cluster round an old mosque or a ruined tower, but they are mostly dotted about singly: and the distances are so great that from one end to the other would take at least two hours' walking. The ruined palace of Selim Bey stands commandingly on the summit of a lofty hill.

As we had divided upon the plain into three or four different paths, the first thing to be done when we had reached Delvino was to find each other; but this was not accomplished until we had wandered far and wide, loudly shouting, and enquiring from every man, woman, and child we could see. We were decidedly in difficulties, for it was the hour of the mid-day sleep, and our enquiries were made in Greek, while the seeming answers were given in Albanian—neither party in the least understanding the other. At last, after three hours of this work, we were all transferred into the Mudir's or Bey's house, while the servants were sent to unload the mules in a neighbouring olive garden. The Bey welcomed us with some hospitality, and entered into an animated conversation with Capt. S. in Greek; meantime we received visits from several small gentlemen in crimson uniforms, of which the

Bey informed us, with modest pride and a certain grave chuckle of satisfaction, his house contained 'immense quantities!' Whereupon we agreed to take leave as quickly as possible. It was now late in the afternoon, and, as the Bey mounted his horse to accompany us, we observed a crowd of people, most brilliantly dressed, collecting round a house close by, from which strains of music were proceeding. I have reason to believe that this was the 'inevitable marriage ceremony' that reviewers declare makes its appearance sooner or later in every traveller's pages. I cannot, therefore, venture to say more than that it sounded very gay and pretty, although it lasted to a much later hour than was at all convenient to the wearied ones of our party, three of whom had walked fifteen miles that day, —a tolerable feat for the first attempt of a girl of sixteen.

It is worth remarking that the dew this night was quite Oriental; being enough, in fact, nearly to saturate the tent. No traveller in Albania should omit taking a good blanket or two, or, what is better, a Zante quilt (a double counterpane, wadded with cotton wool), and certainly some kind of mattress to sleep on.

We rose betimes on the morrow, and before the

sun was up we had chosen a fresh set of horses in place of the odd lot of animals we had had previously. These we engaged to go to Ioannina. The owners accompanied them, and each saddle-horse had a man to lead it; this was an improvement upon yesterday's march, which was embellished by divers old women tugging vainly at the beasts, and by no means cheerful over the long walk. The morning was moist and cool, and as we wound up hill after hill we all agreed nothing could be prettier than Delvino, with its thick woods and many gardens, backed by long stretches of the sea, and San Salvadore of Corfu joining in like a promontory of the mainland. For three hours the road continued equally pretty; and we rode gaily on through woods and flowers, fresh views of the sea meeting us at every turn, until, at an almost still prettier village, called Marzina, we lost it altogether. Here we suddenly turned into a horrid valley of desolation, all stones and bare rock, up which the wind came blowing chill and damp; the sun went in, and we were treated to a long and heavy shower, from which our hastily-pitched tent was not a very sufficient defence. We were much afraid of having to stop here all night, but the rain went off, and at 3 P.M. we started again, and

descended the valley by a very bad rough path, where it was safer to walk than to ride. At the bottom we came to the village of Garbitzi, where there seemed to be extensive ruins: it was once a considerable town. The sun shone out to brighten up the pleasant vale we were crossing, at the northern end of which we saw the hills of Arghyro-Kastro, at three hours' distance. The two sides of this valley were steep and wooded, and their slopes prettily studded with villages; it is watered by the Dryno. We crossed it at a long slope, and immediately began the stiffish ascent of a low pass, stony, wild, and dreary. It was late and nearly dark ere we reached the summit level, whence half an hour took us down to a pleasant meadow, close to the khan of Xerovaltó, in itself a miserable building. The wind was very cold and high, while we three ladies sat huddled up together, waiting for the tents to be pitched; but in an hour or two we were warm and comfortable, and better off than an unhappy little snake, who was in the morning found to have been crushed or suffocated under our ponderous weight, while we had been happily unconscious of its vicinity.

Our progress hitherto had been slow, owing to the rain and to our own idleness: else we ought to have

slept that night at Delvinaki. We pushed on early, therefore, after a scanty breakfast, over charming hills and dales, covered with oak woods, bramble-roses, and clematis, and after crossing many half-dry streams we came to a pretty upland valley. Here we were told to our disgust that we had already passed Delvinaki, and we were fain to dismount and rest in a few inches of mid-day shade under a juvenile oak. An hour farther brought us to a little round lake, blue as a turquoise, called Lake Kalo, silent and shadeless, though bosomed in green and pretty hills; but the water, contrary to its name, is brackish and unwholesome. Near this we met a score of Turkish soldiers carrying ammunition to Butrinto, where the Turks were then collecting a force; they were ill-looking and dirty savages, but, such as they were, they proved to be nearly the only signs of life on this road.

Nothing struck me more forcibly in my Southern Albanian ride than the almost totally uninhabited appearance of the country. Scarcely a village is to be seen within three or four hours of each other; even the khans are many hours apart; and more than half the land—I should say quite three-quarters—lies utterly waste and uncultivated. Very many of the khans are but miserable ruins, and

half of the few villages there are deserted and roofless. Many a time I thought of the bright mountains of the Lebanon, and the beautiful hills of Syria, speckled over with yellow-brown villages, and smiling with mulberry gardens and vineyards —proofs of untiring industry under a burning sun. I longed to hear the shrill, screaming song of the Druze or the Maronite; and I felt, in the silence of this depopulated land, how much one's travels are thus deprived of one of their principal pleasures —the studying of mankind and womankind, and all their various manners and customs and appearances in other countries than our own. We scarcely met anyone between Delvino and Ioannina, beyond a stray muleteer, a sheep-driver, or a ragged labourer in the field; and really the dogs appeared to be almost the chief occupants of the country, as they are certainly the most noisy ones.

It is the fashion, among people determined to make much of their classics, to call these dogs the Molossian breed, though there is every reason to believe the true old Molossian race to be as extinct as the old Irish greyhound, which it seems to have resembled in stateliness and fighting power. These off-hand classical analogies are too easily made and accepted among us. A similar case is that of the

well-known Sirto or Romaïka dance, which is invariably identified with the ancient Pyrrhic dance, apparently for no better reason than that both dances belong to the same country. The one, as far as we know it, was the lightest and quickest of steps, always a *pas seul*, the dancer being armed; the other, a heavy humdrum tramp of a circle or string of men. This is the *kolo*, or wheel-dance of the Sclavonians, and, as it is universal in Sclavonic countries far removed from Greek influence, it has doubtless originated with that race. But to return from this digression to the dogs: they are bold, showy animals when at their best, according to the most competent authorities at Corfu, where Albanian dogs, woodcock and beaters, form one of the staples of conversation—at least among sensible people and free people, who are not officially obliged to take an interest in the narrow, howling politics of the place.

We met a gentleman in Corfu who had just been laid up for some weeks by the furious bites he had received, while out shooting, from half a dozen of them. It is easy to keep them off with sticks and stones while standing, but this gentleman slipped his foot and fell, and they flew at him at once. To an erect and bold enemy they are not much more

formidable than common street dogs, usually slinking away the moment one stoops for a stone; and one well-hitting stone will disperse two or three together. They are not usually handsome beasts, or very large: always of a light dun colour, with curly bushy tails and long hair; but, for my own part, I only saw one dog in Albania that was at all worth looking at. Of course they are mostly seen in the villages, but the labourers in the fields are generally accompanied by one or two, and the shepherds always have some in attendance on the flocks, and on guard at the *mandriá* or sheepfolds. The same type of dog seems to prevail over the whole of European Turkey and Greece, but there has been little accurate observation of his special points, and a good specimen or two would be most useful contributions to our dog-shows, which are becoming mere repetitions of each other.

We pitched our tents this evening in a beautiful meadow, directly under the convent of Pogoghiani, which is perched half-way up a wooded hill; I could hear nothing about the convent, and it was too far off to visit. Close to us there was a thick bosquet of fine plane trees, under which I discovered a great many little snakes, two of whom, evidently at play together, were kind enough to afford me much

amusement early the next morning: they were twisting and twining each other in the funniest manner, until, probably catching sight of me, they both darted away under the shrubs. We had passed, near these trees, three very large snakes, all of them dead: one of them had been flung across a tree some weeks before, and now nothing was left of him but his nearly dry skin, glazed, semi-transparent, and beautiful in its delicate reticulations. This snake had been six or seven inches in circumference, and was about four feet or more long; it was of the same colour and appearance as many I saw in Greece at the foot of Mount Helicon. We passed a great many tortoises this day.

The shower we had had on the preceding day was the only rain we saw during our stay in Southern Albania, unhappily for the country; for the want of water was in many places terrible. All the small streams were dry, and most of the rivers were reduced to mere rivulets. Yet on the next morning (Friday), after two hours' march, we found ourselves riding along the bank of a really good river, deep and clear, which soon after tumbled itself in a very picturesque manner over some rocks, not many feet high, but with a breadth of water, a thicket of trees, and a picturesque entourage that

made a charming view. As our guides had not the slightest intention of going out of the road to the famous Falls of the Kalamá (the way to which it was afterwards quite evident none of them knew), they assured us that this was the identical waterfall, and we were led to believe them at the moment, although the place did not at all answer the description of *the* Falls. However, we looked duly at the beautiful foam, listened to the roar, and passed on. We afterwards discovered that the river really was the Kalamá, but that these Falls are only at a short distance below the source: the real Falls, 'the volumed cataract' of Byron, are considerably lower down.

We now left the oak-wooded valleys, and turned up a bare hill-side, at the summit of which a grassy circular hill appeared, crowned by clumps of noble trees. 'That must be the Monastery of Zitza?' said I. The guides first replied, 'No;' then said there was no monastery anywhere; then that we had passed Zitza; and finally, that there was nothing but trees on that hill, and that where we wanted to go was straight on: and they ended by begging us to 'move on.' The fact was, we had made the important mistake of trusting to our baggage horsemen to be our guides; while they, being only

carriers of goods from place to place, are unacquainted with any but the high roads (such as they are). They usually know the names of the khans, but not always that much; of everything else they are entirely ignorant, seldom even knowing the names of the springs or rivers. Our baggage was, as usual, far behind us, and only a couple of men were with us, one of whom had loudly professed to know the way well.

So we did as we were bid, and, leaving the green upland, descended into a narrow winding ravine of loose broken rock, without a trace of vegetation of any kind, and frightfully hot. Down this we weariedly picked our way for an hour and a half, and were too glad to find it open at the bottom into a perfectly level narrow plain. The lake of Lapsista* appeared at a short distance, and a single khan stood at half an hour's distance from us, with a few fine trees near it. Under one of these we dismounted, and commenced examining our guide. 'How far is Zitza?' 'Three hours,' was the reply. 'In which direction?' 'Back there,' said the man, coolly pointing out the way we had come. Remembering the useful Arabic proverb, that 'the stick

* In winter and in wet seasons this lake joins the Lake of Ioannina, and they become one.

descended from heaven, a blessing from God,' I recommended an immediate application of the heavenly blessing; the man got a blow or two, which I fear only made him laugh in his sleeve at the gentleness of our champion. And then we waited till the baggage came up, when the man swore Zitza and its monastery was in every direction we pointed to, and finally in none, while the whole set of them loudly declared they must and would stop at the khan where we stood or go on to Ioannina. We informed them that to Zitza we would go, and off we all started, except Captain S., who stopped to impress the man a little more powerfully than before with heavenly blessings. Of course the pack-saddle immediately turned round under him and deposited him on the ground; but this we were all used to, as it happened twenty times a day, and upon any unusual movement, 'I'm off!' 'Oh, and I too!' used to be heard on all sides.

Up the long, winding, stony, baking valley we now retraced our steps, feeling considerably hotter, very much hungrier, and not a little disgusted, as we saw that by this long delay we should not get to Ioannina that evening; moreover, the mutinous voices of the men did not sound comfortable. Turning at right angles from the very middle of

the green upland towards the identical circular hill we had seen before, we found ourselves among pleasant vineyards, with hedges of privet and pomegranate all in blossom, fragrant and refreshing after the heat of the stony ravine. Rounding the hill we came out on the village of Zitza, with its pond and little gardens, and then began to climb a rather steep ascent to the monastery of S. Elias, which stands on the summit, entirely hidden in magnificent oak trees and lofty elms. This is

> 'Monastic Zitza! . . . .
> Thou small, but favoured spot of holy ground!'

made so famous by Lord Byron, in stanzas that are rather too good for the occasion, although I am presumptuous enough to think them written by no means in his best style of faithful and vivid description. The monastery itself has been almost entirely rebuilt quite lately; it is now comfortable, but uninteresting and unremarkable, except as consecrated by Lord Byron. The best thing there is a well of excellent water; the four or five monks who inhabit it are civil and inoffensive; while the women who attend upon them lavished very good bread and wine, fowls and eggs, upon us, and did not intrude more than enough. It would not be

by any means respectable if the good monks allowed their lay sisters to be pretty as well as useful; but the faces of these women must certainly have encouraged the virtues of their monastic masters, for an uglier trio of good-humoured, jolly women I never saw.

The view from the hill of Zitza is a very extensive one and full of variety, but it is by no means to be compared in actual beauty to some of the spots about Delvino, or the glorious view above Roumanates. Yet, as showing the general character of Southern Albania, it is probably one of the best to be found. To me there was always a something wanting in Southern Albanian views. I do not think it was *only* the want of those brilliant hues of the East and South, which nothing can dim in the eyes of my memory; but it seemed as if there was always a certain hardness not to be pointed out so much as felt,—a something which took away the richness from the green, even in the valleys, and destroyed the coloured veil which hangs over and beautifies still more arid countries in a hotter clime. Least of all was there any of that lovely tenderness of colour and form, so characteristic of Greece, and which I had fondly hoped to have seen again in Southern Albania and Corfu.

I found something more nearly approaching it in Northern Albania.

We now came to a pitched battle with our men. Having succeeded in getting them to Zitza, they declared we must mount again and go on to Ioannina; that they always went there in three days from Delvino, and they would do the same now; furthermore, that they had no food for the horses, or bread for themselves, &c. We informed them that we should go on to Ioannina when we liked, that they were punished for deceiving us, that the road we took was no concern of theirs, and that it was very kind of us to stop them at a good village like Zitza, where they could buy all they wanted. They declared there was no bread in Zitza, and that they should at once go on to Ioannina, leaving us to take care of ourselves and get horses where we could; and each took his horses and departed—unpaid, of course—to our no small amusement. All of them, except, be it well remarked, the one man who had been thrashed, and whose conduct had immediately become exemplary; he begged to be allowed to help the servants, and made himself most obliging and busy in fetching water &c., only occasionally requesting Captain S. not to fulfil his promise

of putting him into gaol as soon as we arrived at Ioannina. The tents were soon pitched on a little grassy slope, the thick and lofty trees screening us from a very high wind, which was refreshing enough after the heat and fatigues of the day.

We had all the end of the long summer day to admire the view, and learn the names of the various parts of it. Hence we first saw some of the heights of the Pindus range, which were still streaked with snow, while various ranges of mountains to the south and west glistened behind each other in gentle quiet colours, and everywhere and in all directions one saw wood and water and abundant verdure. We could now trace the windings of the Kalama, and make out with some distinctness whereabouts were the famous Falls—in quite another direction from the road we had taken—and as they are three hours' distance from Zitza, it was impossible for us to go to them without sacrificing a whole day. The evening was lovely, and we strolled about the hills till quite late, discovering new prettinesses at each turning. The village is picturesquely situated and cheerful-looking, boasting 360 houses, several church towers, and a noble school-house, lately built, airy, and

well filled with benches &c. The village has always been Christian.

Zitza may be included in the short route from Corfu to Ioannina, viz. the route by Sayada and Philates, which is usually accomplished in three days; but we had chosen our route from the very superior beauty of Delvino and Delvinaki, and because we had it in our power, had we journeyed a little more quickly, to take Arghyro-Kastro in extra. I regretted the omission of the latter, as, besides being, according to Mr. Lear, remarkably picturesque, this town forms a point of historic interest in tracing the course of Ali Pasha's annexations.

Early on Saturday morning all our horses and men were in their places as usual, having, doubtless, spent a pleasant evening among the good folk of Zitza, and we were in the saddle by a little after 8 o'clock. Avoiding the long ravine of which we had had double allowance yesterday, we now mounted a low grass-covered hill to the east, and picked our way down another descent considerably worse than the former; while the sun, reflected from the bare stones, completed the changes of our complexions to lobster hues. We arrived in the

verdant plain a mile or so beyond the shallow lake of Lapsista, which we had seen yesterday, and, in our impatience to get on to the city, we all commenced trotting: the series of tumbles that ensued out of the pack-saddles diversified our progress to such a ludicrous extent, and we got so dreadfully hot with laughing at each other under the burning sun, that we at last proclaimed a halt beneath a fine walnut tree, and endeavoured to cool our roasted faces with the fresh leaves; here, too, we waited for the baggage, that we might enter the city together.

I found the plain a little tedious, as I had hoped to have seen Ioannina from a long distance, but it was not until we had jogged three full hours over the undulating ground that the city suddenly appeared on a much lower level. The view at last, however, was not at all disappointing. The city, which is very white and (at a distance) marble-looking, is well shaped—a graceful bow advancing into the lake, and imbedded in the most brilliant verdure of meadows and rich gardens; the lake bends gently round it, while from the other side of the water the Mitzikèli mountains rise up proudly, until they are checked, as it were, and overtopped

by three groups of the snowy Pindus heights.* The forms are good, but throughout the summer the view is spoiled by the colours of the nearer mountains—a dirty dull brown, with very little appearance of rock breaking through the uncrisp slopes. In the early spring and late autumn these mountains acquire a verdant tint, and throughout the winter they are almost wholly covered with snow. In either case, the view must be a very lovely one. These Mitzikèli mountains are about 2,500 feet in height, while the lake is here, from the projection of the city into it, only about three-quarters of a mile wide. Opposite the city stands the island on which Ali Pasha was murdered, and dotted about among the houses appear scores of mosques and minarets.

The lake is about seven miles long, and three miles wide at its broadest; as few torrents and no river flow into it, it is of course principally supplied by subterranean sources. At each end there is a cavity or passage, into which the water empties itself: one of these flows into the Kalama; it is deep, but the fish in it are worthless.

* Mounts Tzikurela, Kakardista, and Tzumerka. It is said that Mitzikèli, though now so entirely bare, was, till not very long ago, covered with trees, which have been cut down for firewood.

Along the latter part of the road there had been a good deal of life, men and horses and laden donkeys passing along: and as we now advanced among the cafés and outer streets, we became uncomfortably reminded that we were all very dirty, and some of us not a little ragged; our appearance was, in fact, sufficiently disreputable to have shocked anyone less hospitable than the excellent Consul, who represents H. B. M. in Ioannina. We were not permitted to make a home of our tents while staying there, and we fully enjoyed the comforts and luxuries of the Consulate after our five days of roughing—added to which, that the house itself is a very remarkable specimen of the best style of Turkish wood-carving in domestic architecture. The city washerwomen being soon put into requisition, we proceeded to inspect the capital of Southern Albania.

There is no building of any remarkable beauty in Ioannina, nor one that possesses much other historical interest than that which appertains to the famous Albanian despot and tyrant, Ali Pasha. The citadel is placed on the square piece of land which forms a promontory in the lake; in this is the Serai, a large and by no means handsome building on the inner side of a wide *place*. On the

eastern side, the chief mosque of the city is placed on the edge of a rocky cliff, washed by the waters of the lake. Here, enclosed in a common iron railing, are the tombs containing the headless trunk of Ali Pasha, and the body of Emine, his first wife, whom he shot with his own hand in an access of fury, because she dared to plead for the Suliotes. There is nothing remarkable about his tomb: it has only the turban-topped head-stone and the common flowers placed upon almost every Turkish grave. At the northern end of the promontory is the mosque in which Ali usually paid his devotions: it is poor enough in style and in ornaments, but it is, even so, the only pretty building to be found there. A few marble columns, some coarse inlay and gaudy paint, and a pretty flower-painted terrace commanding a beautiful view up and down the lake, is all that can be said about the place.

A drawbridge leads from the citadel immediately into the bazaar, and the rest of the city. The good houses are all on the western side of the town, standing each in its own garden: this intermixture of trees with the white buildings is one of the beauties of Ioannina. Passing across the town to its western extremity, one arrives at the foot

of the hill of St. George;* here are the principal burying-grounds, unenclosed, barren, and desolate. Here also the awkward squads of recruits are drilled morning and evening, and here the veiled ladies disport themselves in groups among the tombstones. The view from this hill is by far the best of the city and the lake, and very lovely it is.

The bazaars are very poor, though somewhat extensive: they appeared to me to be fully stocked, but with the commonest materials—cheap cottons and cloths, miserable glass and clumsy pottery, were the chief articles, although in the few shops that contained gold embroidery there were specimens of a very superior class, at certainly a third less than the prices of Constantinople or Damascus: indeed, I never saw better embroidery anywhere. Both the town and the inhabitants are in a state of such decadence and poverty that even the Turks make no display, since there is no one worth impressing by luxuries or wealth; and for the purchase of common clothing, it is said that the peasants now chiefly go to Avlona. From the

* It was on this hill that Bohemond, son of Robert Guiscard the Norman, intrenched his army, in the year 1082, when he took the then Greek city, and defeated the Emperor Alexius Comnenus under its walls.

vicinity of snowy mountains, the usual form of Turkish ice-cream abounded, and there were plenty of sweet shops; but I saw no coffee and very little water or sherbet hawked about. No gaily-trapped donkeys or horses came pushing through: and, in fact, the bazaars of Ioannina are very inanimate and mesquin in comparison to towns of the same importance farther east. One missed the stirring sights and sounds that harmonised so well with the darkened booths, atrocious pavements, and gaudy colours of a really Oriental bazaar.

Among private dealers, Jews especially, there are occasionally very beautiful specimens of antique silver work to be picked up; these are chiefly the waist-clasps worn by the Albanian women, some of which I have seen a good twelve inches long and seven or eight in depth: some of the old ones are very beautifully chased and carved. Then there are three or four different kinds of large hanging buttons, mostly very clumsy; quantities of square cases for scraps of sacred writing, like the Mooslim *hezab*, covered with rude Christian figures of saints and emblems; and a variety of small silver dishes or plates, some of which bear patterns of exceeding beauty and perfect execution. The best work is *repoussé*, but some are carved; while

at rare intervals articles that have been brought from the real East may be seen — specimens of exquisite damascening, or of still more beautiful enamelling. I hope it may some day be proved whether these latter are Persian or old Turkish, or in what country they were made. They are *cloisonnée*, and of most delicate colours, with granulated metal-work. I saw a beautiful inkstand in metal, richly damascened; it was 700 years old. Probably the best specimens in Ioannina have been already sold: for the citizens are now so poor that it is unlikely there is much left that is worth seeking.

One other curiosity, however, must be mentioned as really valuable. The cathedral is a building in no way remarkable for itself, but it contains an altar-screen* of great beauty. This screen, according to the Greek custom, stretches from wall

* An English gentleman who lately visited Ioannina was very anxious to purchase this screen, and offered an almost unlimited sum of money for it. Doubtless the ill-fed, ill-paid ecclesiastics would have sold the screen, or anything in the church, for a quarter of the money, but the scrimmage that would have ensued among the Consuls of the other powers would have been something appalling. It is amusing to think of the telegrams that would have shot over France, Austria, and Russia, had such a terrible instance of 'English interference, bribery, intrigue, audacity, aggression, &c.'—been permitted to take place!

to wall, between the nave and chancel, and is about 40 feet long and 18 feet high. It is of walnut wood, carved *au jour*, in exquisite design and execution; each panel contains figures of saints, with borders and bouquets of delicately-cut fruit and flowers, with cherubs and angels half hidden beneath the foliage. There is a beautiful pulpit done by the same hand. I had seen a splendid specimen of the same thing in Mitylene, and I was told there are many others in the Greek islands.

The city itself is, in fact, of less interest than the island of Nisi, opposite to the citadel. Thither one evening, when the heat of the day was over, we rowed. Pulling round the northern end, and pushing our way through the tall slushy canes, we landed under a clump of splendid plane trees, and found ourselves among a group of small monasteries. There are seven on the island, but no monks; the buildings were all used for prisons in Ali Pasha's time. We entered that of Pandeleëmon (the All-merciful), and here, up a dozen broken steps, were two small dark rooms, in one of which the floor was pierced with perhaps a dozen round holes; here the cruel old Pasha was taken and killed.

The true history of the event is as follows:

On January 29, 1822, being assured that a firman of plenary forgiveness had arrived for him from Constantinople, Ali Pasha was induced to leave the citadel and to cross over to this monastery. He settled himself in this same small room, the one next it being occupied by his favourite wife Vassiliki. On February 5, he was informed that Mehemet Pasha was about to visit him with a message from Khurshid Pasha, who was then in command of the Sultan's forces in Epirus. He prepared as best he could, and Mehemet came, firing a pistol at Ali as he entered his apartment. The shot missed, and Ali fired in return, but also without effect, while at the same instant he was wounded in the hand by a shot from an aide-de-camp of Mehemet Pasha. The old tiger sprang forward to follow up the fight, when the others retreated down the steps, and he shut himself in with Vassiliki and an attendant, who proceeded to bind up the bleeding hand. While they were thus engaged, a firing commenced from the room below through the floor; one of the shots inflicted a mortal wound upon the old man, and he died almost immediately. Mehemet and his men then broke into the room, cut off Ali's head, and sent it, together with Vassiliki, across the

lake to Khurshid Pasha, by whom both were at once despatched to Constantinople. After living there for two years under surveillance, Vassiliki was allowed to pass into Greece; she settled at Patras, where she died in extreme want and misery in 1855. The Turkish Government still goes on seeking for his treasures, which were believed to be enormous. Many portions have been found buried in different hiding-places, some of which were known to Vassiliki, and some were confessed by others; so that, although he was extremely rich, it is improbable that much or any more remains to be discovered.

In these island monasteries, some of which are rude castles, hundreds of the unfortunate Suliotes were confined; they were usually starved to death, but very many were despatched in a much quicker fashion.

Re-embarking in our clumsy boat, we pushed again through thickets of water-lilies and of reeds, which are a kind of papyri, and which yield a very respectable thickness of pith, and rowed to the foot of Mitzikèli, in order to see a very copious clear fountain bursting out from under the rock. It is called Krionero, from the great coldness of the water, which is also very good.

Tired of Ali Pasha and his iniquities, I turned with interest to two of the churches attached to these monasteries, and regretted that my examination of them could only be a hasty one. The principal church belonging to the Monastery of St. John was basilica-shaped, every inch of wall covered with frescoes of the most brilliant colours, chiefly in compartments, without any attempt at symmetry of size or shape; the figures are fresh and vigorous, with a great deal of beauty in many of them. The other church, that of Pandeleëmon, is a simple square, the roof supported by arches on two columns. It is very dark; but there is light enough to see that the walls are covered with frescoes of a much earlier date, reminding me strongly of the very ancient Georgian frescoes in the Convent of the Holy Cross, near Jerusalem. Many of the figures were painted on golden backgrounds, with the very dark colouring, attenuated limbs, and endless beards of the earliest periods of fresco painting. Names of the saints so depicted, and one or two inscriptions, appear to have been added in later years: these might easily be spelled out by anyone accustomed to Greek Church inscriptions, and they might throw some light upon the building itself.

In this same church there is a painting of the Blessed Virgin asleep, which is said to have been found among the ruins of Dodona, a bishopric of the early Byzantine church. The painting is one of considerable merit.

I would gladly have stayed for some weeks of sketching in Ioannina, but we had no more time to spare, according to our plans, and on the morning of the 9th we were all ready to continue our journeyings, and to mount the collection of sorry beasts which now filled the courtyard of the Consulate; certainly the hack-horses to be purchased for about 4*l.* in Syria are very superior to the horses supplied to the traveller in Albania or Greece, as far as my experience goes. Our horses were a poorer lot than those we had had from Delvino to Ioannina, but in all other respects we were immensely better off, for we had taken the advice of our Consul, and engaged a *zaptieh* (a mounted policeman) to attend us for the rest of our journey. No traveller should omit this almost indispensable precaution. Our previous journey would have been shortened by one day at least, our dinners would have been better, and all the other vexations and annoyances which tried our tempers would have been avoided, had we requested the

Consul to send us one to Santa Quaranta. It is the business of the zaptieh to find the horses, to engage guides, if he cannot act as such himself, and to force the peasants to provide all that one requires in the way of food and forage at proper prices; so that, in fact, double the usual pay given to him is saved by his presence. Moreover, he prevents travellers from getting into the rows and disputes with the peasants, which have afterwards to be referred to the Consul, and which frequently produce much more important and annoying results than they were originally worth—about which results so many travellers are supremely indifferent.

Our zaptieh was a delightful person—a specimen of the best kind of Albanian Mussulman. He was erect and spare, with the angular features, small bright eye, and high forehead of the Albanian, and withal the modest, unservile, but deferential good-breeding of the Oriental. Firm and resolute in his dealings with the peasant—to us he was all that was obliging and attentive; and while we rejoiced in better food and less trouble in the management of our people, he likewise contributed to our amusement by songs of endless duration, sung in a hard but musical voice—songs

of half-western melody sung in a half-eastern manner. He spoke Turkish and Greek as well as his own Albanian—a language more than usually difficult to learn from its being unwritten.

The Albanians are a peculiar people—not a mere tribe, but a nation of themselves. Under the generic name of *Skipetar*, they are divided north and south into Gheghs and Tosks. The greater number of them became Mooslims in the fifteenth century, but, to use the words of Finlay, 'their morality . . . was not such that they were likely to become more wicked by becoming Mussulman. The Albanian Mussulmans were detested by the Osmanlees and hated by the Greeks . . . they were less bigoted than the Turks, and less superstitious than the Greeks . . . their avarice is insatiable.' I believe that the same description answers precisely at the present day, with the addition that they are equally remarkable for laziness and ignorance. Like all very ignorant persons, they think themselves the finest people in the world, and boast of their quarrelsomeness as the best proof of their heroism. In appearance they are tall and muscular, bony and lean; their countenances are seldom pleasing: to me they seemed equally divided into two classes—namely, the doltishly

stupid, and the mean sensual cunning. I speak here of the peasantry. Among the better class, such as the zaptiehs and a few shopkeepers, one sometimes sees a free open intelligent face, with the sharp regular features and half-graceful Greek-formed limbs, which is the Albanian type; but, as a people, I never saw any that pleased me less at first sight.

After bidding adieu to our kind and hospitable friends, we quitted Ioannina at 8.30 A.M., and, despite the heat of the sun baking over the wide and burnt-up plain, we continually looked back to enjoy the views of the lake and its surrounding mountains. These increased in beauty as we ascended the opposite hills, while at the top we found occasional shade under the trees which crowned the slopes; then, descending through stony paths winding among stone walls and ruined gardens into a narrow vale, we mounted a steep ascent through the straggling village of modern Dhramisiús, shaded in lofty walnut, oak, and plane trees. Here we rested for some time, looking back upon the amphitheatre of ancient Dhramisiús, which we had missed in the confusion of the paths in passing it; but from this height we could distinguish it well. Up and down pretty slopes

covered with trees or flowering brushwood, we continued our way for two or three hours, till finding, at 6.30, a pretty little grassy plain, called Plessia, with a stream running through it, we decided to camp there. Some labourers were at work on the spot, and the zaptieh demanded wood for our fires: they said they had none, but upon the zaptieh quietly answering, 'In the name of the Sultan I command you to bring wood,' the wood was instantly forthcoming, as well as milk and forage. We wanted nothing else, for our kitchen canteen had been abundantly supplied in Ioannina, and in this latter half of our journey we had considerably better meals than in the first half. There is always abundance of lamb or mutton to be had in Southern Albania, though it is not very good meat; and poultry, milk of sheep, goats, and, on rare occasions, of cows, are to be had in the villages; we had also very tolerable bread everywhere.

It would be tedious to give the details of each day's march, few though they were. I will only say of the next day's ride that it led us through the prettiest country possible; up and down and round breezy hills, and across fresh sweet valleys, with continual and unexpected changes of view at

every five minutes, while the whole way from end to end was one long forest of oak, elm, lime, &c. Some of them were very noble lofty trees, that would have made any prospect pretty; and then the brushwood and thorn trees were tangled over with sweet clematis and dog-roses, and the greensward in the valleys was brightened with streamlets. The paths were quite good, and the only inconveniences of the day arose from the luxuriance of the trees overhanging the paths, continually making Absaloms of the party, to the great detriment of hats and heads; while it not seldom happened that some one who was looking out carelessly got swept off his saddle and deposited probably in a thorn-bush. Towards evening we reached a most romantic-looking cascade of snowy foaming water, tearing down under a group of lofty plane trees with a deafening roar; I believe it is called Dervidjaná. Following the stream we went on into a wide green meadow, too low to camp in, and we therefore struggled up the steep side of the mountain to a straggling village called Roumanates, where we with much difficulty found a few feet of ground flat enough to pitch the tents.

Next morning we continued the same path up to the top of the mountain-side, the view becoming

wider and grander at every turn, until near the summit we could look back on the lofty groups of the Pindus we had seen before, added to the mountains between us and Ioannina. After somewhat more than an hour's mounting up a very steep but perfectly good path, we reached the summit, and immediately over it a magnificent view opened out before us. Including these same and more of the Pindus heights, with the mountains of Acarnania, our view now swept round over the heads of the Suli mountains to the deep, green, thickly-wooded gorges of the Acheron, at our feet; beyond all which the river was seen winding out across the plain to the blue sea, in which appeared Paxo and Anti-Paxo to our right, and Santa Maura in the far distance straight before us.

We looked and looked again at this noble and beautiful view, until we began to descend a steep and rough and occasionally slightly giddy descent into the narrow Suli valley below us. Here we found the ruined roofless villages of the unfortunate Suliotes dotted along the valley, and mostly reduced to heaps of stones; not a stone had been replaced since 1803, for who is there left to do it? A few roofless walls still standing in Kako-

Hanhart lith.

THE MOUNTAINS OF SULI.

Suli were occupied by a number of Turkish soldiers, the officers living in three green tents pitched on the mountain-side. They received our zaptieh with respect, and some of us being on this day ill and fatigued, we decided to remain here, although it was then only midday, and there was little shade to be found. The path which was good for us had been severe for the loaded mules, and one poor beast, too weak for his burden, had gone over the edge and rolled a considerable way down the hill-side; he was dreadfully cut and bleeding when they arrived at Kako-Suli. The valley was full of sheep and goats, and we fared sumptuously in the way of milk.

This little valley is closed at either end by a very beautiful group of mountains: that to the north is a group standing over Paramythia and Margarita; that to the south is the famous group of the Suli mountains, divided into perpendicular cliffs by the Acheron, which has apparently cut them down from their neighbours, and which now runs at the bottom of the magnificent chasm. Three of these cliffs run up into singularly pointed peaks, called Trypa; it was from them that the Suliote women threw themselves down into the abyss below in suicidal despair, rather than fall into the hands of Ali Pasha. The peak to the

right is called the Hill of Thunderbolts, because whatever is built on it is immediately knocked down by lightning: that in the centre is called Kiafa; on this Ali Pasha built a large castle. The peak to the left is also fortified. Right opposite, on the western side of Kako-Suli, are two other abrupt peaks; one bears the castle of Kughni, the other that of S. Donato.

The sufferings of the unfortunate Suliotes have been made the subject of a hundred romances in prose and poetry; yet a few words of their real history * may not be unacceptable while we stand, as it were, facing their dark and rugged rocks.

The Suliotes were originally a simple family or clan of the Tosks (Southern Albanians), but they were particularly favoured by the Sultan's government as a check on the lawless independence of the native Mussulmans of that part of Albania. The Suliotes had so often and so gallantly repulsed

* From Finlay and Leake. It is a strangely common thing to find persons talking of the Suliotes as if they had been true Greeks; they were Albanians pure and simple, and had nothing to do with the Greek nation beyond communion with the Greek church, and the use of Greek as the language of writing, of education as far as it existed, and of the church. But these causes tended to Hellenise them more and more during all their career. Some few from other Christian clans had joined the Suliotes, but they were all Tchamides, or Southern Albanians.

their attacks that they acquired a great reputation, and became, in fact, a military caste, who despised all labour as much as the proudest Mussulman, and therefore left their land to be cultivated by Greek peasants. Their mountains are, indeed, too precipitous to be generally cultivated, but many of them are thickly covered with natural woods, and a little industry would have clothed many more with trees and pasture. They were divided into pharas or families, who were frequently embroiled with one another, and at the end of last century they began to collect all the followers they could from other tribes or Greeks; the money to pay this increased number was found by making forays on the lands of their neighbours. These depredations were called *wars*, and were considered the only honourable occupations of a Suliote.

Ali Pasha, whose policy was to centralise all power in his own hands, resolved to destroy all independent communities in his Pashalik, whether Mussulman or Christian; and, seeing how unpopular the depredations of the Suliotes had made them, he conceived he should find the task of subduing them easy. But the moment he began to threaten them, their neighbours forgot all the injuries received at their hands, and made common

cause with them; while the Venetian governors of Parga and Prevysa hastened to support them with arms and ammunition. The Suliotes had thus become in 1792 a sort of little republic; sixty villages beyond their immediate territory paid tribute to them, and they themselves were a strong body of upwards of 1,500 fighting men. It may well be surmised that Ali Pasha would not have been able to destroy them had he not had recourse to surer weapons than those of arms; he took advantage of the disunion among their families, he filled them with suspicions of each other, he tempted their greedy avarice, he made secret promises separately among them, and thus prepared the way for that wholesale destruction which famine completed.

The whole plain of Phanari at this time belonged to Suli, with many of the surrounding mountains; but Suli Proper consisted of four villages, viz. Kako-Suli, Kiapha, Avariko, and Samoniva; it was a bishop's see, the cathedral church of which, Glyky, stood at the entrance of the gorge of the Acheron.

Ali Pasha first attacked the Suliotes in 1788, but he was repulsed and withdrew at once. Four years later he gained temporary possession of

Kako-Suli by assault, but in three weeks he returned to Ioannina, having failed completely either to hold it or to advance another step. In 1799 one Suliote, George Bótzaris, with his whole phara, had entered into his service, but he died, it is said, of grief soon after his first battle against his own clansmen. Ali then surrounded them with strongly fortified places, gradually shutting them up into narrower and narrower limits; in consequence of which hunger began to try them as early as 1801, for, the plain and port of Phanari being taken from them, they could no longer obtain supplies, except occasionally by some ingenious stratagem. Then the Pasha demanded peace, and the Suliotes sent him twenty-four hostages; but, as soon as he received them, he broke the treaty and put them in prison, having forced a priest to disarm them as they entered a church. They were subsequently all starved to death.

In September 1803 Ali's troops gained possession of Kako-Suli and Avariko, through the treachery of two Suliotes, Gusi and Palaska; another, Kutzonika, also deserted his brethren. Kughni* and

* So written by Leake and Finlay, but in the curious Suliote ballad given by Leake in his earlier researches called Kiunghi, κιούγγι.

Kiapha were now the only strongholds left to them. The hero of Suli, the priest Samuel, occupied Kughni, the rock being defended by three hundred families, whose women were as active as the men, and of whom a very large number were killed in battle. Their position had now become perfectly hopeless, and in December they signed a capitulation, by which the little band was to be allowed to retire to Parga. Ali sent an ambuscade to waylay them on the road, but they received timely warning of it, and, taking another path, reached Parga in safety and passed over to Corfu. They had no sooner quitted the hill of Kughni. than the hero Samuel retired into the magazine with a lighted match, and perished in the ruins of the castle. His example was followed by the women of Dhimula, a Suliote village at some little distance, who, on the arrival of Ali's troops, shut themselves up in an old tower full of gunpowder and set it on fire, destroying every woman of the place.

The rest of the Suliotes, deceived by the promises of Ali, were collected on the summit of Kiafa, but the moment they reached it he sent a body of troops to attack them by surprise. About 150 were seized and afterwards made into slaves; the remaining men died fighting, and the women threw

their children over the rock, and then flung themselves down into the abyss. The cruelty of Ali was insatiable: as so many had escaped him, he ordered whole families, living dispersed in different places, to be murdered, until every Suliote in his power had been destroyed. There were still a few more fugitives from Suli itself and from the neighbouring mountains, and some who had escaped in the various engagements. These all collected gradually on a rocky height, on the summit of which is a monastery, called Seltzo, and beneath which the Achelous flowed in a deep abyss, as the Acheron at Suli. This rock was surrounded by 7,000 of Ali's troops in January 1804, but it was not till April 20 that the monastery was attacked and taken. The men were now nearly all killed, but the enemy were still resisted by the women, armed with stones, sticks, and knives. A few of these were taken, but 160 of them threw themselves with their children into the Achelous, and one escaped with a few men to Parga.

The survivors, who reached the Ionian Islands, are believed to have now entirely died out.* Some

* They were settled on the hill of the Ascension, close to the town of Corfu, overhanging the present country house or casino

took arms in the great War of Independence, and those who outlived that war became absorbed in the population of Greece. A very few returned to Epirus, and settled at Lakka, near Suli. Of these, one aged man, bent and feeble, came to see us in our camp; he was said to be the only Suliote who had remained in his native mountains, where he will soon have finished his cheerless and saddened existence. I would gladly have listened to his recitals of those horrible years if I could have understood him, but we had no sufficient interpreter with us.

The castle of Kiapha is now occupied by a Turkish garrison, and we started early on the following morning to ride up to it. The path is steep but not bad, and it takes but an hour from Kako-Suli; it is very beautiful and grand on all

of the 'Lord High.' Ali's wish, as put into verse by his Mussulman poetical biographer, was thus literally fulfilled—that they might gaze on their native country, and that their hearts might burn at the thought of turning back the wild mountain deer at their cold drinking pools:—

Νὰ βλέπουνε τὸν τόπο τους, νὰ καίεται ἡ καρδιά τους
Τ' ἀγρίμια νὰ γυρίζουνε 'στα κρύα τὰ νερά τους.

What has become of Col. Leake's manuscript of this interesting poem? It would surely be well worth while to recover and edit it.

sides. The latter part is carefully zigzagged up to the summit of the sharp peak on which the castle stands; this had to be levelled in order to build the fortress, for the natural crest of the rock is scarcely wider than the path. This and another peak rise up sheer from the very heart of the deep chasm of the Acheron; bare as *aiguilles*, they form a striking contrast to the rich wood and varied foliage all around, and especially in the ravine at one's feet. The wild mountains shut out the Phanari plains from the castle view, but from the eastern end of the rock a new and most lovely view is opened. Here, beyond mountains of every shape, clothed with every shade of green, from the dark pine to the fresh vine shoots, crossing each other along the winding valley, one perceives the blue waters of the Gulf of Arta and the still bluer mountains of Acarnania.

From this very beautiful scene we reluctantly turned away to perform the necessary civilities to the Turkish Commandant—not a very highly-bred functionary, nor one whose coffee was of the best; moreover, he had only four *zarfs* and five *finjans* wherein to hand it to the company, and these were of the same seedy appearance as himself and his soldiers. He only spoke Turkish, but the zaptieh

interpreted in Greek, the conversation not being of a remarkably intellectual character. We soon went back to our camp, and enjoyed a long day in the wild and silent valley.

We had to be up very early on the following morning, as we were anxious to get over the Phanari or Glyky plain before the sun was very hot, as it is unhealthy with miasma, and there was the Kleisura gorge to get through first. We did not know how long this was to take after the awful accounts of the path given in Leake and Lear—'a path that none but the foot of a goat or a Suliote can tread,' &c. — but, in answer to our surprise at its excellence, we learned from the zaptieh that the path we trod was a new one, which had only been constructed a few years. It is to be hoped that the Turks will continue it, for the descent into the plain below is simply execrable, not to say dangerous. It is impossible to describe the beauty of this gorge, as you follow the path winding down and then up over the nearly perpendicular mountain-sides: these are clothed with the densest foliage, through which the eye catches at intervals the foaming green Acheron, rushing over the rocks of the torrent bed at bottom. The latter half of the ravine is, however, still finer

than the first half, as, on ascending the closing mountain of the gorge, and looking back, a splendid view of the three peaks of Suli and their crowning castles is added to the ravine itself. They appear still more grandly when the Phanari plain is reached. I have seldom seen anything more magnificent in its way; but it is essentially a morning view: by 9 A.M. the sun gets round so as to bring out all the barrenness of the mountain-tops, depriving them of their colours, and so spoiling the scene. It is a great pity that Suli and the ravine of Kleisura should not be better known, for there are few spots in Greece or Albania to equal it, and it can be easily reached. An hour's run in favourable weather from Paxo (where the weekly steamer calls) will land the traveller at Phanari, whence four hours, foot pace, will take him to the foot of the gorge, and I believe the plain is cantering ground all the way: thence it takes three hours to either the castle or Kako-Suli. Seven hours is about the maximum from Phanari, and probably eight from Parga, but in fast riding it should be done in very much less time. I should strongly advise all artist lovers of the picturesque to leave Phanari not later than 3 A.M.

or P.M., so as to see the old plain and gorge in the very early morning or late evening light; and a traveller pressed for time could return to the coast the same evening, after resting four or five hours at either the castle or in the valley of Kako-Suli. But who will go to Paxo now? It will gradually fall into oblivion, and be as unknown and unvisited as Nicaria or Samothrace.

The plain, though perfectly flat and of soft dry ground, is yet not quite the place for a canter in the dark: it is laid out in rice and corn fields, each divided by a wide ditch or streamlet of water. It is fresh, green, and pleasant, but of very bad character from miasma; and we were much cautioned to stop nowhere but at a Turkish village a little way up the entirely barren arid slope of one of the boundary hills, called Turkopaxo. Here they said there was no miasma, and certainly the women and children looked healthy enough, and pretty too. They had probably never seen lady-travellers before, and their curiosity was highly excited. We had sent on our cook (who rejoiced in the extraordinary name of Ouâ) very early in the morning to have breakfast ready for us, and on arriving at the village we found he had requested a holiday for the school-children, taken possession

of the school-house, wisely washed and swept it out, and cooked our tea and eggs in the yard. The school-house consisted of a single room, the roof supported on open arches and pillars all round, so that the breeze blew through in the most refreshing manner, and made it a charming mid-day resting-place.

We rode on, after a couple of hours' rest, over endless hills and vales covered thickly with thorns, and without any trace of a path, so that of course we lost our way again and again. At last, emerging from the woods on the edge of the cliff, we found the sea at our feet, and a beautiful view afforded us over many gracefully-curved little bays. Then, turning suddenly to the north, we threaded one olive grove after another until we found ourselves at the outskirt of Parga, a well-placed and picturesque city, crowning a fine promontory with abrupt sides. The rocks, broken up in the bay and along the coasts, afford positions for a variety of little castles; and, together with the yellow sand, blue water, and very rich olive groves, they form a beautiful picture. The olives of Parga are said to be the best in the Adriatic and Archipelago.

Here we reluctantly descended for the last time

from our saddles, but an unpleasant disappointment awaited us. We had expected to go on board our yacht at once and feast luxuriously on beefsteak pies, good wine, and newspapers; instead of which we had the pleasure of learning that the yacht was at Phanari, not Parga, and that the wind was too strong to allow her to obey our hasty messenger to come to us. So there was nothing for it but to pitch our tents once more, and send into the town to buy dinner. Meanwhile we seized upon a charming *cafedjee*, who had lit a fire in the stump of a big tree, and who thence brought forth delicious little finjans of the refreshing stuff. The coffee-shop, however, was not for us only: we soon found that this olive grove was the Kensington Gardens of Parga, and in a short time the whole town had turned out to inspect us. Then came the Turkish Bey, the Commandant of the place, with a suite of thirty persons, adding a most picturesque group to the innumerable spots of bright colour planted everywhere all round us. The Pargans wore by far the brightest, gayest, and best costumes we had seen anywhere.

All night the wind continued so strong that we had no hope of seeing the yacht; but as it lessened at breakfast time, she was enabled to work her

way round and to appear in the bay at midday, when we struck our tents and went on board.

'All ready now, sir.' 'Where to?' said the captain.

'To Corfu, to be sure.'

With the most aggravating chuckle the man replied, 'Why, it would take a steam frigate to tow us there in this wind!'

I cried out, 'Then let us run before the wind and catch the Santa Maura steamer.'

'She's just gone by ten minutes ago, ma'am,' was the answer, so that would not do; and there was nothing for it but to wait the change of wind. We had little consolation, for the beefsteak pies were stale and the wine had not come; but we managed pretty comfortably after a good morning's shopping among the butchers and bakers and sweet shops of Parga. We went ashore for the day, and returned to the mercies of the cockroaches at night. Nothing could equal the attentions of these beasts, racing over one's face and gambolling about one's person till we were nearly wild. Doubtless Britannia is mistress of the seas in the Adriatic as well as elsewhere; but she certainly manages to give her Lord High Commissioner a most seedy little craft for proclaiming her as

such; and it is to be hoped that this broken-winged, rotten, dirty old Petrel will not be offered to King George I. as another 'English gift.' I am afraid we were so little mindful of the routine duties of tourists in Ionian waters, and so oppressed and selfish with the realities of our own case, that we neither quoted nor even thought of the Odyssey, however much we were able to sympathise with the Odyssean wanderings. His craft, while it lasted, was at least seaworthy, which the 'Petrel' is not, and I think Homer never mentions cockroaches; so he had the advantage of us in these points.

We had a dead calm at night and all the morning till past 6 o'clock, when it freshened into half a gale right in our teeth; but as we were now a mile or two from shore, we endeavoured to proceed, the unfortunate boat straining and writhing her degenerate timbers, until ominous looks were being interchanged between the little crew and the gentlemen. I need not say in what an unenviable condition we ladies were: the waves swept freely over us, and we were pleasantly warned that the masts would probably leave us to take care of ourselves. So when Captain S. said to me, after we had been insane enough to follow

the same game for eight mortal hours, 'the men propose we should give up Corfu and run for Paxo,' I only answered, 'For heaven's sake, go anywhere!' and in just an hour's time we were, thank goodness! safely lying in the inner harbour of Paxo, where neither wind nor wave could reach us.

The doors of the comfortable Residency were immediately opened to us, and a blessed night of repose was enjoyed under that hospitable roof after our night and day of unrest and misery. We spent the next wind-bound day in laborious idleness, as there is no earthly thing to see or do at Paxo, and it was too hot, till late in the evening, even to walk along the unaccountably numerous stone paths of the island. Paxo, in fact, may be briefly described as a construction of stone walls, stone paths, and olive trees; no other green thing is visible, and scarcely one single clod of earth. Seen from the sea on the western side, or in a bird's-eye view, it looks absolutely rich and green; while, in the eyes of a pedestrian on the island, nothing is visible but the roads intersecting the whole place like a network, and the poor thin olive stems which seem to spring from the stones themselves.

Anti-Paxo is a mile or two off, connected with Paxo by a low causeway. Both islands are exceedingly healthy; but the natives say that Anti-Paxo is so preeminently so, that you must leave it in order to die. There is a great scarcity of water in Paxo, while into Anti-Paxo every drop of water used by the inhabitants is carried by hand. I know of no interest in them but the sweet old legend of its being on Paxo that Thammuz the fisherman one evening heard the wailing voice cry to him that Pan was dead.

Our next day's history was too unendurably tedious to be related. Becalmed the whole mortal day and night, we made an unpleasantly intimate acquaintance with the coast outline of Corfu—as many another must have done in this shut-in windless channel. 'Due ore adesso,' was the oft-repeated promise of the helmsman as to our arrival; and so we bore the sun and watched our no-progress till day gave place to night, and we slept with 'Due ore di più, due ore ancora' in our half-closed ears. Disconsolately waking up with the daylight we sought comfort in breakfast; when the sleepy cook coolly remarked, 'There's no bread left, sir, and the water is used up, and I've only some dry coffee in the boat.' Whereupon we all

grew desperate, seized upon the little boat, and rowed a heavy pull of some two or three hours to shore, presenting ourselves at 8 o'clock at the Sanità, sleepy, dirty, and famishing.

To our astonishment we found the whole town and people apparently gone mad: we had come back on the day when the islanders were holding high revelry on receiving the news of the contemplated cession of the Islands to Greece, and the enthusiastic Archbishop was even then leading the multitude in succession to the cathedral, in order to sing a Te Deum for an act which, I suspect, many of the Corfiotes were already celebrating in the inner temple of their minds by a Commination Service. Certainly they made noise enough about the happiness so unexpectedly thrust upon them, and hid their misgivings under flowers, and wreaths, and blue flags, and blue ribbons, and bouquets, and what not. It was very amusing to watch all the proceedings; and not the least so, the not over-joyful faces of the few Ionians I knew.

The day passed off well enough, but the evening brought me into a disagreeable dilemma. The darkness had no sooner closed in than a very tolerable illumination was to be seen arising on the Greek churches and on all the Greek houses.

Presently the landlord of my hotel knocked at the door. 'Please, miladi, won't you illuminate?'

'No, thank you,' said I; 'I am not glad in the least; I don't care one way or the other about the cession: besides, it would be rude to the Ionians to show joy at parting with them.'

'Oh, miladi!' said the poor man, 'I not glad no more; I lose my hotel, nobody come, de shops all going away, Corfu go dead; but if I not illuminate dey break all my windows!'

As this was a catastrophe to be avoided, for my own sake as well as his I submitted to the horrid smell of some dozens of flaring tallow candles, stuck in the eight windows of my rooms. A little after midnight a few rockets went up, and I said to myself, 'Well, now they have had their illumination—of no very dazzling brightness, it is true—under the British Government, and their final blaze to wind up with; and now they may do the best they can with the bad smell and the candle-ends that remain.'

I admit that these sentiments were not amiable; but—I wanted to go to sleep, and the illumination would not let me.

NOTE.

As Albania is particularly easy of access, and will well repay examination, I subjoin a few memoranda in hopes of assisting future tourists, who may have learned from these pages with how little trouble or precaution travelling may be pleasantly accomplished in that country.

1. Time your journey to be over by the end of May. June is too hot for any travellers coming fresh from England.

2. Do not attempt to travel, especially with ladies, without tents. The khans are filthy and abominable; and even with ample provision in the way of Levinge's beds, they are quite too horrible for ladies, and few gentlemen could endure them. Bell-tents can of course be easily borrowed in Corfu at present; but after the English have left it, it may be necessary to send for them to Malta. One bell-tent accommodates three men comfortably.

3. Portable bedsteads are indispensable for ladies and advisable for gentlemen. There are snakes &c. and plenty of damp in Albania, which should be avoided by something better than a waterproof sheet or a cork mattress.

4. Take plenty of warm clothing for the mountains, and thick shady hats, as in any other hot country: Albania must be treated as if it was really a hot or eastern country. Be provided with medicine in case of fever or diarrhœa, as accidental exposure to an evening dew on an empty stomach may bring on either or both.

5. Never travel anywhere, for however few days, without a zaptieh. He protects you in person and purse, and

clears the way wonderfully under all circumstances. His pay is usually 2*s*. 6*d*. a day, but if well conducted he is cheap at 5*s*. The British Consul at Ioannina will always send one to meet travellers.

6. Our expenses were altogether about three dollars (12*s*.) a day each; but, with good management and a zaptieh the whole time, they ought not to exceed one and a half. For example, in going to Ioannina, we paid at one place two dollars for wood and water only; after we had our zaptieh we paid one day two dollars and a half for wood, water, milk, eggs, six fowls, and two sheep! I believe a dollar is about the fair price for a sheep, and fourpence for a fowl; eggs sixpence a dozen. It matters little in what form you take money. Napoleons or sovereigns are the most convenient to carry, but they cannot be changed in the villages. The following list may be found convenient:—

1*l*. sterling	= 110	piasters	
1*l*. Turkish (Lira)	= 100	„	
1 Napoleon	= 88	„	
1 pillar dollar	= 24	„	This is liable to fluctuate in the Exchange.
1 shilling	= 5	„	

7. Greek is spoken almost everywhere in Southern Albania, but it is better to have one servant who speaks Albanian if possible.

8. Horses can be obtained in sufficient numbers through the British Consuls or native consular agents. It is cheapest and best to engage them for a long journey. The proper price for horses, whether for baggage or saddle-horses, is ten or twelve piasters a day; the day is reckoned about seven hours. On the coast they ask rather more, as they have to send into the interior for the animals. Their feed is paid by their owners, and it is as

well to insist upon there being a driver to attend each horse, as the loading and unloading becomes else a very tedious operation.

9. The only food to be obtained on the road is lamb or mutton, which is very tolerably good; in the villages poultry is almost always to be had, with eggs, butter, milk, and cheese, and often very good bread. In the larger towns you may find fruit and vegetables, and country wine, which will also answer for vinegar. But a comfortable canteen, supplied with preserved meats, soups, good wines, &c. &c., will be a necessary acquisition to all travellers who are not capable of roughing it, internally as well as externally.

I subjoin a few notes on the subject of Game in Southern Albania, for the information in which I have to thank an experienced friend in Corfu :—

SEASONS.

Quail: August to October and March to April. It is very plentiful at times.

Snipe: is in perfection and plenty from October to March, but very wild towards the latter month.

Cock: come in with the first moon in October, and in greatest numbers with a N. or NW. wind. They remain till February.

Partridge: are scarce. They are said to abound in the Pindus.

Bustard: come in during the winter; their stay is uncertain. They are magnificent birds; I have shot one weighing thirty-eight pounds.

Wild Boar and Deer: are only to be looked for towards the end of the cock season, when the leaves are fairly off the trees. They are driven, not stalked.

DOGS.

A little bustling retrieving spaniel is invaluable for cock; and a good hardy retriever best for snipe and wildfowl. For large game, any active snapping cur that will work in thick cover and give tongue at pig or deer without coming to close quarters is good. Highly broken dogs are quite useless.

Otter-hounds would afford good sport, as there are plenty of otters along the coasts.

English dog-medicines are most valuable.

BATTERY.

A strong 12-bore breech-loader for either wildfowl or large game—unless a rifle is preferred. An ordinary 7-pound gun for snipe and cock; breech-loaders are best in thick covers. A 20-inch barrelled cock gun is also useful.

A yachtsman should bring out plenty of ammunition with him; and his dinner will be improved if he is provided with fishing-nets of his own.

Beaters who know the ground are necessary; some good ones are to be found in Corfu; their pay is a dollar a day and their food, or less by the month.

POSITIONS OF GAME.

Avlona: capital snipe-ground, a few small cock-covers, and plenty of big game—pig, deer, wolves, jackals, &c. Very good anchorage for a yacht.

Santa Quaranta: here there is little sport immediately on the coast, but in an hour's walk there is a fine swamp full of snipe, and admirable cock-ground another

hour farther, beside snipe, duck, &c. This is perhaps the centre of the best ground in Southern Albania. In the plains below Delvino there are generally large flocks of bustard, but they are very wary. Bad anchorage here.

Tre Scoglie: capital big-game cover, but bad anchorage.

Butrinto: extensive marsh full of snipe; good cock-covers. By getting an order in Corfu to pass through the fisheries, which obstruct the river, into the lake, duck and wild goose are found in large quantities.

Ftelia: a beautiful land-locked harbour, and the best big-game cover on the coast.

Kataito: a good snipe-marsh and pleasant cock-ground, as they are found along the hedgerows on the plains. Bad anchorage.

Pagagini: good cock and big-game cover. Fine anchorage.

Sayada: good snipe-ground. In the Bacchante flats, near the mouth of the Kalama river, are myriads of wild-fowl, from swans down to teal; but a punt and a duck-gun are almost indispensable to a good bag. Fair anchorage at Livadakia, whence a few miles inland there is a capital snipe-marsh and a few small cock-covers.

Gomenizza: capital big game covers; cock-ground a little inland.

Plataria: plenty of cock in the abandoned vineyards. Good anchorage.

Murto: famous for its pig-covers. Coasting on towards Parga; there is some fair cock and snipe ground.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW WORDS ON CORFU POLITICS.

I SUPPOSE it is not easy for an Englishman to disguise his satisfaction at the termination of our thankless and unprofitable trust, however unpolite, not to say impolitic, it may be to express it. At any rate we have not cared to disguise it. Our press at home has spoken out from the fulness of its heart, and rated the Ionians in good round terms for a set of fractious and impracticable creatures, who will neither govern themselves nor let others govern them, and of whom it will be well to be rid once and for ever. Such opinions, carefully pointed and edged with incisive wit, as is the manner of periodical writing, have been the cause of much natural offence among the Ionians. If they are fractious and impracticable, it is just as well for us to remember that we have done absolutely nothing to make them otherwise; on the contrary, we set the finishing stroke to

the previous operation of natural and historical causes in making them what they are by the unfortunate constitution of 1848. It is impossible to add a word or soften an expression in the forcible denunciation of Ionian timidity and want of moral courage made by Mr. Gladstone before the House of Commons when giving an account of his mission in 1858-9; but it is surely equally certain that some want of moral courage must also be attributed to us, for not having at once and decisively reversed an ill-judged and unsuccessful measure the moment the dead-lock of affairs became clear, even at the risk of having to face an outcry at home about illiberality and oppression. Ionians are naturally at their wit's-end to account for our policy, and have recourse to strange shifts in so doing.

Hear the words of one of themselves:* 'In this muddled state of our affairs has the Protectorate any share? Is it guilty in any way? Who can say? . . . Our impression is that the English find their interest in letting us expose ourselves before Europe as corrupt and unfit to take care of ourselves. Otherwise how are we to explain that the English have now been so long tolerating

* Andrea Lascarato.

conduct in the Assembly which they would not stand, even in their Liston, in a play.'

Again: 'In 1848, when our mob was fretting and agitated by the turmoil which it was hearing in Europe, and was restlessly pulling at the reins, the Protectorate chose that moment of all others to give it a free press and universal suffrage, when we just then were seeking for nothing of the kind—we who so anxiously desired it in quieter times, and who always met with a refusal. It is worthy of notice that there then appeared among us journalists who were owners of printing-offices, and who were absolutely without capital. Yet these men were able to set up their printing-presses, maintain them and meet the contingent expenses, without any profit: indeed to support themselves with perfect ease, though leaving all other work and keeping to this alone. It is worthy of notice that, when these journalists were hounding on our villagers to the downfall of the Protectorate itself, working them up and urging them to revolt, the Protectorate took no steps to prevent the agitation, though the agitators were tight within its grasp. When the revolution thus created by the journalists broke out at last, when the gallows and the lash were at work throughout the island, and terror was curdling

the blood of even the most innocent, the first causes of the revolt not only remained on the spot, but were never frightened for a moment, even with the gallows staring them in the face, and went on with their work in the most perfect serenity. It is worthy of notice how afterwards, when the elections had to take place, the Protectorate seemed to do its best to let these newspaper writers stand before the mob as martyrs in the cause of freedom, and consequently it had to enjoy their presence as deputies of the betrayed masses. Now what is the object of England in all this? What is she driving at in the policy she adopts in the islands? Has she *any* ulterior object? Is she driving at anything at all? Or is she, after all, merely anxious to kill time for the fun of the thing, as in the case of James I., when they remonstrated with him on the imprudence of giving a Parliament to Ireland, and he replied, "Oh, but I want it to amuse myself with!"'

I cannot answer for the correctness of the details of Ionian politics as above given, any more than for the historical anecdote. But it is curious to see the way in which the Ionian Cuvier or Owen seeks to reconstruct a complete pervading motive, or a structure of real political design, out of a mere bone-heap of inconsecutive actions determined by

accident, surprise, or the pressure of immediate necessity. Our long easy-going routine of making the best of an indifferent constitution was broken by the spasms of a scared Liberalism; and the immediate fruit of mischievous concession was a bloody rebellion, half agrarian, half political. This subsided into a state of order where professional agitation was suffered to take the place of quiet subservience as the recognised means of emolument and power, and, indeed, of daily bread. It is hardly to be wondered at that people whose evil fortune is over-cleverness, and too great a power of seeing into millstones, should insinuate that we were moved by the artful design of indulging and fooling the Ionians to the top of their bent, in order to appear justified in erasing the constitution with the strong hand in the fulness of time. It is strange that the writer should not have seen, or cared to say, that the outburst of disaffected newspapers carried on at a loss was simply caused by Athenian court propagandism, working for the purpose of mere random unsettlement, and with no definite view of ultimate annexation.

It must be remembered that, at that time and long afterwards, the Athenian court and government was more Greek than the Greeks themselves.

It was seeking to manage them by their vices and weaknesses, not by their virtues; and they were perfectly willing dupes to this arrangement. Yet the overflow of 'great ideas' was simulated merely in order to blind the eyes and blunt the sense of right of the Greek people, while the constitution of 1843 was being stifled by means of jobbing factions, controlled by palikar bravoes and highway robbers. It is cheap and easy to abuse King Otho now that he is down, and we are all glad to see the royal scapegoat wander forth into the wilderness, laden with the burden of everybody's sins besides his own. But we must not forget that the Court found a defender during all that period in almost every Greek; it had the support of all who believe everything to be liberal that wears a liberal mask and cries a liberal cry; and it calculated with certainty on that of the wise class who call themselves lovers of the Greeks, and are allowed to pass unchallenged as their friends because they pet and spoil their darling by accepting for truth everything it tells them.

While on the subject of Ionian politics, I am glad to have the opportunity of giving a further extract or two from the writings of Andrea Lascarato. These are exactly what the English public wants,

for it has never yet had access to the opinion of impartial Ionians unconnected with any faction or party in the islands. This writer is impartial, and very much more; for he is urged by a divine wrath, and a fiery, passionate sense of justice, in everything he writes, and fiercely smites on all sides in his eagerness to reform and to improve. Every man in the islands is his open enemy, yet he has made his place in every man's conscience, and many Ionians will admit this—so long as no other Ionian is within hearing. 'It is all excellent and it strikes home,' said one, 'but I had much rather my neighbour had written it than myself.' A man of this kind is utterly impracticable for official purposes in a community where a few foreigners have to get on as they best can among a mob of place-hunters and intriguers. But as an extra-official advocate of the truly English idea of orderly reform, and an antidote to the seditious, howling trash of the mass of the newspapers, he would have been invaluable; he deserved, in fact, a better fate than to be ignored and thrown away, instead of being used as a trump card. Fancy what the free press of England would be if the voice of the outsiders were exclusively pitched in the key of Mr. Mitchell's 'Irish Felon,' and the insiders opposed them by

nothing better than the 'London Gazette' on Monday and Friday nights! Yet this is what has taken place in Corfu. A man who is excommunicated for an atheist because he denounces Church abuses, and who tries to breathe some spiritual life into the dry bones of Greek ritualism—who, when imprisoned at the suit of a demagogue, turns to and tries to show up and reform prison abuses—must have the real stuff in him, and would be sure of the sympathy of Englishmen if they could only get at a knowledge of him.*

'Assuming that the Protecting Power neither desires nor excites disorder in our country, we must say that the means of remedy are in her hands, and are easy. When she pleases, she has but to say the word, and our wounds are healed. Let her banish the misleaders of the people for life. Those men deserve worse punishment as the corrupters and betrayers of their country. Let the freedom of the press cease, for up to this day it has been nothing but the instrument of falsehood and deceit. Let universal suffrage cease, for it is unsuited to a people ignorant of its own duties. These two

* The only place where I have come across any notice of Andrea Lascarato is in a very able article in the *Westminster Review* of January 1857.

honoured privileges will return to us the moment we are fitted to receive them. . . . .

'What are we complaining of? Is it as in Turkey, where the governor sends and fetches away our daughters? Is it as in Greece, where the government cannot control the excesses of the mob, and where you cannot walk safely on the high-roads? Is it as in England, where you pay for the light of day which comes in at your windows?—or as in Italy, where the poor man has to pay for the meat he brings out at the town-gates and for the eggs that he carries in for sale? Are we walled in as in Russia, unable to go forth and seek fortune abroad? Are we free, as in France, to cut one another's throats each time we change our master? Nothing of all this. The English hold our islands for the position of those islands; but they are so entirely indifferent to us that they do not bestow a thought upon us, either to do us good or harm. The good and the evil that is in us, therefore, is our own work; if we suffer calamities, we ourselves are the cause of them; if we enjoy prosperity, we alone are the labourers worthy of the harvest of success. . . . .

'I fully believe that our intellectual and moral development is not in the least opposed to the

interests of England.' I believe more especially that England is thoroughly well disposed to our benefit, and would feel a pleasure in acceding to every effort of ours tending to our genuine improvement. Yet, with all this, how can we ever hope for becoming improvement in our community as long as the government of the Protectorate is here? This rule is essentially provisional. It is handed over at intervals for a few years to a Lord High Commissioner, who comes to our islands leaving his heart and his interests at home behind him, and who brings with him nothing but indifference, if not contempt, towards the community at large, with the hope of a speedy return. Such a Governor of a day cannot see further than the wants of a day. It is not such a man's work to provide for future improvement, by sowing the seeds of true regeneration, which may only bear fruit after many years. But can we not hope for such regeneration from the efforts of the Ionians in the government, profiting by the very indifference of the English chiefs? No; because for this you must have men of intelligence, of knowledge, of strong feelings; men ready to sacrifice all their own interests to those of the public; to sacrifice their self-love, their ambition, even their reputa-

tion. Yes, their reputation; for the statesman has frequently to choose between indulging the people to their own destruction, or incurring their displeasure, and perishing in their good opinion to secure their salvation. Who is going to sacrifice his reputation, now-a-days, to benefit the public here? Neither those who toady and cringe to the English, nor those who toady and cringe to the mob, ever tell the truth, save when the truth is not offensive to the interests of the one or the follies of the other; when the vagaries of the mob or the displeasure of the Commissioner have to be encountered, they keep aloof in silence and fear. Call these men Rizospasts, call them Infernals,* call them by what name you like, they are all birds of one feather; their different names serve only to denote the difference of the objects which they fawn upon and corrupt.'

The repressive system of the old King Tom period had its faults, but it was thoroughly consistent, and so far better than the complete absence of all system which followed it. Perhaps it was unavoidable in the face of the excitement caused by the Greek revolution. Yet we never lost the affection of the Ionians on that account, for we

* i.e. Oligarchs, or back-stairs intriguers.

never had it to lose, nor cared a rush about having it. What we had was the respect due to a rider who knows his own mind, and has a firm seat and a steady hand. But the one fact of his being a rider with the intention of riding on to the end of time, for aught that appeared to the contrary, was never unfelt nor out of mind. The one word which can be said with truth against our administration of the islands is this, that it was satisfied with going on from hand to mouth as it best could, without making the slightest provision for a final day of departure, or fostering the moral growth of the people, so as to make such a departure the natural and painless result of their political maturity. Had we adopted some such fixed policy, we might have afforded to laugh at declamation, and, if we had learnt Greek and taken kindly to its literature, we might have enjoyed such poetry as

> Though each isle lies bound and captive,
> Quelled and chained by artful hand,
> Though the line traced on each forehead
> Is but spurious Freedom's brand; *

* From Salamès's Hymn to Liberty :—

> Μ' ὅλον ποῦ 'ναι ἀλυσσωμένα
> Τὸ καθ' ἕνα τεχνικὰ,
> Καὶ στὸ μέτωπο γραμμένα
> Ἔχουν ψεύτρα 'λευθεριά.

quite as much as we enjoy the bard of Young Ireland's defiant shout, 'Who fears to sing of Ninety-eight?'

For all this, the material improvement of the country under the old system of public works, the almost total disappearance of crime under an efficient police, and the example of manliness and high qualities unconsciously shown by most of our superior officers, would have gone some way to produce political maturity in the long run, if they had only been left undisturbed by officious liberalism and Philhellenism at home, or if the whole world had stood still till they bore their fruits. Long years of lethargic, alien rule, broken by two violent fits of mistimed and mismanaged fuss, must be considered enough to injure the self-governing capacity of any untrained people. On the first of these disturbing influences I have allowed the most vigorous and impartial of modern Greek writers to speak at length. He, I am sure, will not be angry if I adapt one of his illustrations of another subject to the present case, and say that the gift of universal suffrage in the islands is putting a razor into the hands of a monkey, and telling it to go and shave itself. The second has been too

recently the subject of debate and comment to need much further remark. But one cannot help being sorry for the unfair distribution of the blame and ridicule with which the whole affair at last was generally viewed at home. Everybody had a bad word or a joke for poor Mr. Gladstone, but hardly any for those that sent him there. Mr. Gladstone did his best, against the grain, to treat the whole question as a statesman, and not as a Philhellenic dreamer.*

* Mr. Gladstone, however, did not begin very prudently. People at Corfu are never tired of telling the old tale of his kissing the Greek archbishop's hand—a hand not the most loyal nor the least intriguing in the world. Of course it is no matter of blame that an eminent scholar and Christian gentleman should privately entertain feelings of sympathy and reverence towards the ancient Eastern Church. But these should not have allowed the statesman to deviate from official practice in the face of great public excitement. After all, Mr. Gladstone did not discover the Greek Church. Other English gentlemen besides himself had been in communication, for scores of years, not only with its subordinates, but with its head. The Greek patriarch at Constantinople would have been astonished rather than pleased if any enthusiastic ambassador or attaché were to have broken through the practice of their usual intercourse with him, expressed their deepest reverence and kissed his hand. Παναγιώτατε, or ἡ Παναγιότης σας, on the one hand, τέκνον, my son, on the other, are there the usual and natural forms. It is enough to make an Englishman shudder to think that such a kiss might have been imprinted on the fingers of the Archbishop of Samakov, of the late patriarch, Joachim of Cyzicus, or of him of Heraclea, the Friar Tuck of the Eastern Church.

He had to learn the lesson, at all risks of shock to his sentiment and imagination, that Greeks were neither ancient Hellenes, nor angels, nor devils—but were human beings, to be dealt with as other men; and he honestly set to work at the distasteful task. The best proof of this may be found in his excellent speech to the mob of annexationists at Zante, which naturally rallied round him like a flag or symbol of Hellenism. But what are we to think of those who sent him there evidently believing, in good faith, that a Philhellene acting after his kind was the best man for guiding and controlling an unruly Greek populace, which is not so very Greek after all? Does it show knowledge of human nature to suppose that the factitious cry of annexationism, and the paid profession of demagogues, would yield to the presence of a Commissioner actually recommended on account of prejudices and sympathies which would dispose him to judge them as genuine at first sight? Does it show knowledge of the distinctive nature of Greeks to flatter them openly with fine words about 'illustrious Homeric scholars?' In real life, they don't care an obolus about Homer; but they do care a great deal about business in hand, and a maladroit compliment or appeal to their domestic Buncombe in a stranger's official paper only

serves to rouse into activity their sleepless suspicion of interested motives lying at the root of every business. Homer and every other ancient worthy is naturally but vaguely valued, by Greeks, as a great name of the Past, with which they stand in national connection. But he is also valued, intelligently and with precision, for the sake of his weight and influence as a living power in the sentiment of educated Europe. The degeneration of this feeling of ours into mere sentimentality, its untimely intrusion into councils of state, its misuse, its tendency to substitute declamatory platitudes and loose opinions for real knowledge of facts, have done more harm to the political steadiness and straight growth of the Greek people than their well-meaning admirers can possibly conceive or will admit. The average Greek—*and no Greek is above or below the average*—is one of the vainest of men, and has a nature as hard and bright and cutting as the diamond. He is eager to be understood and valued for his own sake, not for Homer's; and, in his heart of hearts, he resents and despises the weak sentimentality, and the ignorance or dislike of facts which accompanies it, however much he may speculate in it and trade upon it as an advantageous political investment.

The time chosen for Mr. Gladstone's mission is a much more serious matter to reflect upon. This was the close of the year 1858, and that year was the one which bore the fruits of the Franco-Russian alliance, or mutual understanding, which was plainly confessed to us the other day without any disguise. The whole Eastern world was in fermentation during that year, for men then saw that Russia was, after all, victorious in the war of 1854-5. She had broken up the Western alliance, detached France from England so far as Turkey is concerned, and made a zealous convert of her in her Eastern policy. A common line of advocacy on a disputed frontier, and on the question of Rouman union, a revolution in Servia, a broken truce and predatory inroad by Montenegro under foreign instigation, a consular intrigue in Crete, ending in an insurrectionary movement to get rid of a reforming governor, and an active fomentation of discontent with the Porte among both Christians and ultra-fanatic non-Turkish Mussulmans — all these events were the fruits of 1858. Together with this, we now know as a matter of history how the storm burst on Austria in 1859; and we may infer how it must have been brewing in the previous autumn. We see how France had established

her preponderating influence in the Sclavonic and Danubian provinces, in order to hold in her hand the means of taking Austria in the rear, should such have been necessary during the changes and chances of a prolonged war. Yet this of all others was the time fixed upon to hoist a Philhellenic flag in the islands; and, instead of insulating local difficulties and handling them as purely domestic questions, openly to connect them with agitation prevailing on the mainland. It has become an open question, which I am content to leave to wiser heads and longer tongues than my own, whether it be right or wrong for France and Russia to pick Austria and Turkey to pieces, in the name of nationality and Christianity. But it is surely hurtful to England that this ill-considered mission, like a random card at whist, must have shown both our partners and our adversaries that we acted as if we had no power of combination—or, at best, ran all this risk of setting the Levant in a blaze merely to gain over or conciliate a Parliamentary antagonist.

I am not merely wasting words on an old-world story, already dead and done with. It is still the proper conventional treatment of modern Greek affairs by our writers to call forth the mighty

shade of Homer on all occasions, and cast its obscurity over our imperfect lights. Philhellenism, or, in other words, wilful advocacy, doing duty for living knowledge and experience, is still an actual evil among us to warp our judgment. It is based on a sentiment most creditable to entertain, but most imprudent to avow or parade. It is now a real misfortune to the Greeks, whose self-reliance it is impairing, and who are by it led to believe that willing ears will always be found to listen to any excuse, good or bad, for not doing their work, and that it is easier to call on Europe to their aid like a friendly Hercules than to set their own shoulders manfully to the wheel. Many Greeks know how sweet it is in the mouth, and how bitter afterwards. But it is not for them openly to repudiate or renounce it: the honest ones are tongue-tied by the bonds of gratitude; the dishonest want nothing better than partisans at any price. As for the modern Philhellene himself, only let him buy a Greek grammar, let him study the living speech, and let him overhear what Greeks say of him and his kind. No shock short of that will bring back his common sense.

Again, it would seem that want of combination and fitfulness of policy at home never had a more

striking example than now, in the question of the fortifications. If we had ceded the Islands and blown up the works with a high hand, as a matter of course, we should still have been respected, however unpopular. If we had ceded the Islands, and, while about it, handed over the works untouched and with a good grace, we should have been equally respected, and, if there is a soft place in the Greek heart, we should have found our way to it, for the time being at least. It is hard to see how, after all, the possession of the fortifications by a responsible king, who does not mean mischief, would not be a gain rather than a loss to the cause which all Englishmen have at heart—the orderly government and steady political improvement of a free people. It would assuredly be such a gain if we could only make up our minds to deal shortly and summarily with any conversion of the fortress to filibustering purposes in time of peace; and the Greeks would think all the better of us for so doing. But to stand undecided and haggling is exposing us to the natural imputation of having committed ourselves to so important a step as the cession without having seriously reflected on the one point specially affecting our own military and naval interests. At our character of oppressors

and tyrants we can afford to laugh; that of being unconscious repressors of national energy we ought to meet and investigate in detail; but what we cannot afford is the character of weakness and indecision. I am not speaking at random when I say that this last has become a matter of universal belief, and a principle of action in south-eastern Europe. There all the minor nationalities are clamorously hustling or joining one another to pour their one-sided views into the untaught ears of the British public, seeking, or told to seek, thereby how they may best determine or embarrass the action of the British Government.

The cession itself had to come sooner or later, and the only remark to make on it is that it came without preparation and without warning. Everybody of any position or property was taken aback at the news, not for love of the English connection, but for fear of suffering in his interests by an uncertain future. All current business arrangements were undertaken on the faith of repeated assurances that that connection would not be broken. Much natural uneasiness ensued, which would have found a freer vent in public had it not been for the universal mistrust and fear of denunciation by their neighbour prevailing among Ionians, and the

dread of being arraigned as traitors to their country before the impalpable, unreal, Mumbo-jumbo-like tribunal of nationalism. It would have been better to have made the cession a conditional reward to Greece after having fairly undertaken the task of self-improvement, rather than a preliminary and, as it may turn out, a premature bribe. We might in the interval have set our own house in order, have cleared the Ionian national sentiment from its rubbish, and made use of the genuine residue to rouse and quicken a sense of political integrity and desire for rational progress. The cry for annexing the Islands never came from Athens with any real force, in the same way as the cry for annexing Thessaly and Crete. The independent Athenian always knew that the Ionian was not as yet a Greek without a difference like the Thessalian, or with a moderate difference like the Cretan. He knew that the Venetian rule of many centuries had impressed a marked stamp on the islander, and had bequeathed him a numerous population of Italian name and descent, still speaking Italian in their families, converts of yesterday from Roman Catholicism, whose new-blown Hellenism he had no care to engraft at once on his own, however well it might serve as a flower of

rhetoric to adorn his invective against England in a speech or leading article when out of humour with her. The hardy and enterprising sailors and industrious agriculturists of the Southern Islands, much more genuine Greeks than his Albanian self, might form in time a desirable addition to his little kingdom; but demagogues and mob-servers were not so rare at Athens as to make him over eager for a gift which would encumber his assembly with the half-alien Dandolos and Pretenderis and Republicas. It is a further argument against sudden change, as well as an indication that change of some kind would soon have forced itself into notice as an ultimate necessity, that our people in the Islands, always on most cordial social terms with the Ionians as far as the intercourse went, had of late years paid some attention to the study of modern Greek. The Ionian gentlemen, as yet imperfectly Grecised, were becoming gradually more and more Greek; while the English, acquiring more and more knowledge of that language, were gaining the power of directly influencing the people for their good, and of discriminating between the wheat and the chaff of their nationalism. The past generation of English residents may be pardoned for not having perceived that the country-

men and contemporaries of Ugo Foscolo were other than Italian, or in any essential way Greek, or for having lost sight of the fact that modern Greek literary cultivation owes everything to the Corfiotes, Theotokis and Búlgaris. But now, during my own visit, I found two English judges, a Government secretary and his wife, and two aides-de-camp familiar with colloquial Greek, and in two cases masters of it. This is a different state of things from the old days when nobody knew it, or more recent and dangerous days when it was supposed to be the monopoly of one man. Some knowledge acquired in this manner would have found its way to the home public, and would have enabled it to support the Government in repressing the demagogues, instead of flying like a blind bat in its face, and becoming the echo of factious votes and clamour. It is strange to think on the hundreds upon hundreds of worthy English lads who have been relieving one another in the English garrison since our first occupation without ever bestowing a thought upon the Greek language — gallant lads fresh from Eton and Harrow, fresh from years of groaning and smarting over their grammar and their Liddell and Scott, whom a fortnight's coaching by a skilled hand would have put in a

fair way of communicating at first hand with the natives—of saying what they had to say, and hearing what they had to hear. For want of indication on the part of authority, all this energy and power was let to drift into athletics and rat-hunting. In these later days of examination run wild, a young lad entering the army may have been set to grind Shakspeare into worthless dead Greek iambics, when it would at least have served some practical purpose to have made him turn the 'Captain Bold of Halifax who lived in country quarters' into modern Greek 'political verses.' But this part of the subject is 'what no lady can be expected to understand,' so I willingly let it alone.

As it is, I fear we shall leave the Islands just a moment too soon, without leaving behind us any solid marks of beneficent power. We cannot claim credit for our roads and our public works. These were constructed by our fathers, who fought at Marathon and Salamis—the men of Trafalgar and Waterloo. It is our modern generation which has handed their charge over to corrupt and jobbing municipalities which allow them to fall into decay, over which we dare not tighten our grasp for fear of the cry. All the results of our direct and

intentional teaching will fade away; the art of beating thick cover for woodcock will decline like that of enamelling blue tiles; the handling of yachts in the teeth of a stiff breeze will cease, or be misapplied to piratical purposes; and it is enough to break an honest heart to think that some day the noisy games of cricket, which the little brown street boys of Corfu may be seen and heard playing on the esplanade any fine spring evening, will perish from the face of the land, and leave no trace behind them but the barbaric shouts of Πλαῖ, Ἄουτ, and Λὲγκ μπεφὼρ οὐίκετ, for the puzzlement of future generations of German philologists.

CHAPTER III.

RAGUSA.

IT had been decided that I should employ the next two months in seeing as much as I could of Dalmatia, and on my return to Corfu I determined to take the next 'Dalmato-Albanese' steamer northwards. The summer months were certainly not the best for the purpose, if it could have been avoided, as the heat forced one to confine one's travelling almost entirely to the coast; and although Dalmatia is the narrowest country in the world, I should have been glad to go more inland than I ultimately found possible. Thinking, however, that 'half a loaf was better than no bread,' I resolved to see all that was feasible; and I was very glad to take advantage of a kind offer made to me by the Lord High Commissioner, of arranging that his aide-de-camp, Captain Strahan, should accompany me in the early part of my journey.

Our lot fell upon a tolerably dirty old-fashioned vessel, the 'Arciduca Ludovico;' but I must avail myself of this opportunity of saying that, as far as necessary comforts are required, the vessels on this line are perfectly good and are really comfortable. If they were much crowded they might prove small and close; but I am told that this is very rarely the case; the decks might be kept a little better and whiter, but the beds are quite clean and free from vermin; the food is plentiful, the cookery is German, but good, and I have never met with anything but the most perfect civility and attention from the officers and attendants. The 'Bosforo' is the best of the three vessels on this line, and her cabins for ladies are the most commodious.

We started at 8.30 on the evening of June 23, in tolerably rough weather, and we lost in the darkness of night any glimpse that we might have had of the coast of Italy in passing through the Straits of Otranto. The following morning found us lying at our ease from 6 to 8 o'clock in the pretty little harbour of Avlona (or Valona) of which not much was visible from the sea; the variety of foliage, however, made it look green after the burnt-up grass and sad-coloured olives of

Corfu. There was nothing remarkable in the coast along this day's sailing, though it is varied in outline and pretty. At 5 P.M. we arrived at Durazzo, where we landed for an evening walk.

Durazzo was once no mean city: Dyrrhachium* was the spot chosen by Cicero as his place of exile, and on the little plain behind it Pompey fought two battles with Cæsar. Robert Guiscard the Norman landed here after conquering Apulia, and defeated Alexius Comnenus on the same plain. After being by turns Norman, Sicilian, Hungarian, Neapolitan, &c., Durazzo fell into the hands of the

* Twice at least St. Paul the Apostle must have landed here. Dyrrhachium, a 'free city,' was the landing-place of the great Via Egnatia, whence the road was carried direct to Thessalonica having been joined at the station of Clodiana by the branch from Apollonia. After being 'driven up and down in Adria,' St. Paul arrived in Rome, suffered two years' imprisonment in that city, and was at last set free in the early spring of A.D. 63. He then went into Macedonia, and of course took the shortest sea-voyage possible. He might have crossed to Apollonia, but Dyrrhachium was the shortest and the most used. It was four years later, when he had gone to winter at Nicopolis (close to Prevysa), [Titus iii. 12], that he was there arrested by order of Nero, and sent to Rome as quickly as possible,—by this route, Dyrrhachium and Brundusium. This was his last journey of all. Titus had previously left him at Nicopolis and gone to preach in Dalmatia (2 Tim. iv. 10), and only St. Luke accompanied him to the trial which resulted in his death, five or six months later.—*Conybeare and Howson's Life of St. Paul.*

Turks in 1501. The town is now in the last degree wretched and miserable; it contains but a few narrow streets with open shops, scarce worthy of the name of bazaars, but quite good enough for the horrid-looking Turkish soldiers, who are the chief inhabitants of the town. Although I had seen an extra bad set in the towns of Syria just previous to the massacres of 1860, even I was unprepared for the brutal appearance of these men, and my military companion was very much impressed with the besotted and wicked expression of their faces. I learned afterwards from a pasha that the corps here was considered one of their lowest.

At the end of the principal street there stood a half-ruined square tower with a broken-down wall in flank; this gate opened on the country, and was filled with guards. They stopped us with insolent roughness as we attempted to pass through, and on being remonstrated with by one of the ship's officers who accompanied us, they said we could not walk under it lest we should 'take a plan' of this wretched shapeless mass of broken stones! We walked quietly through, however, while some of the men scowled, as only ruffianly Turks can do, and muttered opprobrious terms which we fortu-

nately did not understand, but in which 'giaour' was, of course, conspicuous. Every army has its best and worst, and I was glad to remember some of the intelligent faces and soldierly bearings I had seen in Turkey while I looked at these, so much the reverse.

We encountered another set when we landed at 6 o'clock the next morning at Antivari; a stream here winds along the middle of the little plain, on the banks of which and in which we saw some forty or fifty soldiers making their breakfasts and washing their clothes. They were a jolly good-humoured looking set, very dirty and not much disciplined, and one wondered what on earth they did with themselves in such a place. The Turkish Government has lately been accumulating troops on this coast, and the plain of Antivari was completely covered with their green tents, as if they were taking sea-air for the benefit of their health. The plain is, however, very unhealthy from miasma of a severe kind, and the houses standing on it are but three or four at most. The town itself is at three miles' distance, lifted upon a picturesque rock and niched into a ravine; its chief interest now is in its containing the palace of the Archbishop of Antivari, who is also called Primate of Servia and Prince

of Croatia—grand old titles which have now no meaning. It is also the residence of a *mudir* or *bey*, the governor of the district.

Antivari was once a splendid place, famous alike for the beauty of her edifices, her nobles, her riches, and her commerce; a bishop was seated here in the middle of the ninth century, and later on she formed an independent republic. She continued to flourish under the Venetians, but, falling into the hands of the Turks in 1571, her cathedral became a mosque, and the towers of her fine castle crumbled into ruins. Now, the city consists of some 250 houses, on many of which the arms of Venetian patricians may still be seen sculptured. The population is about 4,000, one-third Christian and two-thirds Albanian Mussulman. It is one of the loveliest places on the whole coast; the plain is green and smiling, enclosed by lofty mountains sweeping round the deep bay, whose sides are covered with extensive woods of rich and varied foliage, through which and over which rise abrupt, precipitous bluffs of fine dark coloured rock, underneath serrated and picturesque outlines. The whole of this coast up to Budua was famous for the goodness of its olives and fruit, and the inhabitants of it were very wealthy;

but many troubles have fallen upon the district in consequence of its containing the much-contested frontier of Austria, Montenegro, and Turkey; and it has been thus despoiled of all its richness.

We returned to the ship laden with branches of clematis, and in a couple of hours we were passing a fine fortress lifted up on a lofty ridge, called Castel Lastua; this is just over the boundary line of the Turks, and is the first fortress of the Austrians. Immediately south of this fortress the coast is slightly indented into an open bay, along which is the little district of Spitza, of so poor a soil that grain cannot be cultivated in it. It is here that the Montenegrines so ardently desire to be allowed to make a small port, as an outlet for their few exports; it is a wretched little place, and would require some outlay to make it available for even small craft; but, such as it is, it is very natural they should be most anxious to obtain it. Nor would the danger of the gift, it seems to me, be very great, since the little port contains but a few yards, so to say, of coast, and is completely domineered over, on one side by the Austrians and on the other by the Turks; there could be no possibility here of taking an ell when given an

inch. The Spizzans are altogether Christian, half-Greek, half-Latin, and have never suffered a single Mussulman to dwell among them. The ruins of several ancient castles are to be seen here, within one of which there are two churches, Greek and Latin, to which Albanians, Dalmatians, Montenegrines, &c., setting all mutual hatreds in abeyance for the time being, make an annual pilgrimage together in the month of August.

We had now entered Dalmatia, and, in another hour or two, we had passed through the wild barren islets which form the very picturesque entrance to Būdŭa, and were in the little harbour, looking up at the fine craggy and lofty cliffs that surround it. It was exceedingly hot, as we lay at mid-day beside the glaring fortress, but we could not resist the invitation of the very civil Commandant, who came to breakfast on board the steamer, to inspect the town and fortress with him. The town is clean, and appeared thriving and cheerful after the deadness and tatterdemalion look of the Turkish towns, but it is a very small place, and in reality scarcely larger than the barracks and fortifications. We went through the dormitories, bakehouses, &c. &c., of the barracks, finding it all remarkably clean and well arranged, and as airy as could well be

managed in such a climate, and my companions were much pleased with the arms shown to them belonging to each soldier. The men answered all the questions put to them with much readiness and intelligence; they seemed pleased at the interest we took in these details. Within the precincts of the fortress a Greek church and a Catholic church stood peaceably side by side, for the use of the soldiers of each rite. Many of the Dalmatian troops belong to the Greek Church.

The Austrians permit no markets to be held within any of these Dalmatian towns: the peasants, therefore, congregate outside one or other of the town gates, where they and their wares form picturesque groups. We passed through the northern gate of Būdŭa, and found ourselves all at once in a little crowd of Dalmatians and Montenegrines in their country costumes; they had not much to sell, but the piled-up baskets of figs, apricots, and a few other vegetables, looked fresh and pretty. There was no meat, only a few fish, and nearly all of that was salt. Some girls had handfuls of very poor silk cocoons to sell, and half a dozen pairs of gay-coloured knitted stockings were to be seen. There were but few silver buttons or ornaments; and the only handsome thing we saw

was a waistband on a Morlach woman, about four inches wide, formed of very large slices of red carnelians set in gold. The want of costume among the peasant women was, however, quite made up for by the astounding would-be-Parisian toilettes that came on board in a bevy of ladies making an excursion to Cattaro; ludicrously extravagant, of course, as to fashion.

Two hours' quiet run along a very pretty coast brought us into the jaws of three huge fortresses, —Santa Rosa and Punto d'Ostro on each side, Rondone on an islet, with distant glimpses of others close at hand; this is the entrance to the famous Bocche di Cattaro. The shape of this winding fiord is that of a two-headed ƨ: it is 24 miles in length, and takes about four hours and a half to pass through in the steamer. We ran straight across to the centre of the first bend, in which lies a pretty place bowered in trees, called Castel Nuovo, and stopped a little farther on at the bright-looking village of Megline, lying off which we dined. Megline and Castel Nuovo are entirely inhabited by the families of merchant captains and other officers and sailors on service, and so completely are these towns, especially Castel Nuovo, thus occupied, that there is said to be scarcely a

man in the place; family after family, high and low, rich and poor, consisting only of women whose husbands, fathers, or brothers are absent mariners.

It is about two hours hence to Cattaro, along a winding fiord of great beauty: the sudden changes from lake-like width of waters to narrow passages of nearly-meeting shores, gives a vast variety of views which compensate for some monotony of form and colour. To so narrow a space have the waters in one place become contracted, that the wire of the telegraph is flung from side to side, and very pretty it is to see the gossamer thread hanging, apparently, in the sky, as the steamer glides underneath it. Close to the water's edge are cottages and villas, coloured white, pink, yellow, and sometimes sky-blue, each in its garden and bosquet of citron trees, flowers, and fruit; above these rise the vineyards and mulberry terraces, which break the tediousness of the continual olive groves. There are also Judas trees, and a few plane trees, which all contrast very beautifully with the abrupt walls of hard, whitish-grey rocks, rising directly above them, and frowning loftily down upon the otherwise lovely fiord. The Bocche di Cattaro are more cheerful and gay-looking than the longer and less winding gulf of Smyrna; but I cannot help

thinking that the utterly barren whiteness of these much loftier mountains makes this strait far less lovely. Of the villages on the shores, perhaps Perasto is the prettiest, or rather was so: for, on account of some inexplicable freak of fashion, Perasto has dropped out of favour with the Cattarese, and scarcely anyone will live there, even if paid to do so by the absent owners of the houses; one half of them consequently are already roofless and falling into ruin. The town clings upon steps cut up the nearly perpendicular sides of the stern barren mountain: Venetian castles appear above and below, and in the midst of all is a most beautiful lofty campanile, of light and elegant design. Many fast-decaying bits of Venetian architecture are readily discerned even from the water.

Perasto stands in the centre of the eastern end of the fiord, between the two arms of which the largest runs southwards to Cattaro, and the other bends round to Monte Cassone and Risano, famous for the costumes and fine arms of the men. To the left of Perasto are two very picturesque rocky islets, each holding a convent: in one of these is the portrait of the Blessed Virgin painted by St. Luke,—the object of hundreds of pilgrimages. All along the

eastern coast from Perasto to Cattaro is one long straggling village, called Dobrota, like every village here occupied by mariners; in fact, one seldom enquires the birthplace of any officer on board an Austrian steamer, that he does not mention one or other of these villages, whereto he intends to retire for the end of his days. They are just the pretty, homely, happy-looking and peculiarly-situated spots that one can imagine would secure the passionate affections of their natives. As we turned away from Perasto a heavy black storm was gathering over Cattaro: it veiled the grey whiteness of the mountains, added much to their frowning sternness, threw the narrow waters at the bottom into inky blackness, and altogether increased the beauty of the place very much. For ourselves, we revelled in the freshness and novelty (to us) of the rain, and we went on shore to enjoy the shower more thoroughly.

Cattaro itself is certainly a very remarkable and curious place; more picturesque than lovely, and yet possessed of a grand wild beauty which is not easily to be forgotten. The walls of this deep narrow trough appear to rise nearly perpendicularly from the darkened waters at the bottom. Just under the semicircular head of the fiord (the extreme

south), the foreground slopes into a few meadows, while a little to the left of this is the town of Cattaro, so *tucked in* under the frowning mountain over its head, that nobody could possibly imagine from the sea that the town was deeper than the boulevard and the one row of buildings that are immediately visible. But, on landing, one is astonished to find, not only innumerable little narrow streets, but ever so many small piazzas, many-shaped and many-sided, and even little tiny gardens, covered up between walls, and filled with splendid oleanders and lemon trees, which seem actually growing out of the utterly barren mountain; so completely does the rock lean over and mingle itself in with every atom of the town. And these streets are charming,—you can scarcely pass a dozen yards of any one of them without lighting on some delicious little *morceau* of Byzantine architecture—a light, elegant balustrade—an exquisitely-floriated capital—a rich moulding—graceful ironwork—delicately-carved mullions and architraves—all speaking eloquently of the 377 years, when Cattaro was enrolled under the banner of St. Mark. The Venetian lion's ugly face still stares out everywhere from the walls, and although the Austrians have added a little to the fortifications

which bristle all round the little city, yet they everywhere bear the indelible stamp of the Republic. Angle after angle seems scrambling up the mountain side and almost hanging in the air, with a confusion of regularity most puzzling to an unmilitary eye. A grand ravine abruptly closes in the left extremity of the town; while above all are the upper zigzags of the famous *scala*—the road to Montenegro. The bright red roofs of the houses below soften the contrast between the lofty crags above and the pleasant flower-planted boulevard on the quay, poplars lining the old city wall, and acacias hiding the barracks on each side of the handsome Venetian-built Sea-gate. Scores or hundreds of bright-coloured boats with awnings and flags, and timber-laden brigs, line the quays of the Gate, while on the other is the esplanade and café and billiard-rooms, where an Austrian band performs every evening. Such crowds of Austrian officers and gaily-dressed ladies come out to hear it, that one marvels how the little town can possibly hold so many.

Just within the Sea-gate is a picturesque circular tower, such as we were afterwards to see in every town in Dalmatia that had been subject to Venice: and some way farther on is the Catholic cathedral, a small but interesting building, with a good façade,

consisting of two quaint towers and a handsome porch, above which is an open gallery, from which the bishop gives his blessing to the people assembled in the little piazza below. Over this is a beautiful rose window of sixteen trefoiled lights. The soffit of the great entrance-arch and the border round it is very richly sculptured. I was examining its details, when the door opened, and the venerable bishop, whose silvery beard swept down to his waist, came slowly out dressed in black and crimson silk robes, and went into a well-built old palace close by. He did not seem to keep much state, for he was quite unattended; and I saw him take the key of the door from his gold-embroidered pocket, let himself in, and at the passage window stop and light a tallow candle, to enable him to find the door of his inner room. I heard afterwards that he was a very well-informed and agreeable old man; and very obliging in giving or finding lodgings for travellers. Right opposite the palace and in the same piazza is the Greek church, an early Romanesque structure, once the Greek cathedral; but since the commencement of this century, the patriarch or Greek bishop of Dalmatia has resided, like his Latin brother-dignitary, chiefly at Zara.

The steamer left Cattaro at six the next morning

after twelve hours' stay, and I thought the Bocche still prettier than on the previous evening, from the hardness of the ugly-coloured mountains being veiled in the blue mists of morning. From the entrance of the Bocche to Ragusa the coast is rocky and rude, but in no way pretty until the point of the bay, called the Val di Breno, has been passed, and one looks back at the hamlet of Ragusa Vecchia on the spot where stood the city of Epidaurus. This city, founded by the Greeks and occupied by the Romans, was destroyed by the Croats in A.D. 656, and a large proportion of the marble columns and pieces of more ancient sculpture now seen in Ragusa are said to have been brought from it.

The coast of the Val di Breno is very pretty, and its olives are of the richest: a good road has lately been made along the edge of the sloping mountains nearly to Ragusa Vecchia. The steamer passes the little bay of St. Hilary, where the saint, following the footsteps of St. Paul and Titus, landed to preach the Gospel in Dalmatia: and next the islet of La Chroma—the landing-place on his return from the same Holy Land, of a very different person, namely, our own popular hero, Cœur de Lion.

Ragusa has no harbour for any vessel but the

small native craft of the coast: the whole of the picturesque and brightly-coloured city, sparkling with domes and campaniles, is therefore passed in review as the steamer goes on beyond it to double the entrance of the Val d'Ombla, within which is the bay of Gravosa. Threading a number of large and small islands, each bearing a fort, the port of Gravosa opens finely to view as the steamer leaves the mouth of the much-praised Val d'Ombla to the left, and turns due south to the landing-place; whence a twenty minutes' drive brings the traveller to Ragusa. The road, originally made by the French but improved by the Austrians, carries one beside a heap of ruined villas and small palaces, which were destroyed by the Montenegrines under the Russians in 1806: but they have never been repaired.

A proud and noble city is that of Ragusa; and truly she has a right to glory in her history, though alas! it is now all gone into the past. Founded in the middle of the seventh century, that is, about two centuries later than the foundation of Venice, Ragusa steadily resisted all the stratagems and blandishments of her elder rival, both in war and art, and was *never* subjugated to her yoke. She is the only city in Dalmatia where no Lion of

St. Mark is to be seen, and to this day it is impossible to converse with any Ragusan for half an hour, without his reminding you of that proud fact. In 1050 the King of Dalmatia bestowed on the city twenty-two miles of coast as a gift, and at the same period the Ragusans instituted a nobility of their own, very many of whose descendants are still existing. Independent, although physically weak, Ragusa in 1370 requested the Turks to accept 500 sequins a year for their nominal protection, and from that time forth her prosperity annually increased till 1667, when an earthquake swallowed up nearly the whole of the city and a great part of the population. Rapidly recovering from this fearful visitation, she continued steadily independent, until, in 1806, threatened at once by France, England, and Russia, she endeavoured to save herself by opening her gates to the French. On this the Russians and Montenegrines harassed her to the best of their ability, until, after two years of polite speeches, the French commander coolly announced to the assembled senators that the Republic of Ragusa had ceased to exist. Seven years later the Congress of Vienna delivered Dalmatia to the Austrians.*

* See the history of Ragusa &c. in Paton's charming book, *The Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic.*

The principal street, called the Stradone, of Ragusa debouches at each end into a double fortress with a bridge over a deep ditch: the southern fortress or gate is called the Porta Plocce, the northern Porta Pille. Outside the latter is a large café and a gravelled *place* called 'il Boschetto,' shaded by a group of the magnificent *Paulonia imperialis* of 'short but sweet' duration. Here is the sole hotel of Ragusa; a tolerably well-built house, looking from two sides on the sea-washed rocks, and seemingly embedded between the fortresses of Pille and San Lorenzo. Under the management of a landlord who abhorred vermin and incoherent accounts, the hotel would be very comfortable; as it was, we found it airy, and the *cuisine* good, and, by dint of daily beholding with our own eyes the washing out of our apartments, and paying for every meal as soon as swallowed, we got on very well. Ragusa is a place *comme il y en a peu* for the lovers of art and history, and its charming climate and beautiful scenery would make it a delightful residence for many months at a time, both summer and winter: but it needs a little more of English enterprise and capital before it can become, as it well deserves to be, a favourite abiding-place for the invalid or the tourist. It is hot in the summer, but the sea breezes

sweep so refreshingly through it that it is never close or stuffy: while in the winter its western aspect prevents its ever being really very cold; and the city is said to be remarkably healthy. I can well believe it, for I never saw a cleaner town in this part of the world. The streets are all paved with large flat flags, and most of them have a gutter of running water. Like every walled town, with no exception, on this coast, carriages cannot enter within the city: the gates are small and narrow; but besides this impediment, the flat flag pavement renders them unfit for traffic of this kind. And in most cities the streets are too narrow to admit of carriage or cart. On one side of the Stradone are the large houses, public buildings, and churches of Ragusa to the edge of the coast: on the other the streets run up the mountain in narrow lanes of staircases, so steep that one really wonders the houses do not topple over. Underneath the horizontal of the highest is an aqueduct which brings in water for the whole town from the Val d'Ombla: there is an opening at the head of each lane, and the groups that are to be seen at each, morning and evening, form one of the many picturesque interests of Ragusa.

The two most beautiful buildings in Ragusa are

the Dogana, or Custom House, and the Palace of the Rector of the late Republic, now the Government House or Town Hall. The former is just a Venetian* palace, with the addition of a colonnade upon the street, supporting a balcony and loggia windows encased in spiral mouldings. The Town Hall is a magnificent building, bearing a strong resemblance to the Ducal Palace at Venice—the seven large rich capitals and arch mouldings of the colonnade being as varied and interesting as those of that world-famous building. One of them represents the god Esculapius reading in his studio, surrounded with bottles and instruments of the healing art: as Esculapius was the chief object of veneration by the colony of Epidaurus, this capital has been imagined to have been brought from the ruins

* In using the term *Venetian*, the reader will of course understand that I mean to describe that Romanesque or Byzantine style of architecture of which St. Mark's is the best example, and which was probably employed in Dalmatia, either by native artists educated in Venice, or by Venetians sent along with the scarlet cloth and armed galley which the Republic annually exchanged with Ragusa for two white horses and three barrels of wine. In the same way I use the term *Lombardic* to describe the same *style*, but now stamped with that Italian influence which resulted in the Duomo of Pisa—an influence easily imparted to the architecture of a country that carried on such constant intercourse with Italy as Dalmatia must ever have done.

of that city, but the form and style are thoroughly Byzantine. This palace was built immediately after the year of the earthquake. Inside there is a beautiful stone staircase and much fine floriated iron-work, of which a curious example is seen in the Torre dell' Orologio close by, where two bronze warriors strike the hour with iron maces upon the bell. Beneath them is sculptured a fine colossal head of Orlando, the hero of Italian and Dalmatian romance; he is represented in plate armour. Public edicts used to be proclaimed in a little space railed off at his feet, and close by is a square pillar of masonry which supported till lately the standard of the Republic, hoisted on a tall flagstaff, as they are in the Piazza in Venice. Then there are bronze well covers that remind one of Venice, and sculptured marble fountains with more than a touch of the East upon them—a touch which tells of that close trade with the court of Adrianople for which the strict Catholics of Ragusa had to get a special permission from the Synod of Basle in 1433.

The cathedral, a few paces further, is a miserable specimen of heartless Renaissance, all paint and floriation, standing in painful contrast to the rude vigour of the pure and noble Byzantine. But it contains within its walls some inestimable trea-

sures. Behind the altar is a Titian—an Assumption of the Virgin: it is a good deal rubbed, but much of it is still beautiful. Then came the reliques, which were shown to us with ready kindness by one of the abbots.

Firstly, there was the skull of the patron saint of Ragusa, San Biagio (Blaise), in a tightly-fitting gold case, covered with medallion portraits of saints, the spaces between inlaid with pearls and filled up with flowers, all done in the finest enamels *cloisonné*: it is impossible to find anything more exquisite of the kind. This relique is said by the historian Cerva to have been brought from Armenia to Ragusa in 1026: the enamel is of the finest Byzantine.

A hand of St. John the Baptist came next, given in its beautiful case by Queen Margaret of Hungary; this also has enamel portraits of saints on it of a peculiar character—the robe of the saint being each of one unshaded colour, overlaid by delicate gold lines, or rather by one gold line carried round and round the space in the style of an early Irish illumination. A leg of the patron saint was interesting from its gold case being of the style peculiar to Ragusa, and such as is made still at the present day—beaten gold with gold

spiral wires laid on in patterns: it is probably the origin of the paltry though pretty glass beads, covered with gold-leaf made still at Murano. Every Ragusan woman wears a set of these beautiful gold beads round her throat, with ear-rings of the same fine work, perfectly *originale*; she has almost invariably also a pair of ear-rings formed of drop pearls, connected with foliated curves and *cloisons* of delicate enamel of various colours, some of them translucent: they are of the same kind as the enamels, and something of the same pattern as those on the case of San Biagio's head. These ear-rings are much prized: they are seldom unbroken, but are still beautiful. A score of them, fastened together into a huge stomacher, have been offered up to one of the figures of the Madonna in this church. I was told that many of these ear-rings could be authenticated as having been in certain families for six hundred years.

A vast number of other things in gold and silver, brought here for safety from old monasteries in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, might be mentioned, but I confine myself to the description of a gold vase and dish executed by a Ragusan * goldsmith,

* We have so much yet to learn about the gold work of Hungary and all the Sclave countries, that it is difficult to give an

it is said, for Matthias Corvinus of Hungary (1458–1490). The shape of the vase is very graceful, tall, and slender; the handle is formed of two nymphs, springing from a stag's leg, beautifully moulded: the band round the body of the vase is worked in low-relief, with a huntsman blowing a horn and following a stag with dogs; the whole work is of the most beautiful chiselled *repoussé*. The vase stands in a large round dish, thickly covered over with tortoises, serpents, fish, &c., which appear to be walking over it, all carved independently of it; they are full of spirit, well shaped, and of beautiful finish. The animals are made in silver, purposely discoloured with some dark lacquer.

The chapel which contains these reliques and very many others is closed by a handsome marble balustrade in Florentine work, entered by a bronze gate of Ragusan work; it is small, but of such exquisite grace and execution that it appeared to me quite as valuable as even the splendid and precious treasures it guarded so worthily.

Ragusa is a very strictly Catholic city: there are

opinion upon any work of art found in them at present. My own impression is that this specimen is Hungarian, notwithstanding the Italian idea in the handle.

only three Greek priests in the whole place. It contains a very large Jesuit seminary and innumerable monks, Franciscans, Dominicans, &c. It is also the largest garrison town in Dalmatia, about 3,000 Austrian soldiers being quartered here, and the common saying appeared to me most practically true, that every third man you meet in the streets is a soldier, and every second man a priest. The population is about 52,000. *

Behind the Stradone there is a small *place* called the Piazza dell' Erbe, where the vegetable market is held every morning. We generally found our way there between 6 and 7 A.M. each day, in order to see the country costumes of the Morlachs. The women are perhaps more comely than handsome, but they are a fine-looking set, not masculine though very robust. Their dress resembles the Albanian, but is much handsomer and gayer: it has the briskness of an Italian costume united to the barbaric richness of an Oriental dress. The country women arrange a white cloth in a simple Syrian fashion over the red fez, which has a few coins sewed to it. They generally have white bodices, and sometimes a jacket of

* This number was given me by the Civil Governor of the city, and confirmed by H. B. M.'s Consul.

cloth, with blue or red tight skirts of coarse and very thick woollen stuff, and striped aprons of the same material; stockings of every conceivable hue that can be knitted together appear underneath. The townswomen are dressed entirely in cotton, invariably of scarlet and yellow mixed, trimmed with yellow braid, with a pink apron and neckerchief; another kerchief of the same colours is bound on the head. All the women from town or country have necklaces of the gold beads peculiar to Ragusa, and one, two, three, even four pair of gold or pearl and enamel ear-rings worn in their ears at once; and scarcely a woman but has one or two massive gold rings on every finger. But the chief peculiarity of the Morlach costume, as belonging to Ragusa, is the gold sword, about six inches long, which every woman sticks into her hair as soon as she is engaged to her lover: two curious gold bows are hung upon the hilt of this sword on the day of marriage. In Albania and the west of Dalmatia all the women's ornaments are of silver; in Ragusa all is gold or silver gilt.

Outside the Porta Plocce is the meat market; and beyond this a semi-Oriental, stony slope, where beasts are sold and caravans from the interior of

the country unloaded. Here you see men from the Herzegovina, from Montenegro, and occasionally Bosniacs and Turks from Bosnia; but the view of the coast looking south, and of the town looking north, is so charming that one scarcely thinks of anything else. This view gives nearly all the many forts and fortified walls that surround the city; all of which look so perfectly new, bright, and unworn, that I half fancied they must have been built in late years, till I found that the stone used in the buildings of Ragusa is of so fine a grain, almost like marble, that it resists all wearing, and adds much to the appearance of the town.

Opposite this Val di Breno road is the little island of La Chroma, which has been taken by the Archduke Maximilian * for a winter residence. There some of our kind friends took us one evening to a pleasant little fête champêtre. Most of the island is covered with a beautiful pine-wood, filled up underneath with aromatic shrubs—agnus castus, myrtle, box, &c.—except where the old monastery walls are still standing; these have been partly built in to form the Archduke's house, a

* Now Emperor of Mexico.

palace of the very smallest description. It consists only of one long gallery, with bed-rooms and sitting-rooms opening out of it on each side, the very best rooms being no bigger than cells. The furniture was altogether of carpets, cushions, curiosities, &c., gathered in the Archduke's extensive travels; and the whitewashed walls were completely hidden by the innumerable pictures of places he had visited, and of portraits of all the royal personages in Europe. The garden is really interesting as a collection of plants from every part of the world successfully acclimatised together, and in a few years it will be beautiful. A number of monkeys likewise adorn the grounds.

We wandered till after the moon was up among the woodland paths, delighting in the sweet perfumes all round us, and in the charming views of Ragusa and the pretty rocky bay. Passing through the town on our way home, we were amused to see the gatherings of loungers and gossipers and newspaper readers at the chemists' shops; but I found it the Dalmatian custom to eschew the barbers, bakers, or sweet-shops, so much frequented in other countries, for the more wholesome precincts of the apothecary.

The next day the Civil Governor, the General or

Military Governor, Monsignore Zubranich, the venerable and charming bishop of Ragusa and Trebigné, and many others, called upon us or returned our visits. Of some of these I should have liked to have said a few words, and to have expressed my thanks for their kindness, but my hand is doubly restrained by an almost ludicrous occurrence. It seems that two years ago a lady, to whose name the amplest publicity should be given—Ida von. Durrenberg—visited Ragusa. She brought letters to some one or two families, and was received with much kindness by the whole society of Ragusa, being shown by them the utmost hospitality in their power throughout a winter. I must be forgiven for adding my testimony that the Ragusans are very hospitable to strangers, warm-hearted and cordial in manner. Madame Ida von Durrenberg entered into every house, carefully gathered up every bit of gossip she heard, added every little word of scandalous innuendo, such as people will amuse themselves in joking about in every place, and, on leaving it, wrote and published an account of the society of Ragusa, detailing every petty *on dit* as a serious fact, not merely of 'M or N,' but with all their names at full length!

It is needless to picture the indignant disgust of

the good Ragusans; nor was it very unnatural that they wreaked a kind of left-handed vengeance on two ladies who went there last year, and whom they refused to visit save in the most formal manner: and I myself found an icy current stealing between us after a friend had thoughtlessly informed them I had once been guilty of writing a book! I can, consequently, only allow myself to say that I found the ladies of Ragusa more lively, agreeable, and graceful in mind and manners than almost any society with which I am acquainted, and their beauty is remarkable. The gentlemen of Ragusa quite keep up, I believe, the character for talent and energy that mainly preserved the independence of Ragusa for eleven hundred years, although she has not been able to retain her place among the science and literature of the world as the 'Slavic Athens' she was named in the seventeenth century.

The traveller in this country must never forget that Dalmatia has three capital cities. Zara is the judicial capital, the seat of Government and of the Archiepiscopal throne; Spálato is the commercial capital, through which nearly all the merchandise of the whole country flows; and Ragusa is the home of all the ancient families and real nobility of

Dalmatia. And these latter have truly something to be proud of in this nobility; many of them have left an unbroken pedigree and undispersed estates since the earliest ages of the patrician order—an order founded by a citizen named Gozze in 930:* and though some are exceedingly poor, they still look down with jealous contempt on the modern nobility whose patents are dated since the earthquake in 1667, when the Rector of the Republic and so many of the Senators had been swallowed up, that others were obliged to be created at once, in order to keep up the requisite numbers of the Grand Council. Of course, at the present day, every Ragusan *salon* is half filled by the Austrian military officers and their families quartered there, and the Ragusans speak German as readily as nearly all the Austrians speak Italian; but the native nobility invariably slip into Sclave when speaking to each other, and they only contract marriages with the Austrians reluctantly. Nor can one fail to sympathise with their unwillingness to lose such names of old historic interest as those of Caboga, Bona, Ghetaldi, Gozze, Giorgi,

* The origin of the Gozzes is lost in obscurity: but they were a family of repute before 900.

Gondola, Boscovich, &c., as meet one at every step in the society of Ragusa.

One anecdote more, and I have done with all personalities among a society I shall always remember with pleasure. Of all the foreign Consuls in the city, only one, the Prussian Consul, Baron de L., omitted to call on me. I could not help noticing the omission, and I naturally enquired the reason. The Baron must have had small experience of Englishwomen, and but a mean opinion of the fascinations of Ragusa, as I was told that he said it was perfectly impossible I could have come to see the country for my pleasure only, and that he had made up his mind I had received a commission from the Cabinet of St. James's to collect information respecting the political relations of Dalmatia and its neighbourhood; that he heard I was going to Montenegro to pursue these enquiries, with the special object of taking Servia in the rear, and finding out from the Montenegrines, if possible, what crooked political scheme had taken the Princess of Servia to England, &c., and that he did not wish to be reported upon! And so as long as I stayed there the excellent but over-careful Baron never joined the élite of the world under the

Boschetto at the café, and cruelly deprived me of his acquaintance!

Very pleasant is this little meeting under the trees; the Austrian band performs here every evening from 6 to 10 o'clock, while the listeners chat and eat ices. On Thursdays the Civil Governor leaves his chair and his cigarette at 8 o'clock, and walks back into the city, followed by all the *invités* of his circle, to his house in the Piazza dell' Erbe, the band accompanying them and stationing itself in the Piazza below; the company then dance without any further formality in their morning dresses, till the 10 o'clock gun sends everybody home to his own house.

One morning, starting very early, we took a pleasant drive of two hours to see the great trees of Cannosa, objects of much admiration to the Ragusans. Passing through Gravosa, we crossed the mouth of the Val d'Ombla in a boat, and then drove along the coast to Cannosa. The road follows all the indentations of the sea, making a lovely drive, for the coast is so much broken and the islands approach it so closely that the sea seems a succession of lakes, while the varieties of wood and rock are most charming, and compensate much for that aridity and tameness of the mountain summits

which prevent the country from being either really grand or really lovely, although it is sometimes very nearly being both. The heat was very great, but the sea-breeze was fresh, and we were well repaid by the sight of the famous trees. They are both plane trees, very magnificent in height and in the symmetry of their growth. We saw one of them measured at about eight or nine feet from the ground: six men could only just touch each other's fingers with their arms extended round the trunk; the other tree is about the same size. A pretty mountain torrent dashes down between them to the sea.

Our next expedition was made with a large party of friends to explore the Val d'Ombla. We stopped at a little distance down the fiord at the best villa in the country—a very handsome house with a marble-paved hall and pretty balconies, standing in a charming garden. In this garden a part of the old family house was still standing; it contained one large room, in which there were still exquisite little bits of Byzantine carving—columnettes, friezes, capitals, &c. This room had been used for balls, and it was explained to us that the large gallery built up at one end of the room was for the unmarried girls; here they sat to watch their

mammas enjoying the dance which it was contrary to custom for them to join. Even now very few young ladies dance until they are married.

The Val d'Ombla is not as pretty or nearly as fine as the Bocche di Cattaro; but it is in the same style of masses of lofty and quite arid stone walls. At the bottom, however, woods, villages, villas, gardens, and olive-groves border the water, and here and there it is very pretty. At the inner end is the curiosity of the place: a large round basin is seen at the very foot of the perpendicular rocky wall—perhaps 60 or 70 feet wide; in the middle of this bubbles up a full-grown ready-made river, which rushes over the edge of the basin, and with its plentiful tide keeps the water of the fiord fresh fully a quarter of the way to the sea. This spring is supposed to be the river that disappears about twenty miles from this spot, near Trebigné; the river goes down into a hole and vanishes, but the distance is so great that its identity has not been satisfactorily traced as yet. Wherever it may come from, the size and abundance of this source is very remarkable. We returned to Gravosa by moonlight, the two or three hours of rowing being enlivened by the sweet voices of the Ragusan ladies, singing wild Styrian and Bohemian melodies.

I think a few facts given to me by a friend on the authority of the old historian Cerva, concerning the Ragusan nobility, may be interesting to many people.

'The Gozzes claim a pedigree from the fourth century; this is of course uncertain, but what is *authentic* is their patriciate in Ragusa in 930.

'The patriciates of Pazza and Giorgi are of the same date. Gondola is also of 930.

'The patriciate of the Bonas is of 940: they came from Vesta, a place in Apulia, where they were considered an ancient German family (*antiqua stirpe Allemana*); this is the case with many Italian families whose ancestors came in with the Gothic irruptions at the fall of the Roman Empire.

'The patriciate of Caboga is of 940: they are of Italian origin. That of Ghetaldi of the same date: they came from Taranto. Grudi's patriciate dates from 1116, that of Sarraca from 1172, Zamagna from the same year. The oldest extant entail or title deed is that of a Sarraca. Sorgo dates from 1292; but the ducal branch is extinct.

'Of the families subsequently ennobled, the Basdari, who belonged to the *Cittadinanza* (non-patrician citizens), were made patricians in 1666, and the Natali, who were also of the *Cittadinanza*,

were raised in 1667. These last nobles are called "*aggregati*" or "additional."

'The number of extinct patrician families amounts to 227.

'Four families of the *Cittadinanza* remain; some of these families are old. The entails of the Farenda family, just extinct, date back nearly four centuries.

'The Bonas are Polish marquises as well. Giorgi and Bonda have been made Austrian counts. Gondola and Ghetaldi have been made Austrian barons.'

CHAPTER IV.

MONTENEGRO.

WE had been fortunate enough to make acquaintance with M. Leopold Moreau, the acting * French Consul at Skodra,† while he was making a hasty visit to Ragusa; and we were glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity for gaining practical advice with respect to our journey into Montenegro. M. Moreau not only gave us every sort of information, but most kindly undertook the whole management of our journey, in connection with another friend whose acquaintance we had also happily made in the same manner. This was Mahmoud

* After the sudden death of M. Wiet, the late Consul.

† Scutari, the Italian name of Skodra, is the one used on our maps, and received by the Foreign Office, but since the Crimean war and the establishment of the hospital at Scutari, the name of that suburb of Constantinople has become so well known in England, that it would avoid the risk of confusion to call the Albanian capital by the original name it bears both in that language and in Turkish—a name, too, as old as Livy.

Pasha, the military Pasha of Skodra, just then appointed to the Pashalik of Mostar, from which place he was temporarily returning to Skodra. Nothing could exceed the thoughtful kindness of both these gentlemen from first to last.

Taking but a small part of our luggage with us, we went on board the 'Bosforo' at midday on June 30, having added to our party a man-servant whom I had hired in Ragusa, thinking we should require an interpreter. He was a Bohemian, and he spoke that language, with German, Illyrian, and some Italian, and he was not particularly disobliging. I believe, however, I may safely add that he was totally useless to us in every way, both in Montenegro and in Dalmatia.

The Pasha's flag was hoisted the moment we went on board—and a very dirty 'bandeyra' it was: but the steamer had been coaling, and the decks were still dirtier. Seeing the black streaks which soon appeared on my white dress, the Pasha immediately gave orders for washing the deck. The results were very agreeable, but the execution was far from pleasant; and I felt most undignified, perched up on a chair, with all my skirts gathered round me.

We arrived at Cattaro in less than six hours, and

employed the last two hours of daylight in walking along the excellent road on the west side of the canal, whence the Rock of Cattaro appears, with singular picturesqueness and beauty, in its true proportion to the mountain wall behind it; this wall is so perpendicular that from inside the town the rock appears to reach to the very summit. We rejoined our companions at the café after dark, M. Moreau having been employed in hiring horses, &c., for us, and in sending messengers to precede us into Montenegro. The Pasha had been taking a Turkish bath—Cattaro being sufficiently south to afford that luxury. Ragusa does not choose to admit one. We slept on board the steamer, which ought to have departed at 4 A.M., but the all-powerful Pasha detained it for an hour to suit our convenience, to the intense disgust of the captain.

We found our horses, with three Montenegrines, awaiting us outside the city gate, where the mountainers hold their market. The scene was very picturesque. The gate is a double one, with a ditch between, beyond which are a few trees and open buildings for the shelter of the cattle and goods. Austrian soldiers are seen standing about the towers and walls that bristle upon every height;

while, over all, the mountain, split into a deep chasm, rears a double set of peaks and crags and rock, which seem to hang almost tremblingly above one's head, as if just about to fall down the stony precipice below. Right up this mountain face winds the famous Scala, of which only the upper zigzags can be seen from the water. Our horses had been hastily engaged, and were bad enough. A European side-saddle had been borrowed for me, but, on looking up at the crags, I sent it away, knowing by experience that, in any case of steep ascent, the pack saddle is infinitely less fatiguing and far more comfortable. We were soon settled and started, the baggage being all tied on one horse.

The Scala Proper consists of seventy-three zigzags, perfectly well made, smooth, tolerably wide, and guarded at all the angles by a parapet. It is as safe as Rotten Row; but it is certainly one of the most remarkable roads ever made, and an immense credit to Austria. Other zigzagged roads may have been made on almost equally severe mountain sides, but probably the Scala of Cattaro exceeds them all, not merely in the steepness or perpendicular nature of the mountains, but chiefly in the narrowness of the plane on which it rises, which gives it a claim

far beyond any other to the name of *ladder.** For example, the zigzags on the Italian side of the St. Gothard Pass, descending for a considerable space with one zigzag almost directly above the other, will in some measure explain this, when contrasted with those on the same side of the Splügen Pass, which wind over a large space of rock, and can be seen from the highest of all, more like the windings of ribbon than the rungs of a ladder. Such is the appearance of the Ladder of Cattaro. Passing as it does behind the fortress, the traveller is enabled to see the almost entire separation of the Cattaro rock from the mountain cliff, for he rides in between them. And, by the time he is nearly at the top of the Scala, he is, actually and literally, looking down, not only into the fortress, but into the very streets of Cattaro at his feet, in which the passengers appear like the tiniest black dots or specks. In fact, it has quite the feeling of ascending the loftiest tower in the world, and looking out from the top into the perpendicular depths below.

* The road from Karlstadt to Zara descends the lofty range of the Vellebich, upon the town of Obrovazzo, by a zigzag or *scala* of magnificent engineering. I heard that it was superior to any of the roads in the Swiss mountains; but as I did not see it I cannot speak from my own experience.

There were several people on the road, but most of them were women, who are invariably engaged in carrying all burdens great and small into and out of Montenegro. On the precipitous and broken rock between the zigzags, little girls were scrambling about while watching their goats feeding on the plentiful bushes. Near the top we passed a picturesque group. A sick and wounded Montenegrine chief was being carried down to consult the physicians of Cattaro. The sick man, in his splendid costume, was lying on the rock to rest, while beside him stood two women and some of his servants, holding the gaily caparisoned horses. The scene was quite Eastern, but, however picturesque, his suffering face made it pitiful.

We had ridden up the Scala proper in an hour and a half. The road now went winding among the crags in the manner of a pass, and was rough enough, though in no way really bad: we were nearly an hour before we had reached the summit. From all this upper part the views are magnificent in the variety they give, although there is too much of barren, absolutely naked rock in the scene to be as lovely as it is grand. Every winding of the Bocche lies at one's feet, and the whole outline of the outer coast, with the wide

sweep of the horizon of the sea beyond, is taken in at once; the mountain behind Budua seems close at hand, and several fortresses are seen crowning the heights. The pass itself is craggy and fine: in the middle of it there is a spring where we stopped to drink the first waters of Montenegro.

Arrived at the summit, we entered a plain, the stony ground of which was most carefully cultivated: here we found a small village called Niégush.* We stopped at a roadside khan, built, as all the cottages in Tsernagora are, of stone, and dismounted to rest, while the hostess refreshed us with excellent *café au lait*, and pressed new milk and rum, &c., upon us. We paid her a small sum on leaving, when she complained bitterly of our having paid too much, and begged us to take some of it back: and really, she looked so honest and so amiable, I began to think the Montenegrines were the most charming people in the world. A priest had joined us on the road, and stopped when we

* The district or country of Niégush is the chief head district of the country. Its inhabitants are descended from one great family who emigrated *en masse* from the Herzegovina, and soon became the most powerful tribe in the Black Mountains. The Vladika, or Prince-Patriarch, was chosen from them, and the present prince still bears the name, as Prince Nicholas Petrovich of Niégush.

did for breakfast, of which he partook unsparingly, and then departed, leaving us to pay for him as one of our party. I do not think he meant any dishonesty; it was rather the way of the world in Montenegro, in the half Eastern idea that the more people you feed the more you exalt your own consequence and augment your faithful followers. But our guides were immensely indignant, and scolded us roundly for having paid the money. We told them we were glad to pay for the honour of the Church—an idea that seemed to tickle their fancy much, for they laughed long and loud again and again. The priests here wear no particular dress, and the lower grades cultivate their land with their own hands, thus making themselves labourers in two fields at once.

On leaving Niégush, we had about an hour's ride up stony mountains and along stony valleys. They bore some wood, but little water in them, and they were cultivated in a manner that speaks most highly for the ingenious and untiring industry of the Montenegrines. On a ledge of rock —in a little depression between two rocks—in a niche—in a mere crevice—in short everywhere within possibilities, a little field has been made: the stones picked off, the rocks torn out, and

perhaps earth added artificially, and behold, a patch of potatoes * or of maize; nothing else seems grown here, but I declare that I saw many flourishing little crops not a yard square. And all this is done by the women, the men never assist in the simply agricultural work.

All along this road, and in all that I saw of Montenegro, the mountains are of that bluish grey which darkens so curiously in the afternoons and in winter into rich purples and absolute blacks, while in the bright daylight it is only cold grey and at midday almost whitish. But seeing this rock covered with the dark-leaved dwarf oak and other brushwood which grows out of every crevice in black masses, the traveller recognises at once the meaning of the name so dear to its inhabitants—the Tserna-Gora, or Black Mountain. †

* Potatoes are now cultivated all over Montenegro, but they are the introduction of the last few years; in all Albania there is not a single potato grown, it is said, except at Bielopoglie, a small place on the borders of Bosnia. They are but very little cultivated in any part of Dalmatia; potatoes, like many other things eaten in Dalmatia, are brought from Italy.

† Tserna-Gora, written as one or as two words, is the name of the country; Tsernogoretz or -ratz, plural Tsernogortsi, of the inhabitants. This last word is written Tsernogorki in a very uncritical and injudicious article which appeared on the subject of Montenegro in the year 1858—the last time in the world to have

From the heights, which are well wooded, at about half way between Niégush and Tsetinje, there are grand views of the Lake of Skodra and the surrounding mountains. In another hour we had descended to the level of Tsetinje, and found ourselves in a perfectly flat oval plain of very poor soil, about twelve miles long. As we passed through a village on the mountain slope, one of our guides mistook a cat crouching on a wall for a hare: picking up a stone, and without stopping one second in his walk, he aimed at her a distance of at least 100 yards, and killed her dead upon the spot!

We had advanced but a few yards in the plain when we saw a splendidly-attired horseman coming to meet us, mounted upon a pretty little black horse, whose bridle and other harness was made entirely of silver chain worked in an elaborate

chosen for indiscriminate panegyric—in the *Edinburgh Review*. As far as this name means anything at all, it means 'Black and Bitter'—a good name for the article itself. The writer probably copied it from a *rifaccimento* of M. Cyprien Robert's writings, appended to the translation of Ranke's Servia, in one of Bohn's Series, where the same mistake is made, and where historical, or rather legendary, reasons are given for the Montenegrines being called Black-Mountaineers. The Prince himself pointed out to me the blackness of the rocks I have described above as the reason.

Hanhart lith

TSETINJE.

pattern. This was Gospody Vlakhovitch, the Prince's first aide-de-camp. He came to meet us in haste, as the messengers had only just arrived at Tsetinje to announce our coming. I was conducted by him to the door of the palace, where I found the Prince waiting to receive me. He led me to a small suite of rooms prepared for me, where I was glad enough to rest after my ride, for the sun had been hot, although our journey had lasted less than five hours.

The little palace of Tsetinje is built in the shape of a reversed J: it was erected thirty years ago by the last Vladika, Peter II. the giant, whose architectural ideas had not gone beyond the usual form of a monastery. It consists of two stories in the shape of one long narrow passage, with fourteen rooms opening from it on one side only, and three or four more at right-angles; a small staircase is in the centre, and the ground-floor is occupied by the servants. A narrow terrace forming the foot of the J leads to a little circular kiosk, where the Prince reads and studies in private. The opposite angle at the head of the J is a billiard room. The house is substantially built, slated and whitewashed, and rather handsomely furnished, but there is nothing in the least palatial about it. At

the back the windows look into a garden; in front, across a pleasant meadow to the further extremity of the plain. Close by is the old monastery, till now the palace, on the one hand, and the principal street of the primitive city is seen on the other.

And now let me say a few words on the inhabitants of this palace; first glancing back for a moment upon the great Vladika (or Archbishop Prince), Peter I., because none of the Montenegrines can speak of their rulers for five minutes without alluding to this blessed object of their veneration. He had governed his people with so much wisdom and skill, and displayed such pious virtue, that when, in 1830, death closed his long reign of fifty-three years, the Black Mountaineers could only assuage their grief by declaring him a saint. Some years after his death his body was removed from Tsetinje to the summit of the highest mountain in Montenegro, under the poetical idea that his people, who can see this peak from every part of the country, would thus evermore remain under the protecting guardianship of their beloved chief. That any drop of his blood is still flowing in the veins of his descendants will be quite sufficient to ensure the affections of the Mountaineers.

He was succeeded by his nephew, Peter II., the famous giant in size and strength, whose wonderful agility and skill as a marksman, whose remarkable prowess in war, and a certain astute shrewdness in politics, combined to make him a hero in the eyes of his people, and produced a marked effect in the improvement of his country. In fact, we may fairly say that it is owing entirely to the influence of these two Vladikas that the Montenegrines have been raised from the level of mere savage defiant barbarism to the first stage of progressive civilisation. This civilisation is as yet in its infancy; but, from all I saw and heard, I venture to assert that the Montenegrines have all, from the prince down to the poorest, awakened to a genuine desire for improvement.

Peter II. was succeeded in 1850 by his nephew Danilo I., who, with the support of Austria, Russia, and France, succeeded in obtaining the separation of the secular and spiritual government of the country; for, until this time, the ruler had been obliged to become also the Archbishop or Vladika. Having thus freed himself from the old law, Danilo I. married a Triestine lady, and hoped to have founded a lineal line of princes, but his reign was cut short in less than eight years. A French

gentleman who was with him at the moment told me the horrid story.

The prince and princess were spending a few weeks in August 1858 at Perzagno for sea-bathing, but they came every evening to walk on the esplanade at Cattaro. One day they were returning to Perzagno when the dusk had given way to the coming darkness of night; the prince, with one foot in the boat, was giving his hand to the princess, when a Montenegrine came close up behind him and shot him in the back with a pistol loaded with slugs. He fell over the princess, covering her with his blood, and died in her arms three or four hours after. The esplanade was covered with ladies and children at the evening promenade, but the Montenegrines, maddened with grief and fury, went rushing about, firing anywhere and everywhere; in the confusion the assassin escaped, but he was afterwards taken and hanged. The newly widowed Princess Darinka behaved like a heroine; without giving way for a moment, she had the prince's body carried in the course of the night to Tsetinje, she herself accompanying it. The crisis was an urgent one, but by her presence of mind and firmness she prevented all dispute or confusion. She took everything for the moment into her own

hands, and, passing over her own little daughter of four years old, on the very next day proclaimed the late Prince's nephew ruler of the land, the present Nicholas I. It is said that the assassin revenged himself for the seduction of his wife—the deepest-dyed crime possible in the eyes of a Montenegrine; but, except in this one instance, the late Prince was very much loved and feared by his people.

The Prince Nicholas was then only eighteen years old; he had been betrothed from infancy to the daughter of one of the principal landowners in Montenegro, and he was married to her two years later, when she had attained the age of fourteen. He is an extraordinarily handsome man, looking much older than his real age, very tall and well-made. His forehead is wide and open, his hair and eyes nearly black, and the naturally soft, somewhat sad expression of his Southern face is animated by a very sweet and frequent smile. All the Montenegrines that I have seen, with but one or two exceptions, are tall, with well-built limbs, very dark hair and eyes, ruddy, not olive, complexion, and most of them have beautiful teeth. Their beards are all closely shaven, but they wear large moustaches.

The Montenegro costume is the handsomest and most graceful I have seen in any country. The Prince wore dark-blue cloth pantaloons, cut in the Syrian style, very full and wide, gathered in at the knees with scarlet garters; a Damascus silk scarf round the loins, and at his waist a huge crimson leathern band, in which the arms are placed; the Prince, however, is the only man who carries none at home. The scarlet waistcoat, embroidered and buttoned with gold, is half concealed by a closely-fitting tunic of white cloth, also richly embroidered in gold; the full court dress is the same, only that the tunic is then worn of green. Sometimes fur edgings are added, and all the gentlemen about the court had rows of large silver buttons sewn so thickly on the fronts of the tunic as quite to conceal the cloth, and to give the appearance of armour; while some had curious shoulder pieces of solid silver covered with bosses, completely covering the neck and shoulders. The cap is of fur, with a *panache* of white cloth, embroidered and tasselled, hanging down at one side; this is in war, or in travelling, or in winter; in summer or at home the Montenegrine wears a peculiar pork-pie cap with a black silk border and a scarlet centre. All the Montenegrines wear embroidered leggings; the

Prince alone wears high leather boots. He wore gloves, as did every one at court, constantly.

The dress of the peasants is made more or less in the same form, of commoner materials; all of them add, for cold and rainy weather, a thick cloak called the *strookah*, which is made of undyed wool, coarsely spun in long pile, so as closely to resemble an untanned sheepskin.

I had but just changed my riding-dress when the Prince was announced, and I went with him to the reception-room, where we found the Princess Milèna (Milèna means 'dear'), the famous Mirko and his wife, father and mother of the Prince, and the little Court. The Princess is a very sweet-looking, gentle young creature, slenderly made and of dark complexion; she is much out of health, and has a delicate and almost sad face. She was dressed in a white Turkish gauze chemise, with wide, open sleeves, embroidered in colours, in the Eastern fashion. The moment I saw these sleeves, I understood the constantly-repeated image used in Servian poetry in describing a female beauty—the flashing of her long white arms; for at nearly every movement the sleeve falls back, and displays the arm nearly to the shoulder. Her French silk skirt (without crinoline) was half-covered by a narrow tunic of white cloth

down to the knees. This outer dress entirely conceals the figure, and is ungraceful, but it is worn by every Montenegrine woman. She wore also a splendid antique belt of solid silver, eight or nine inches wide, which forms a pocket, and she had bracelets and other ornaments—wedding presents from the Empress of Austria on her marriage. The ugly part of the costume is a common dark silk handkerchief, pinned on with coarse dressing pins, and hanging down so as entirely to conceal the head and neck. Mirko's wife wore exactly the same costume, less richly ornamented.

The Princess was led into dinner by Mirko, of whom I must say a few words. The Princess Darinka, by proclaiming Nicholas the Prince, took a bold step in passing over the brother of the late Danilo; but, notwithstanding the youth of the new Prince, she acted for the good of the little country; for Mirko was notoriously at the head of the war party, and a perfect firebrand in the Senate. He himself was so well aware that his succession to the chair of state would be displeasing to the neighbouring Powers, that he generously acquiesced in the omission, and was the first to do homage to his son, who at once made him Veliki Voyvod, Generalissimo and Grand President of the Senate. It is

Марко Петровић

said that the Prince would be glad if his father would retire even from this, as he is much afraid of his warlike inclinations; but he still leaves much of the minor cases of the administration of justice to him—a work to which he brings all the stern promptness of the warrior. In person he is a remarkable-looking man: very small for a Montenegrine, thin and spare in figure, every line in the closely-shaven face expressing decision, and the small restless eye lighting up in conversation with such a fierce eagle's glance, that one can fancy how wild and fiery it must be in war. His voice is peculiarly high-pitched and thin, unlike that of his countrymen in general, but when excited in the Senate he managed to give it a hoarse roar that astounded one's ears. His wife appears to be quite a mother among this primitive people, and we often saw her going out visiting among them, a servant following with a basket of provisions or comforts on his arm. I spoke of her once to the Prince as 'Madame la Princesse Mère.' He looked much astonished, and answered, 'My wife is Princess, my mother is only "Gospodja Anastasia;" and I learned afterwards that as her son in his infancy lisped her name into Nâni, the whole of the people, to her great pleasure, call her Nâni, as he did. I

do not know what can be much more simple or primitive than this.

The dinner was well served, and cooked in the French style, with all due accompaniments of foreign wines; but the best on the table was a red wine, grown and made in the Black Mountain, of the excellence of which the Prince is naturally very proud. It would doubtless meet with a ready market if the Prince had the means of exporting it, but the Austrian dues, before it reached the sea, would make its price too costly to be remunerative. The servants who waited at dinner were, with the exception of the French butler, the stalwart guards of the Prince. They wore their arms, as usual, in the full costume. Once or twice, when guests dined at the Prince's table, they were brothers or other very near relations of the men who served. It was patriarchal enough, and a little queer to our ears to hear, 'Serve me, oh my father, with salt,' or 'Bring me the wine, oh my brother!'

After dinner the little Court was introduced to me. Only three were present—Vlakhovich, the first aide-de-camp, and Zèga, the second. The latter is a very handsome native of the Banat, with highly polished manners, speaking German, as well as Italian. They both wore the same beautiful dress

as the Prince, but, like Mirko, the quantity of arms they had contrived to fasten upon their persons was quite remarkable. A dozen pistols and daggers were stuck in their wide leathern belts, and swords and powder-boxes, and what-not, seemed to my woman's eyes to be tied on or looped up all over them. The third was the Prince's doctor, a Corsican, named Pancrazzi, who is said to have some influence over the Prince. The reception-room was ornamented with life-size portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Russia, presented by them to Prince Danilo, and those of the Emperor and Empress of the French, given to Prince Nicholas during his stay in Paris. There were also portraits of the late Prince and his wife.

Opposite the gate of the palace there is a very fine plane tree, from which the whole of the principal street of the little town can be seen. At one side of this the Prince is building a pretty little house for his beloved aunt, the Princess Darinka. While I rested under this tree late in the afternoon, I saw the Senate, sitting in full conclave in the open air at the further end of the street; and no sooner had I appeared than the whole assembly, of about thirty men, rose up and came to greet me and bid me welcome to the Black Mountain. They

stood round me in a half-circle of splendid dresses and fierce faces, whilst, making Mirko their spokesman, they eagerly dictated speeches to me, expressing their pleasure at seeing an English lady among them, and their hopes of my health and happiness in Montenegro and out of it. All this Gospody Zèga, the aide-de-camp, translated into Italian for our benefit, for Mirko will not trust himself to speak Italian to a stranger, though he understands it pretty well. And after I had assured them of my interest in Montenegro and her people, they proceeded in the most amusing way to implore me to beg England would request Austria, Russia, and Turkey to let them grow rich and happy; and then they asked me pathetically if I did not think they ought to have a port on the sea-coast, and so be enabled to let all the world know what good wine and wood and skins the Black Mountaineers could sell.

The Prince now appeared, and was sitting chatting beside me, when a poor Mussulman (a Bosnian, I believe) came rushing up, and seizing his hand began covering it with kisses. It seemed that this Mussulman had been taken prisoner in last year's war, and had on that day been kindly set free by the Prince, who at the same time gave

him some money to feed him on the way home. The Prince talked familiarly with him, and joked him about the hardships of his imprisonment; but the man would have none of his jokes—he was overflowing with gratitude, not only for the boon of liberty, but for the kindness with which he had been treated in prison, and for the real benevolence of assisting him on the road home.

We had another and a sadder evidence of the late war when, in the evening after supper, we were all sitting in the meadow. An elderly man, one of the Prince's most trusted friends and warriors, came slowly and painfully towards us, his limbs and head bound up, leaning on crutches. The Princess went hastily to meet him, for it was the first time he had come out since many months of suffering, and he kissed her little hand gratefully, for she is loved by all for her beauty and gentleness. The name of this old soldier was Petro Stephano: and the Prince told me he had attacked a position held by 3,000 Turks with 1,000 Montenegrines; and, having taken the place, he continued to hold it in spite of his severe wounds, and kept it till relieved. And the tears stood in the eyes of the Prince as he said to me he had never known so bitter a moment as when he saw this old

man and some others that he loved carried to the rear in pain and suffering. He has a kind and affectionate heart, and so lively, almost boyish a manner, that I could not help thinking what a pity it was his succession to the thorns and cares of government had not been delayed another ten years.

We had been joined in the meadow by a good many of the Senators, and were now quite a large party, all of whom, except the Prince, Princess, and myself, were seated on the grass. I asked to hear the *gusle*,* and the Prince sent for one, and played a variety of tunes on it himself. The *gusle* is a kind of rude violin, with only *one string* drawn over the bridge: it is played on with a bow and also by pressing the string with the left hand: it is capable of a wonderful number of notes, and the Prince varied the sound and expression of the notes most artistically. But of course it is on the whole somewhat monotonous. A few songs were

* So called from the long *goose*-like neck of the fiddle. *Gus* is identical in sense and sound with our own word in almost all the Sclavonic languages. In one slight variant, Bohemian, it becomes the name of John Huss, the reformer; in the other, Polish, which contains a more archaic form, Mr. Crawfurd, who has been recently writing about the names of geese in the *Ethnological Journal*, will find something to his disadvantage.

sung, but the guests were in a merrier mood than for music: a skipping-rope was produced, and one after another of these grave and martial men took energetically to this innocent amusement! The Prince was awkward, and could make nothing of it; some of them succeeded better; and one robust and well-grown man taking some running with it when, in the darkness of the night, it was impossible to see the rope itself, looked so utterly absurd that one could only think of a broken-legged ostrich. They were glad to learn that our famous Laureate, Gospody Tennyevich, was not above singing the praises of the skipping-rope in his Pĕsme. After much laughing we returned to the palace, where I enjoyed a cleaner, fresher room and a more delightful bed than I had done ever since I left England.

The Princess Milena paid me a visit in my room on the following morning; but our conversation was not very lively, as she only speaks Sclave and understands but a few words of French. The Prince, however, soon joined us in high spirits at the clouds that were gathering in the sky. Like all the shores of the Adriatic, this year the drought has been very severe in Montenegro, and great fears were entertained for the crops and vines, as the arid soil requires all the rain it can get. Only

two or three showers fell during our stay, but some of the gentlemen, and the Prince among them, danced for joy when the drops began to fall.

I spent most of my day in sketching, though I was continually tempted away for the amusement of watching the sittings of the Senate. They appeared to sit, at intervals, throughout the day: they are judges as well as lawgivers, and it was most patriarchal and primitive to see them sitting in the open street, or under the tree, or in the meadow with the peasant or peasants, whose cases they were trying, standing in the midst of them, telling their tale. Then came the discussion, sometimes a very noisy one, usually followed by a decision from Mirko, given occasionally in a voice of thunder, and, in one instance, by an instantaneous and summary infliction of punishment. This was in the case of a woman who objected to live peaceably with her husband, 'because he was so ugly and wore such bad clothes!' I asked the Prince what would be done to a woman who was unfaithful to her husband: he looked surprised and said simply, 'They never are; if they had been, in former days they would have been put to death: I should imprison them for life.'

Unquestionably, in Montenegro, woman is the

chief beast of burden and the hardest worker of the two sexes: she is in fact the slave of the man; but though humble, she is not humiliated: she is respected in and from her chastity. For this reason, and because of her being of the weaker sex, and therefore never attacked by the stronger, a woman is always given to the traveller as a guide: woe be to the stranger who should attempt to take advantage of her weakness. We have seen that even the life of the Prince will be taken should the honour of a Montenegrine woman be outraged: and I believe that most of the Montenegrines have the same feeling as that of the true Bedouin, that no woman who is not of their blood and birthplace is good enough to become his wife. Like the Bedouin, the husband walks or rides first; the woman follows, carrying the goods and chattels of the family, or the burden of the traveller: she labours in the field while he roams over the mountain, or cleans his arms at home. Naturally, from this mode of life, the women of Tserna Gora are not remarkable for beauty: they are bony and robust, and they look old at a very early age: their complexions are dark and muddy.

Every peasant in the land, however poor, has a right to come to the Prince himself for judgment;

and such is their affection for him that no one would dream of questioning his justice. If the sentence appears unjust, they say 'he has a reason for it,' and acquiesce quietly. They are satisfied with the decisions of the Senate only as believing them to come from the Prince himself: and he assured me, so strong is the personal feeling to himself as Prince, that if he were taken away no Senate or other ruler could keep them together—they would follow him, if alive, or live each one for himself in his mountain. For there is no peasant in Montenegro who has not some portion of land of his own: everyone possesses something, however small, and if this his little crop should fail, or misfortune overtake him, he at once comes to the Prince, who gives him all he can spare. When all is well, he pays the Prince a part of his produce. In fact, very much of their laws continually reminded me of the customs of the Bedouins: the truth being that both are entirely patriarchal and primitive.

They have another virtue besides this simplicity of life,—this is their perfect honesty. I happened to mention that I had dropped a gold bracelet in Albania. 'Had you dropped it here, even in the remotest corner of the Black Mountain, it would

have been brought to me in three days,' said the Prince. I am sure this was not mere talk, for I heard it confirmed by enemies as well as friends of the Montenegrines. I was frequently told of a traveller who left his tent, with the door open, on a Montenegrine hillside, and returned after three years' absence to find every single thing as he had left it: it is the old story of the devotion of a simple-minded people, and the just administration of a Homeric chieftain,—all the more easily carried out in such a country as the Tserna Gora, because the Prince can be acquainted with his people as individuals, and can set them a personal example, eagerly caught up by each of his loving subjects. People tell, however, a different tale of the honesty of Montenegrines in Turkey, where they used to migrate annually for field-work, like Irishmen to England, or Ionians to Greece.

The Prince informed me that he had lately reckoned up his people, and that he believed there were now 200,000 souls in Montenegro and the Berda.* He was more certain that he had 20,000 fighting

* The Berda (plural of Berdo, a mountain) are seven mountains, which border the Black-Mountain proper. Peter I., the sainted Vladika, took them from the Pashalik of Skodra in 1777, and they have been retained ever since in the principality.

men under his command. I enquired about the finances of the country, and the Prince told me his income amounted to 10,000*l.* (depending much, of course, upon the state of the harvest), besides an annual gift of 4,700*l.* bestowed by Russia in gratitude for assistance rendered by Peter I. in 1806 to the Russians during their joint campaign against the French invaders of Dalmatia, and as an indemnity for their losses.

The Prince regretted extremely that I had not time to visit the richer and lovelier portions of his dominions, to see for myself not only the beauties of his country, but those natural products for the power of exporting which he so ardently longs. Large forests of excellent timber extend over many of his mountains, while the valleys are rich with vineyards, olive-groves, and fig-gardens. The rivers also are abundantly stocked with trout, which, when smoked and dried, forms a large item in the food of the Montenegrine. One little mountain lake of remarkable depth, near Žabljak, is filled with trout of an extraordinary size and very fine flavour. The possession of this lake is a source of continued feud between the Montenegrine and the Mussulman. Immense shoals of a peculiar kind of small mullet descend the rivers in the autumn for the Lake of

Skodra. They are of the most delicious flavour, and contain a very fat roe, which is made into an excellent kind of botargo.* This dainty is in sufficient plenty to be a good article of export, and many a gourmand would, if he once tasted the savoury morsel, keenly appreciate the natural anxiety of the Prince for a few yards of coast, whereby he might escape the very heavy customs and long quarantine imposed by the Austrians on all mountain goods.

Prince Nicholas, in his intense desire to improve the condition of his people, most bitterly regrets his own exceeding poverty. He is very anxious to build houses, and above all to make roads throughout the country; but he has not a shilling wherewith to accomplish any of these things. 'Had I a port from which to ship them,' he said to me again and again, 'I have rivers to bring down my timber, my wine, and my fish, by the sale of which I could pay for my roads and build my schools. I have built ten already, but as yet I can do but a mere nothing for the real improvement or encouragement of my people. My neighbours complain that my

* The botargo is a great resource to the Greeks during the severer fasts, when only a bloodless fish diet is allowed. — *Leake.*

mountaineers do nothing but fight. They have nothing else to do. If they could gain anything by their flocks and crops, they would work hard enough to do so.'

The Prince took me one afternoon into the old monastery close to the Palace. It is the residence of the Archbishop, who, to my great regret, was at that moment gone to St. Petersburg to be consecrated. Preparations were then commencing for a national fête to celebrate his return. I made acquaintance with the young Archimandrite, who also lives there, and who is a very great favourite of the Prince's. He is a poet, and writes war songs, many of which the Prince sang to us. He wore a black silk dress, edged with crimson, and his tall figure and dark costume was often conspicuous in the sittings of the Senate. As he generally had a paper in his hand, I suspect he often attended to read out the documents which the old warriors of the mountains could not read for themselves.

This state of ignorance is one of the many things that the Prince is anxious to improve. A large part of this monastery is devoted to a school, where we saw some 50 or 60 boys learning to read, write, and sum. They had a good large stock of books, and well printed alphabets. Among them was a Greek

boy from Patras, poring over his Sclave spelling-book. The Prince goes into the school frequently, to inspect the progress of the scholars.

The outside of the old monastery is picturesque. It has three stories of circular-headed arches, supported on thick short piers; two square towers, one above the other, have been used as fortifications, although one is the tower of the church, of which the round apse appears below. Above all is a circular watch-tower, now half-ruined. Beyond the monastery is a newer building, containing the schoolrooms and the residence of the Igumen, with an olive-grove in front of the windows; while on the other side, as a lesson of industry, I suppose, to the juvenile scholars, are several rows of bee-hives. These have taken the place of the poles on which, previous to the rule of the brave Peter II., were placed the heads of Turks slain in battle. In a room above the church is the armoury, a rich and interesting collection of every conceivable kind of weapon used in the last three or four centuries in Eastern Europe. Most of them are hacked and battered and stained. Inside the church is the tomb of the murdered Danilo, for whom the building was placed in mourning upwards of two years. The Prince was therefore married at a little parish church we had passed on

the road entering the plain—an humble little church, surrounded with flat tombstones. The Prince and Princess attend the monastery chapel on all Sundays and holy days.

I was sketching the old building when the Prince came out and amused himself with shooting at a mark on an old tower upon the rock above the monastery. The distance could not have been less than 300 yards, but he never missed the tiny spot. This old tower was the one on which the skulls of vanquished enemies were exposed; but this practice was done away with on the accession of Danilo I. The skulls were removed a year or two after, I believe. Probably all my readers will remember how Eöthen passed the pillar of skulls on the high road from Belgrade to Constantinople one dark night, and how he thus escaped having to admire the classic beauty of the architect's design. This was of Turkish construction, dating, I think, from the old Servian war of independence. Persia is the true native country and home of the *Kelleh Minār*, though, I believe, even there it is fast dying out, if it is not already quite extinct as a current practice.

We afterwards went out in a riding party, the Princess and some other ladies joining it in unchanged costumes. The Prince rides well and

gracefully, though with a very Oriental seat, depending much on his stirrups. He was breaking a half-bred Arab, for which he was too heavy; twice the girths gave way, and he came to the ground, to the horror of the Court, who, headed by his mother, abused him in no gentle voice for thus risking his precious neck. The sight was a pretty one, for some of the gentlemen rode very well, and their rich and light-coloured costumes made the scene doubly animated, as they went caracoling about, breaking into short rapid gallops, abruptly pulled up, after the manner of Arabs and all other Easterns. The plain was by this time in shade, the mountains nearly black, and against the pretty rose-coloured sky the lofty peak of Lovčen stood out with very picturesque boldness, commanding all the others. This is the mountain, now called the Vladika's mountain, where the venerated Peter I. is interred.

I should have been very glad to have remained a much longer time in Montenegro; but, as circumstances obliged me to hasten on, I reluctantly requested the Prince to order preparations to be made for our journey. We were all sorry to part with each other; but there was nothing for it but to make the best of our last evening together, after

the three delightful days we had spent in Tsetinje. Just before supper, I was told that Mirko had been hovering about my door, wanting to show me something. I went out at once, and he said, 'You must not leave our mountain without seeing our best and most interesting possession.' So he led me to the end of the corridor, where a glass-case was arranged, protecting two or three hundred medals of gold and silver, taken from the breasts of the Turks in last year's war. Scores of them were English and French Crimean medals. A dozen soiled and battered Turkish banners stood beside them, and along the wall hung a very large number of scymetars, daggers, &c., taken at the same time. It was natural that Mirko should show me these—not the Prince: Mirko glories in the war—the Prince sorrows for it. A Turkish Pasha had come to Tsetinje to settle some business with the Prince a week or two before my visit; but when I alluded to the medals, &c., the Prince said, eagerly, 'Oh! I would not be guilty of such a rudeness as that! I carried them all away before he came, and shut them up in my own bedroom.'

It was amusing, as well as interesting, to see Mirko's fierce pride over the trophies, and his pleasure in the war songs with which we beguiled

the evening. Several of the Prince's suite have voices as fine as his own, and they sang in parts of five or six voices with the most delicious harmony. I have heard the national music and street singing of a good many countries, and I say heartily that the voices and harmony of the Sclavonians, both in Montenegro and in Dalmatia, exceed in beauty all I have heard elsewhere. The airs, too, are wild and sweet, fierce and grand in the war-songs, while some of the love-songs were graceful and expressive as the most persuasive melodies of Italy and Germany.

I could have listened to the singing for ever; but it grew late, and we had to take leave of the Princess and of the little Court. I took an affectionate farewell of the gentle creature, while my companion was more roughly handled by the gentlemen; the stout Vlakhovitch, the fierce Mirko, and the powerful Mattanovitch, kissed him violently on both cheeks, hugging him like bears, until he was quite glad to escape from the circle. One or two of them then begged to be shown the wonders of a portable indiarubber bath I had with me, and were delighted at the promise that one should be sent to Tsetinje. I do not think it will be over much used there, as, on the day after our

arrival, one of the Gospodys, overhearing Captain S. call for water for his ablutions, remarked, 'Ah! I look on you now as an enemy to mankind! Water was given to us by the good God to drink inside, not to waste upon our skins!' After all, there was a great deal to be said from his point of view in a year of drought, and with the divinity of the tub as unrevealed to him as to our grandfathers.

It was half-past two A.M. when the sentries called gently under my windows, 'Gospodjo! Gospodjo!' and on my going down stairs, I found our horses and guides waiting for us outside the palace gate. We were soon mounted, and, in company with Vatslik, the Prince's agent, who was returning to Skodra, and had been commissioned by him to take charge of us on our journey, we turned our backs very regretfully on Tsetinje.

We had a splendid moon to light us on the road and very good horses for ourselves; our luggage was distributed on the backs of five women, who walked in front of us the whole way. I had objected to this arrangement and begged for a baggage horse, but they said they were used to much heavier burdens, and that going with us would be a pastime and a pleasure to them, and they cer-

tainly did appear to enjoy the napoleon we gave among them at parting. To me the journey was most amusing. The road was one of the most execrable I have ever been on in my life, equal to almost anything I remember to have met with in Syria; but, from being a pass, it was not dangerous in the way of precipices, only of falls to both man and beast. The Prince had himself given me in charge to the two men appointed to take care of me; they were told that I was his friend, and valuable, and that their heads would answer for it if any harm befell me. So they stuck themselves at each side of me and my horse, and one seized tight hold of my elbow and the other of my knee, and at each jolt my shoulders or waist were gripped tight between them, or their hands were rapidly spread out before my chest in case I should fall forwards; and, the more I tried to get loose and take care of myself, the more tightly they seized me, until I found myself a mere doll in their hands. And the absurdest part of it all was that, at every new jolt, both looked up into my face with a sort of proud grunt, as much as to say, 'Now didn't we do that well?'

I had by this time learned half a dozen words of Sclave, which I produced on all occasions, to the

great delight of the Montenegrines; but it was most amusing how every one we came near had learned the fact that our affirmative 'yes' was very nearly the same as their own affirmative 'yest.'* Every person who spoke to me asked me to say it twenty times over, and whenever on this journey I used the word to my friend Captain S., every one of our attendants joined in with a great shout, 'Yest! yest! do you hear the English, bless them, say yest!'

The daylight came after an hour and a half of this mountain road, and I was thankful for it, for the country was becoming beautiful, and my rough companions kept on appealing to me to admire it. From the moment that we had surmounted the crest of the pass, the country opened out in a lovely ravine before us, and very soon after we had the full extent of the Lake of Skodra spread out beyond it with all its beautiful mountains. As I groaned over the roughness of the way, I understood the significant grins of our guides, which seemed to say the path from Rjéka to Tsetinje was

* Literally 'it is;' the word being the same as the Latin *est*, &c., common to all the Aryan languages: the idiom that of an Irishman's reply, 'it is,' in all cases where an Englishman would say 'yes.' 'Ne' is also their English-sounding negative.

no road for artillery nor a very favourable one for troops. As the moon went down behind the mountain and the sunbeams shot across the valley, we distinguished pretty villages nestled in the nooks of the ravine in rich gardens and little fields, and we were soon among large and fragrant meadows enclosed in hedges of dog-roses covered with clematis and trailing sweet-scented creepers. The fruit-trees were heavily laden, and troops of cows were feeding all around. We were passing through one of the gardens of Montenegro.

In two hours and a half from the palace gate we had descended into the plain of Rjeka, and found ourselves in face of a lofty, perfectly smooth, perpendicular wall of rock. At the foot of this the Tsernoyevitch was seen escaping from the overhanging crags, and winding along to the meadows; this spot is grand, and beautiful, and very Swiss. In a few minutes we had reached Rjeka, a most picturesquely-situated town or large village. A market is held here every week, and is the most frequented one for very many miles round; as we rode through them we discerned even Turkish costumes among the many varieties assembled there. A resting-place had been prepared for us in the house of the principal inhabitant, and we

dismounted there, my two attendants insisting on supporting and half-carrying me up the staircase, as if I was the most fragile of wax dolls.

Here it was that the hardest struggle of the war last year took place; and Rjeka itself was, in fact, only just become habitable again—so horrible was the stench arising from the hundreds of bodies left dead on the mountains and in the valley. Much of the ruin was still apparent. We rested here for an hour, and in twenty minutes more were upon the banks of the wide smoothly flowing river, among crowds of gaily dressed women at a rural market. Here we dismounted and took leave of our Montenegrine guides. They pressed round to kiss the Gospodja's hand, and I thanked them, and made them teach me to say in their own language, 'In the name of God, good bye!' which I think really pleased them more than even the presents we made them. The Montenegrine is either the most pious or the most irreverent of speakers—I will not venture to say which; for he cannot utter a single sentence on any subject without beginning as well as ending it with 'Bog' (God) in some one of the seven Sclavonic cases. It is the one chief, almost ceaseless sound of the language; and nothing impressed me more than

when I asked for water at dinner, the gentleman next me would reply, 'By God, I will give it you for God's sake;' or, when some one said the cook had not boiled the vegetables enough, he was answered, 'In the name of God, he has not.'

We then mounted into a huge long clumsy boat, with very high sides and no seats in it of any kind, while the bottom was filled with puddles of water. We climbed up on a tiny poop, about as large as a good-sized desk, on which two of us could only just squeeze, and tried to shelter ourselves from the then burning sun (it was now 7.30 A.M.) under an umbrella covered with my shawl. Fortunately our eight rowers carried us down the river in less than three hours, but they seemed very long hours, for nothing could be much more disagreeable. The change from the exhilarating fresh mountain air to the stifling heat of the low level to which we had now sunk, was very great and trying; it had been hotter in the last few days in Montenegro than had been known for very many years; but it was cool on the plain of Tsetinje to the heat of the Tsernoyevitch. The scenery, however, was most lovely; the wide, clear, smooth river went winding between bright meadows and richly wooded mountains, while in a

thick border along each bank were thousands of white and yellow water-lilies, basking in the sun. Gospody Vatslik pointed out at every turn the still remaining breastworks which had been thrown up on the mountain slopes, and explained the various movements of the opposing forces in each place. Ruined cottages, broken down fences and gardens, were frequently to be seen as he said, 'There so and so fell!' or 'There we killed so many!' At 10 o'clock we were at the mouth of the river, and alongside of a finely placed Turkish fortress, mounted on a conical hill at the very head of the lake—the Castle of Lesendria (Alexandria). Two other small islands, Vranina and Monastir, are close by, and just above the mouth of the Zetta is the strong fortress of Žabljak. Here was the boundary of Montenegro, and sadly I looked back at its receding mountains. The Turkish steamer was waiting for us under the walls of the castle, and we sorrowfully stepped out from among our faithful Montenegrines. May they walk in the paths of peace, and become every day better and nobler!

Very warm and cordial was our welcome on board the Turkish steamer. My old friend Mahmoud Pasha, the military governor of Skodra, had

come himself to meet us, and, while a salute was being fired from the fortress, he made me an amusing apology for not having a British 'bandeyra' to hoist in my honour. He had arrived at Skodra only on the day before, but he had worked miracles to accomplish the preparations necessary for us. The coal for the steamer had all been used up; but wood was immediately felled and fetched to bring her across for us: the saloon cabin was most comfortably arranged, divans were laid on the clean decks, and an excellent breakfast awaited us, consisting 'of every delicacy of the season,' including deliciously cool melons and figs.

Our three hours' run across the lake * was perfectly charming, for the Lake of Skodra is very beautiful, and there is only one other view of it which is finer. On the east side, at the northern end, there is a fertile plain of five or six miles wide, and a sudden arm of the lake runs out like a thumb from the palm of a hand; when this is passed, the jagged serrated outline of the mountains on the eastern side becomes remarkably good; both sides are lofty, with plenty of variety as to bare crags and wooded slopes; the colouring also

* The lake is about eighteen miles long by six in width.

is the best I have seen in Albania. I fancy that there must be much wild and picturesque scenery in the neighbourhood of Podgoritza, the position of which is seen from the lake. The district is famous for its fertility—wasted for want of labourers—and for the excellence of its honey and wax, which are sent all over Roumelia. The scenery of the lake itself heightens in grandeur and beauty on approaching the southern end. The lake is formed by the waters of the Zetta, the Zem, and the Tsernoyevitch, and is drained by the short, but wide Boyana. The legend is that an earthquake one day caused such an accession of waters that a plain covered with villages and gardens was instantly submerged; the natives believe they can still see the houses at the bottom of the lake. At the south-west corner where the Boyana runs out towards the sea, a rich and verdant plain stretches back for several miles, till it meets an amphitheatre of fine mountains, while between the lake and the river there rises, with abrupt steepness from the plain, an isolated oval-shaped rock. Upon this noble rock stands the old fortress of Skodra, famous for many a bloody history both in peace and war. It is from this fortress that the city takes its name, for Skodra in Albanian is said to

signify *upon the hill*; the Turks have retained this name, and the Venetians called it Scutari during the few years of their possession. If this derivation be really correct, it is curious and valuable, for it shows that modern Albanian is capable of interpreting a name that dates back as far as the days of the Roman Republic, at all events in one instance.* No fortress could be more finely situated; it looks up the whole lake and commands all the windings of the river for a considerable distance, while the town lies at its feet, so richly embedded in gardens and groves as hardly to be distinguished from the woods beyond it.

We landed under the shade of a clump of lofty plane trees, and sat for some time admiring the scene before us. Then came a heap of cawasses and saises and gaily caparisoned horses; I was mounted upon a pretty milk-white steed with a side-saddle; Captain S. rode upon scarlet velvet embroidered with gold—the whole horse covered

* But this is nothing by the side of the antiquity which gives the swift-footed Achilles himself an Albanian name. Plutarch says that 'swift-footed' was 'Ασπέτε in the language of Epirus. *Tchpéte* in the south, *shpéte* in the north, is said to be modern Albanian for 'swift.'—*Fallmerayer, Das Alban. Element in Griechenland.*

with a network of gold thread, to keep off the flies, I presume—and the Pasha bestrode a gallant prancing grey, upon which he looked, as all Turks do in our eyes, fat and uncomfortable. And so, in a gay procession, we entered Skodra.

Skodra, which boasts of 4,500 houses, is very peculiar; you never seem to come to any town at all. Innumerable and rather wide roads cross each other in all directions, flanked by high hedges and overhanging trees, between which you may occasionally see a roof or a blank wall, or maybe a gate; rarely a wall with a window. Here and there is a mosque, and a few needle-shaped minarets, like those of Constantinople, rise up from among the trees; but, in fine, though you sometimes get at a house, large or small, and though at a long distance from the town there is a bazaar, you never do get at the town itself. The unfortunate place is mostly under water throughout the winter and spring, during which time the inhabitants retire to the upper stories of their houses—which, by the bye, are frequently washed away altogether—and, when the water is deep enough, they communicate with each other in punts. But as this depth is only occasional, and does not last long, the Skodrans have another and curious-look-

ing plan. Every road and lane has, at only a few yards' distance, a row of square stone blocks across it, at a foot's width apart—wide enough for a horse's legs to pass through. And thus, when there are but two feet or so depth of water over the town, they can walk about in tolerable dryness and safety. But, to a stranger arriving there when they were all crying out in anguish of soul and body for water, the meaning of these unbuilded, unarched bridges did not explain itself, and did look exceedingly odd.

Entering one of the many gates of these shady lanes, we found ourselves in the precincts of the French Consulate, which our kind friend Monsieur Moreau had taken a world of pains to prepare for us. Not having been in bed at all the previous night, and having been on the road or lake from 3 A.M. till 2 P.M., his shady house appeared a sort of paradise to us; and the ice with which he regaled us was the most refreshing luxury possible, for the heat of Skodra is quite indescribable. Crouched down into a very low plain as it is, surrounded with lofty mountains, every house doubly sheltered and shaded by its own thickly-planted trees and high walls, Skodra is absolutely airless and breathless as an oven; and this, added to the

outlying waters for so many months of the year, combines to make the place a deadly hot-bed of fever and malaria. The heat was now, as I have said, in all this part of Europe, extraordinary; and in Skodra it was very severe. In all the pretty Consulate garden, on which M. Moreau had laboured with skill and anxiety, and notwithstanding as much constant watering as could be afforded, not a flower remained; shrivelled geraniums, scarecrows of roses, and faded jasmines were all that remained; and, all over the place, the figs hung dried up on the trees. This is not equal to the heat that roasted the apples on the trees in America this summer, but it has the advantage of being more literally true. The grapes, too, could not come to maturity: they were only unripened, sour raisins. M. Vatslik, however, brought me news the next day of a good rain having taken place in the upper part of Montenegro, which they hoped would save the best of the vines.

In order to escape the severe heats of Skodra in the summer, most of the inhabitants have country houses at Dristi, a little place on the northern slope of Mount Zuccali, at about six or seven miles distance. Dristi being well watered, the villagers have turned the whole of it into fruit and vege-

table gardens, whence the capital is abundantly supplied.

There is not much sight-seeing in Skodra. Although it has a population of 12,000 Catholics, and is the seat of a bishop, they have no church: every church they have had has been converted into a mosque or destroyed; and the Catholics now worship in a field, under a roof of coarse cloth. Long ago, there was a church at the foot of the fortress, containing an image of the blessed Virgin; but, just as the Turks were about to lay their sacrilegious hands on it, the same convenient angels who carried the holy house from Tersatto were again put into requisition, and the image may now be seen at Rome, whither their angelic hands transported it. The Catholics have lately commenced building a very large church near the fortress; but they have no money to finish it, nor are they likely to get much more. Skodra is in the arch-episcopate of Antivari. The Greeks have a small church and a school. There are a great number of mosques, but none of them are remarkable.

The military Pasha occasionally lives in the fortress; but he is very often away at Podgoritza, which is becoming the place of most military importance, and contains the largest number of

soldiers. Podgoritza is a district of great fertility: the people are industrious: all the best Albanian cartouch boxes, and other much-ornamented military trappings, are made there, and very pretty they are.

On the morning after my arrival in Skodra the Civil Governor of the city, Abdoul Aziz, a Pasha of high rank, sent to ask if he might call on me. As I was provided with a double set of interpreters in the Military Pasha and the French Consul, I said I should be glad to see him. He came with his secretary, pipe-bearer, &c., and proved a thorough Turk in appearance: very large, fat, and dark, with the hoarse rough voice which so many Turks have. To me he was extremely polite, and softened his voice to speak to me, besides trying a grim little smile which only once or twice broke into a laugh at my answers. His rough brusque manner and frowning face was a great contrast to the soft gentle voice and placid smiling face of Mahmoud Pasha his colleague; but 'men are deceivers ever!' Mahmoud, I was told, is excessively strict and severe, a man who seldom pardons, and whose punishments are heavy, while his fierceness in battle is remarkable. Abdoul Aziz, on the contrary—'our lamb,' as they called him—is a man of peace, ready to forgive, anxious to smoothe

matters everywhere, and ever striving to keep things quiet. And as to his being fierce in battle, my opinion is that he would need one of Pickford's cart horses—of which the like is not to be had in Albania—to carry him with any vigour into the field.

We had a long chatting talk, of which the only thing I remember was his saying he had never seen Montenegro, except as far as Rjeka; to which I replied I thought that was quite far enough. He smiled, and said he heard Tsetinje was curious and pretty, and I answered him that it was both, but that I earnestly hoped his Excellency would never be able to judge for himself, since I concluded that *seeing* would be next door to *taking*; at which hope of mine he laughed very heartily, and then said, gravely enough, he did not in the least wish ever to see it in that sense.

I am sure that this is the real feeling of all respectable and trustworthy Turks above the common fanatical herd who have ever bestowed a thought upon political matters, as well as of all, whether corrupt or honest, who know anything of official responsibility. They have already chastised Montenegro to their own satisfaction, and more severely than is generally known; they hold

all the surrounding country under military control, and they can easily crush any incursions on a larger scale than those of mere marauding routine, which they are fairly ready to leave alone,—always assuming such incursions to be unconnected with any general movement elsewhere, and unsupported by any European powers. They do not want to take and possess Montenegro, for it would do them no possible good; it would cost them an infinity of men to accomplish it, and when taken would be quite worthless, either in the way of fair profit or of unlawful pickings. So that if the Montenegrine Government will let them alone, the Porte will let the mountaineers alone too. The Prince knows this, and has common sense enough to feel its truth, and perhaps some of the wiser of his companions feel it too. But the Prince is young and ardent, and may readily be made into a cat's-paw by others, for whom it is easy to work upon the old memories of past injuries, hereditary vengeance, and present ambition or vanity. Left to himself, and with no selfish intermeddlers to egg him on, the Prince is well aware that his independence is a fact; while the Turks, though they will never acknowledge it by a formal instrument, are quite

willing to let it alone,* and he is anxious to turn it to good account. He wants to be valued at a higher rate than as a mere thorn in the side of Turkey, to be driven in as suits the purpose of other powers. This lesson has come home to him since the war. Turkey would, indeed, be most stupid and unjust to herself, if she failed to take the point off the thorn the moment she feels it smart.

I think the Prince is at last bringing himself to perceive that when the mass of his people and their fierce leaders clamour for war at all price, and show themselves ready to break a truce or an obligation on the slightest pretext when made with Mussulmans, even fancying that such a course is sanctioned by their religion, they stand on precisely the same low moral level as their barbarous and fanatic Mussulman neighbours of Albania. I cannot pretend to say how far his present excellent dispositions may be proof against the impulses of ambition and passion — against temptation from without, or the pressure of the war party and its

* It should not be forgotten that the Porte has never acknowledged the separation of Algiers, or the British occupation of Aden.

leader, the fiery Paladin Mirko, from within. That they do exist and are capable of bearing good fruit I am thoroughly convinced; but I am sure that their permanence must depend in a great measure on active sympathy and encouragement held out to him from the right quarter. There was a time when he may have deserved nothing better than an elementary lesson of morality conveyed in a curt snubbing letter; but the time for snubbing is past. The war has cleared the air; there is no bad blood just at present between him and the Turks, and there is a strong desire on his part to join and identify his little state with the general body of progressive Europe, and, if there is any faith in words, to put away from him the old bigotry and the old barbarism. There is nothing more satisfactory than this, unless it be the rising mistrust, if not aversion, with which I know that he occasionally turns away from the fantastic reaction-breeding advocacy of speakers and writers who take an idealist's view of his country. He looks to England for the bread of common sense, but he has hitherto got nothing but unfriendly apathy, or the glittering stone of that barren anti-Turkish sentimentalism which has replaced yesterday's ignorant philo-Turkism as the fashion of

to-day. As a matter of likelihood, I do not think he will meet with the needful support and sympathy; because, in order to afford it properly, it would be necessary to have some knowledge of the language. Justification of past negligence, or the concealment of *linge sale* at home, must after all be a stronger instinct with us than sympathy with a wild unmanageable chieftain; and we have got to dissemble as we best can the disagreeable fact that neither in the official nor the outer world—neither in Downing Street nor in Printing-House Square—have we a single born Englishman who has any adequate knowledge of Illyrian, if indeed any knowledge at all, nor does there seem to be the slightest care to supply this deficiency even in the face of the strong pervading fermentation of which the mere existence and alleged uniformity of this language under many names is the vital principle.

The petty feuds and mutual cattle-lifting incursions of the *tchetas*, or predatory bands of Christian Montenegrine and Mussulman Albanian borderers, are quite different from full-blown warfare between the Montenegrine and Turkish nations. And it is probable that these will go on for some time to come. The possession of a port by Montenegro, and the consequent relief of that country from the

pressure of much hardship and poverty, might tend, in some measure, to stop them; for they are occasioned by poverty and sheer habitual wildness, rather than by any rooted incurable ill-will. A Montenegrine artlessly confessed as much to my companion, saying, 'If it were not for the Turks, I don't know how we should live.' There is no great evil in them, except the habits of cruelty on both sides; nor is there any occasion for the fastidious nineteenth century to turn away in indignation from what, barring the religious element, must be the exact counterpart of our own forefathers' border-life during the sixteenth century, and later still. The Montenegrine is the most frequent offender, for he is the poorest, the bravest, and the most fanatical. But I was told by the Pasha of Skodra himself that the Mussulman and the Catholic are also in their turn frequently the aggressors. The same is probably the case on the little known north-eastern frontier, by Bielopoglie, and in the direction of Novi-Bazar, where a fierce Mussulman population in a strong country interposes as a block between Montenegro and Servia. The Porte dislikes these feuds very much; for it gains nothing by them, and it dreads the possibility of a mere spark at any moment being made to

kindle the flames of a full-grown war with the whole Montenegrine nation. In the old days, before the diplomatic existence of Montenegro, they led to nothing, and did not matter. The mountaineer used to wander all over the low country as a gardener or field-labourer, even as far as Constantinople, or stay at home and fight his border enemies, with equal indifference, and with nobody by to settle whether this was peace or war, according to Vattel and Puffendorf, or to invent and pile up the airy, glowing romance of his being a sort of successful Christian Leonidas, triumphantly holding his Thermopylæ for hundreds of years against the whole force of Turkey. Nor did they care a straw at Constantinople whether the unruly and unprofitable Albanian, or the untamable infidel, did or suffered the most in the way of cutting throats. But at present, the Montenegrine is not encouraged, by one side or the other, to leave his country, for the defence of which lately every Montenegrine was wanted, for temporary field-labour in Turkey. He does not care to gain his bread that way, and his poverty is pressing very hard upon him. The Turks are disinclined to give him the port which he wants, for they have no confidence in his good intentions and

good faith; and they believe, rightly or wrongly, that he will make a bad use of it, and turn it into a mere transit depôt of arms and stores for revolutionary purposes. Moreover, the harbour of Spitza immediately abuts on the Austrian frontier, and that power would certainly claim the right of being heard on the subject, under the natural impression that for one bad word the South Sclavonic Hetairía utters against Turkey, it means two against Austria. Considering that the question is a difficult one, and may some day assume serious proportions, I cannot help thinking that the Montenegrines may fairly be supported in their claim for a port, as soon as it is really proved on satisfactory evidence that such a port is a vital necessity to them. As regards the exportation of Montenegrine produce, the formation of such a port would be a great benefit to all parties. But, under all circumstances, and whatever may be the course adopted by us, I sincerely hope and trust that we shall soon hold more cordial communication with them, and infuse some real life into our policy towards them, both in the conservative and the liberal direction.

To return to Skodra. In the afternoon, I went to pay a visit to the harem of Mahmoud Pasha, and spent an hour chatting with his wife. Although a

Hungarian by birth, everything was *à la Turque;* and I rejoiced in being once more in the land of *finjans* and *zarfs*, with coffee and sweetmeats. Every servant and slave in the harem came in one by one —the servants to kiss my hand, the slaves to kiss the hem of my dress: none of them had ever seen an English lady before, and they took the opportunity of staring most vigorously at her.

Then we went out for a ride, and having skirted the town, we found ourselves on a dusty but good road, with thick, high hedges, which crossed a wide plain. The panorama of mountains opened out grandly. Right before us was a sugar-loaf, called Haimal, at the foot of which is a collection of villages, whose revenues, like those of Chios in former times, formed a sultana's privy-purse, under the title of 'slipper-money.' They were therefore protected and favoured until these privileges were taken from them under the new system, and taxes laid on as in other places; thereupon, most of them abandoned their villages in disgust.

On the other side of this plain we came to the banks of the wide river Drin, and its still wider dry beds. This river, the main branch of which comes from the Lake of Ochrida, is the finest in all Albania. It is joined close to Skodra by the Chiri,

which is crossed by a most extraordinary bridge, of such high pointed arches, stuck upon such slender piers, that it has much the appearance of a spider bent across from bank to bank. I never saw such a ludicrous-looking bridge; but it is too grotesque to be picturesque. It was built in 1768 by, and at the expense of, Ahmed Pasha: but he is said to have built a really beautiful bridge at Podgoritza. Over the Boyana there is nothing but a miserable broken wooden thing, over which it is almost dangerous to pass.

Riding round the noble rock of the fortress, which is grand on every side, we came to the bazaars. They are sufficiently poor for a town of so much importance as Skodra. No traveller, however, would stop to think of the bazaars, even were they much handsomer. The beauty of the surrounding mountains is more than enough to fill one's eyes and thoughts. For myself, I know few places lovelier or so lovely as Skodra. Its beauty must, of course, be much enhanced when the winter snows clothe the mountain summits. They are not seen later than May, although snow is to be found throughout the summer on many of the heights. Although in Skodra the heat of summer is very severe, the climate of the pashalik is a very fine one, and the soil most

fertile. Forests of elm, oak, beech, pine, and walnut abound, and the olive oil of Dulcigno and Antivari is much esteemed in Dalmatia. Corn of all kinds, wheat, maize, oats, barley, with rice, beans, flax, and tobacco, are readily grown, and the grapes would be of the finest, if they were properly cared for. Dulcigno is a port six miles south of Antivari. It is quite Mussulman. The harbour has been altered by earthquakes, and is now very small, but the Dulcignotes possess some 200 ships of their own building, and the number is constantly increasing. The Dulcignote pirates used to be the terror of Italy and the Adriatic; her seamen were much sought by the Porte, and more than one became Capitan-pasha. Their men have always been as famous for their turbulence as their women for beauty and grace. Antivari—Anti-Bari—was the usual crossing place to Bari in Italy; but Dulcigno was also much used.

We were at breakfast on Sunday morning when startling news was brought to us. The English Consul, an invalid, who had long been entirely incapacitated from attending to any business, had left Skodra on the day of our arrival there to go to Dulcigno for sea-bathing. In passing through the little town to the house prepared for him on the

sea-shore, one of his cavasses pushed a Turkish child on one side. The push was a really gentle one: the child was not hurt, nor did he fall; but the act was seized upon as an opportunity for giving expression to the bad feeling of the place—a bad feeling fostered, if not originating, in a handful of Turkish soldiers quartered there. The next morning, whilst the Consul was taking his bath in the sea, attended by the other cavass, several of the townspeople and soldiers surrounded the house, and one of the latter shot the unfortunate cavass dead, hacking the body to pieces. I learned that these soldiers were of the same regiment as the horrid-looking set we had seen at Durazzo. The quiet Mahmoud Pasha bounded from his seat as the news was given to us, and rushed off to the seraï, exclaiming, 'The whole set shall be hanged! I'll see them hanged myself!' I do not know how it ended, or whether the culprit escaped, but the Civil Governor's own cavass (an Italian), who had been sent to tell us the news, said that really hanging was much too mild a punishment for the regiment they had then on the coast, and that the Pasha said he was at his wit's end what to do with them. I was told that they have had no pay for two years; but I could not learn if this was strictly true, and I

know this is a sort of statement in which exaggeration or equivocation is particularly easy, as they are sometimes paid in kind instead of in money.

Albanian is the language spoken in Skodra. It differs materially from that spoken in Southern Albania. Both Sclave and Albanian are spoken in the mountain districts, according to the Latin or Greek rite of the speaker. Very few even of the Mussulmans speak Turkish. Italian is very much spoken in the towns; not at all in the country. The Venetians introduced it, and it was kept up by the Latin clergy; but they have now so few village schools, that the language is confined to commercial dealings.

The costumes of Skodra are particularly gay. The men wear quantities of crimson sashes, and heavy crimson cords, with large tassels, about them; but it is only the Mussulman townspeople who wear the *fustanella*, like the Southern Albanians.

I ventured one day on an innocent remark that the inhabitants of Skodra had very little amusement, but I was immediately answered, 'Oh, but we have our goose-battles in October!'

'Goose-battles—what can they be?'

And then I was told that geese in Skodra are bred and educated as game-cocks used to be in

England, to do battle with each other; and that very fierce, obstinate, and bloody is the sport. They fight by pecking and biting, but chiefly by winding their long necks round each other, trying each to break off the other's neck, something in the style of a boa winding round a man's body to cut him in two. It must be a curious sight; and, for those that like it, what is called 'fine sport,' the geese being, I was told, more fierce and *gamey* than cocks.

We were now obliged to leave Skodra. To my great regret I left much unseen; but any further exertions, or any kind of excursion, had been found to be utter impossibilities from the tremendous heat of the weather. One had neither strength of body or mind left for anything; and though I longed to be able to make many sketches, I found any attempt at drawing, or even going out before sunset, quite hopeless. As in this heat the nine hours necessary for reaching Antivari would have proved too long a ride all at once by daylight, the Pasha insisted on our breaking it half-way, and he despatched some soldiers with tents, a few guards, and the cook of the French Consul with provisions for dinner and breakfast. Both our friends accompanied us out of the town, and only bade adieu to us on the

banks of the Boyana, after lavishing every imaginable kindness upon us.

It was 6 P.M. when we turned away from Skodra and our kind friends. I was glad that we had chosen to ride rather than be rowed down the river, as the Pasha had offered; for our road was higher and the views much more extensive, and I would not for anything have missed the remaining two hours of daylight, and the exquisite beauty of that road. On our right (north) we were riding under pretty richly-wooded hills, rising abruptly from our level; to the left (south), beautiful peaked and lofty mountains stretched away into the distance: while behind us, the serrated and pointed mountains of the lake crossed each other in ever-varying beauty and grandeur. The sun went down all too soon, though as he sank he covered the whole scene with brilliant hues that for once made me fancy myself in Greece.

Our road was excellent, soft and smooth the whole way, and passing generally through flowery meadows enclosed in sweet-smelling hedges, and ornamented with noble trees—beech, oak, plane, &c. We had plenty of amusement, watching the glowworms and fireflies and listening to the songs of our soldiers; but riding after dark through

tolerably thick woods is tiresome work, and I was very thankful when at 10 P.M. we saw the fire burning brightly beside our green military tents, wherein our supper was awaiting us. It was blowing a heavy gale, but we slept soundly for a few hours, and were in the saddle again at 4·30; a lovely morning, although the wind had not gone down very much. As we looked back, we could still see some of the more lofty forms of the Skodra mountains, while at each step onwards the country immediately around us became richer and lovelier, and the hills more craggy and abrupt. The mountains, on our right, were covered with thick woods, containing, we were told, magnificent oaks; but, for want of roads and carts, only the small ones reach the shore. All these villages are now Mussulman; but having been originally Christian, the villages continue to keep the feasts of Christmas and of St. Nicholas precisely in the same manner as the Christians do. I scarcely remember a prettier ride than this. The vales were full of hamlets, which seemed rich in cattle and flocks; while fruit trees hung bending over the road, laden with apples, pears, pomegranates, walnuts, &c. And the fruit reminded me, as we came in sight of the sea, that this was the Pashtrovich district,

which, till only a very few years ago, belonged to the Vladika of Montenegro.

As we turned, after five hours' riding, through a low pass into the lovely little plain of Antivari, with its beautiful abrupt mountains, I regretted much that I could not ride over to the quaint picturesquely-placed town: but a trading steamer had been requested to wait for me, and we hastened down to the beach and stopped at the miserable Agenzia of the Austrian Lloyd's Company. I had here to say good-bye to my pleasant companion Captain Strahan, as, his leave having expired, he was to return to Corfu in a passenger steamer in the evening, while I went on with my servants to Ragusa in a dirty luggage-boat. The Captain's astonishment at having a passenger, and that passenger a lady, was quite inexhaustible. The voyage, which should have been five hours, lasted, owing to a heavy head-wind, nearly nine; but when we reached Gravosa he was still sitting staring at me with his mouth wide open, and an unsmoked cigar in his hand. Once or twice the man at the wheel spoke to him, but he only gurgled an indistinct answer and went on staring.

And so ended my delightful tour in Montenegro and Northern Albania.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW WORDS ON NORTHERN ALBANIA.

THE interior and mountainous districts of Northern Albania are an unknown land to English tourists, and are almost unvisited even by real travellers and explorers. At all events, they have hitherto found no place in any English record of genuine travel. The only account known to me which contains any fulness of geographical detail is a contribution of the Austrian Count Karaczay to the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society. This however is based, not on personal travel, but on information supplied by the Roman Catholic clergy of the country, many of whom, Dalmatians or Italians, are Austrian subjects. I believe I may even go the length of limiting the number of tolerably recent English travellers among these wild mountains to two persons—Mr. Hughes and Mr. Dunn Gardner. The former, now Oriental Secretary at Constantinople, and son to

the late well-known traveller in Southern Albania, has travelled on the line of the White Drin as far as Ipek, Jacova, and the curious old Servian Monastery of Dechan. The latter, I understand, has been everywhere, even into the fastnesses of the almost independent Mirdites. But no account of either of these journeys has been published. On the other hand, an account of travels which never took place, and which there is no occasion further to specify, does exist.

The French have been beforehand with us in this field, and have gone a long way to supply our wants. M. Hecquard, formerly French Consul at Skodra, published at the end of 1858 a volume of great interest and importance, replete with geographical, statistical, and miscellaneous information on Upper Albania, the fruit of many years' most active political employment in that country, and of a thorough knowledge of its languages. I think that much of this work, even though very dry, would well repay translation by a competent person. It was, and has as yet been, wholly unnoticed by the English press, not having even been boiled down into stock for ordinary magazine consumption. I wish that my limited scope and space would allow me to make large extracts from his

valuable work for the benefit of English readers, and introduce them to the Hotti and the Clementi, to Shalla, and Pouka, and the subjects of Prince Bib—tribes of good Catholics who are more unknown to us than the Waganda and the Wagogo of Equatorial Africa.

For general information on Albania as a whole, and particularly on its central and southern parts, I cannot do better than refer my readers to the great work published not many years ago by Von Hahn, for a long time Austrian Consul at Ioannina. This is a vast storehouse of facts of every conceivable description, with archæology and philology predominating, as is natural in the work of a German, learned or otherwise. Everything is there treated, from the earliest origin of the people in the old pre-Homeric period down to their modern nursery stories, and to the question whether there really are or are not Albanians born with tails. It is an Augean stable of disorderly erudition, which strongly needs the clear and methodic mind of some French or English Hercules to reduce to order for the use of the general reader.

Writers on Albania usually adopt the tribual or genealogical method in defining and classifying the divisions of that country, and are generally apt

to tread in one another's footsteps without much inquiry how far the extent or value of such divisions may not have been overstated. Thus, M. Cyprien Robert writes of '*Les quatre Albanies*,' meaning the districts of the Gheghs, Tosks, Ljaps and Tchams, the last two, though affiliated with the second, being considered now to stand by themselves as separate divisions. I do not think my readers will thank me or be much the wiser if I fire off into their faces a mere repetition of these uncomfortable, snappish monosyllables, that fail to convey any idea of practical value which is not much better expressed in another way. Besides, such a division leaves out a great deal: ten districts are enumerated by Colonel Leake in his earliest and now rare work ('Researches in Northern Greece and Albania') which do not belong to any of these main branches. The true and intelligible division is that of religious denomination. This has the advantage of coinciding broadly with a natural geographical demarcation, and it also serves to indicate the past history as well as the present condition and future prospects of Albanian civilisation in its three forms—Catholic, Greek, and Mussulman. The true and typical region of the Mussulmans is in the centre; that of the Latins in

the northern district, of which Skodra is the chief town; and that of the Albanians in communion with the Greek church, corresponding with fair accuracy to the limits of Epirus, is in the south, with Ioannina for its capital. In the centre, the Christian population of the towns, such as Berat, Elbassan, &c., is almost entirely of the Eastern Church, and with the Greek language actually or prospectively for its speech. In the north, on the other hand, there are no Greeks, except those so called by the ordinary misuse of the term—that is to say, Sclavonians of the Eastern Church, who are found in the border districts next Montenegro. As a whole, the Christians of the north are Roman Catholics, devotedly attached to their church. The Mussulmans are everywhere, north, centre, and south; but it is only in the centre that they preponderate so as almost exclusively to form the population.

The germs of civilisation were implanted and nurtured in the north by Italian influence, by the Church of Rome, and the Republic of Venice; in the south, by the Patriarchate of Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire, or its offshoot, the Despotate of Epirus. The rising tide of Ottoman conquest either overwhelmed or buried the whole country. It destroyed the political power of the

Greek empire in the south, and further deadened the low vitality of the Patriarchate by turning it into a mere instrument of control for its own purposes. In the north Skanderbeg was crushed; and Venice, driven one by one from the towns she held, was forced to capitulate honourably after the great siege of Skodra. The mass of the Catholic population were, however, able to maintain their religion and a certain amount of independence unmolested, and had no oppression to complain of. But the growth of their civilisation was checked; they were cut off from Europe and buried from the sight of the world. This lasted during the palmy days of Ottoman statesmanship and military prowess; but as weakness and want of controlling power set in at the centre, persecution and oppression, and the long train of evils which always accompany weakness in a Mahometan state, became rife at the extremities. A large portion of the Catholic population was then fain to embrace Islam in order to avoid calamity, as well as, doubtless, to obtain a career of advancement, or to escape the imputation, and possibly the reality, of being the allies and tools of hostile Christian states. From the reports of Venetian ambassadors, we know that this conversion must have been taking place during the

last half of the seventeenth century.* The descendants of these Albanians have retained a great many vestiges of Christianity, not to say of actual ceremonies. This, of course, refers to the mountaineers and country people, not to the townspeople. Thus, for instance, the Mussulmans of Retchi celebrate the feasts of Christmas, Easter, St. Nicholas, and St. George; and in illness or distress they are sure to send for a Catholic priest to pray for them. The tribe of Skreli derives its name from St. Charles — Shen Kerli — to whom it was anciently dedicated; they pay tithes to the Catholic priest and join in the church festivals, although professing Islamism. Things have so changed, that at this day the Christian mountaineer has infinitely the advantage over the Mussulman, as he escapes the conscription by avowing his religion.

In 1846 an attempt was made to levy the con-

* From a work which must be of great curiosity, published at Palermo in 1648, under the title of *Anatomia dell' Impero Ottomano*, and referred to by Col. Leake (*Researches*, &c. p. 250), it appears that the Albanians were still mainly Christians at that time. Their insurrection is reckoned upon, in common with that of the other Christians of the empire, as a means of overthrowing the Turkish rule from within, to be supported by a European league from without. This is a curious anticipation of what is supposed to be the great discovery of anti-Turkish diplomacy since 1856, internal dislocation substituted for external aggression.

scription on one of the true Catholic tribes under the pretext of its being avowedly Mussulman, and was carried out with great atrocity and cruelty towards the victims and their families. Sir Stratford Canning was the first to become acquainted with the circumstances; he interfered promptly and peremptorily: the offending Pashas,—Salih of Salonica being the worst,—were punished, and the poor Albanians settled at Philadar, a mountain village near Brusa.

At the present moment all the world is forced to hold some opinion or another, whether fairly come by or not, on the subject of nationality. It may, therefore, be instructive to examine that of Albania, and consider how far it is capable of standing by itself, and what value it may assume in any political combination. There is no doubt that the Albanians have a distinctive, physical, and mental character strongly marked—a character in a greater or less degree common to all. They think of themselves and magnify themselves in common as Albanians, in contrast to their neighbours; they all speak one language, or rather one group of unwritten dialects full of foreign importations, and in its extreme forms, north and south, shading off into all but mutual unintelligibility. Money,

force, or dexterous intrigue can unite any or all of them against any part of themselves or any of their neighbours for the purpose of mere depredation, war for war's sake, or pulling down a government. But for want of a common language of cultivation and literature, and not having any religious denomination in common, they are without the two main elements which help to construct and hold together the fabric of a true nation. Having thus no consciousness of political unity, they have in themselves no power of political construction; and therefore, to the eye of the statesman, their nationality is but negative, however much the ethnologist may be justified in treating it as positive and strongly marked. The moment an Albanian enters a church or mosque door, or takes an alphabet in hand and begins his education, he enters upon the first process of his incorporation with the body politic of his neighbours or rulers. The south affords the most striking example of this. Whether the land be held by a Turkish or by a Greek government, the Christian Albanian of the south will ultimately become a Greek to the same extent and through the same causes that the Albanian sailor of Hydra or the Albanian peasant of Attica are and have been slowly changing into Greeks.

Nor is it difficult to see how easily and quietly, under these circumstances, with the conscription and the land-tax gradually wearing away the Mussulman population, the country must, in the long process of time, drop off from Turkey and on to Greece, if this impatient generation would but allow time to do its own work. Whether the people will be better off or Greece the better governed is another question. They will at all events, under the strong and special influence of the Greek educational system, have learned to feel that foreign domination is the worst of evils, and to the first generation of freemen freedom will be the one paramount blessing which will atone for any misgovernment.

The Mussulman population of the central and northern districts seem destined in the same way to mingle and embody themselves in the general mass of Turkish Mahometans in Europe. Under the rebellious or half-independent rule of their countrymen, the old feudal Beys or Pashas, they were able to preserve their Albanian individuality untouched. But the entire modern history of Turkey, from the Egyptian settlement in 1841 to the Russian war in 1854, lies in the re-conquest of its disaffected and rebellious Mussulman provinces,

and the enforced application to them of the new central system of administration. The Albanian, after two rebellions, was re-conquered, and reduced, like the Koord, the Bosnian, and the Laz of north-eastern Asia Minor. His old antagonism to the Porte, though still capable of being turned into an efficient instrument for the work of demolition, is, so far as it was national, in a fair way of being mitigated under the influence of centralisation. Besides this, the Porte holds in its hands as a trump card the power of uniting all the people of Islam by an inflammatory appeal to fanaticism: and though such statesmen as Fuad Pasha would be strongly disinclined to play such a card, they may be forced to do so by the constant menaces of filibusters, by the fanaticism of Christians, or of Progressists using Christian watchwords, or by the persistent want of fair play from Europe in standing by the spirit of treaties. And such a course would at once convert him into a reckless and active ally. At present, if the greedy and corrupt bureaucracy of Constantinople forces him to become its deadly enemy, the cause will be the same that will also alienate every provincial Turk in the land from rulers of his own race, namely, the heavy burdens of exclusive conscription and mismanaged taxation.

It is unsafe to hazard a positive speculation as to the ultimate future of Northern Catholic Albania. The formative spirit and training power of its old mistress and teacher, the great Republic of Venice, has now ceased to act. Italy has enough to do in holding her own against open foe and uncertain friend for her to influence the eastern coasts of the Adriatic as yet, though the influence of Venice in the Levant is her natural inheritance, and assuredly will be hers some day. It will be well indeed if she refrains from premature propagandism for other than Italian purposes, and from doing the dirty work of other powers in Turkey under the impulse of blind hostility to Austria anyhow and anywhere. The spiritual and moral superintendence of the Latin Albanians has passed from Venetian to Austrian hands; and, in quiet times, is likely to remain there, without being either used as an engine of political annexation or developed into an organised system of education and improvement. Austria is among the Latin Albanians what France is among the Maronites; and, for the matter of that, what she would like to be among the Latin Albanians too. But these powers use their position differently, according to the difference of their policy in Turkey. The Turkish

government, the rulers of the land, are content to let both well and ill alone in these matters. The Albanians have no cultivated language by which to educate themselves, and easy-going Austria, though an Italian power, so to speak, in the Adriatic, cannot put her heart in the work of Italianising these people, which is the only way of training and educating them to become a European community. Nor, from common interests, and a now active sense of having to stand or fall with Turkey, to say nothing of good faith and respect for treaties, has she any wish to annex in this direction and assume direct rule herself.

It is the misfortune of these Northern Christians that, unlike their Southern brethren, who are confronted by Greek influence whichever way they turn, whether to Greece proper, Thessaly, or the sea, they have no Italian or Italo-Sclave frontagers of their own religion, and of a master-language. Between them and their co-religionists lies Montenegro, firmly knit together, aggressive and ardently anti-Catholic. The idea of their annexation, together with all Central Albania into the bargain, to the Montenegrines, a people as wild and savage as themselves and, collectively, less numerous, is the opprobrium of the political ethnology of the Palais

Royal, such as we find it on the famous and useful 'Nouvelle Carte de l'Europe' of 1860. When the Pope sent forth his edict enjoining all Catholics of the East to make common cause with the Montenegrines against the infidel in 1862, it was at these Latin Albanians that he was made to speak, in order to detach them from the Turks. For many generations they had not heard such language from Rome, and, had it been persevered in, it might have gone some way to make them Protestants, or even Turks, rather than allies of their bitterest enemy. We may be sure that it was not Austrian influence that sought to convert the Pope into the schismatic's friend on Albanian ground. These tribes are practically, and all but nominally, independent of Turkey; as regards her, they are simply in the position of so many loyal, well-affected Montenegros; and they will always remain her faithful allies, so long as those privileges are respected which they know well how to defend with arms in their hands. The experiment of detaching these tribes from Turkey, undermining their allegiance, and substituting the restless influence of another and greater Catholic power for the inoffensive, inert supremacy of Austria, in order to make use of them in any prospective

combination, has been tried before this, and perhaps is still trying. It is a difficult game, and has failed as yet for want of sufficient leverage; but who knows how soon the master-hand of the very able consular artificer who is said to have invented Montenegro as a diplomatic reality, may be recalled to the work of setting up and pulling down in Northern Albania? I hope I may be able one day to believe that some English department is able to understand and control these matters of detail both centrally and locally.

CHAPTER VI.

DALMATIA.

AFTER resting a day or two in Ragusa, I started again on my journey, going on board the steamer 'Bosforo,' on her return voyage, on a fine warm July evening. I was sorry that the darkness of the night prevented my having more than an indistinct and vague glimpse of the island of Meleda, along which we coasted, after leaving the cluster of islands at the mouth of the Val d'Ombla. It is this island that the Dalmatians claim as having been the Melita on which St. Paul was shipwrecked, and I had just been reading Mr. Neale's vigorous argument in its favour. I will not venture to discuss any of his 'seven facts,' although not even the expression of 'Adria' as the sea in which they drove up and down, seems to my unlearned mind an argument of any weight; but I cannot refrain from venturing to remark three things. Firstly, it appears to me impossible

to imagine for an instant that the ship could have passed up the narrow way between the coast of Otranto and the Akro-Ceraunian mountains without seeing land, or that any vicinity to the latter coast, so much dreaded by ancient and modern navigators, should have been passed over in silence. Secondly, what should 'a ship of Alexandria' have been doing at Meleda, or so far up the Adriatic sea—a sea which in those days led to nothing? And, thirdly, is it not impossible to account for the entire silence that ensues upon so long a voyage as the subsequent one between this island and Rhegium, in which so many various coasts and islands would have been passed? *

* If St. Paul himself ever was in Dalmatia, it must have been in the summer and autumn of 57, when, having left Troas, he passed into Macedonia, and from Philippi wrote to the Corinthians that he would come to them (2 Cor. xiii. 1). It was from Corinth that he wrote his epistle to the Romans, in which he says he had 'fully preached the gospel of Christ round about unto Illyricum.' The term Illyricum is too vague to define the limits of the Apostle's journeys with any accuracy. At this time, the word is believed to have included Dalmatia, Pannonia, and Mœsia. It is possible that he not only penetrated into the mountains of the interior, but that he pushed beyond them even to the shores of the Adriatic. Thence he may have taken ship from Epidaurus or any of the Dalmatian ports, and came down to Corinth by sea rather than by land. However this may be, it must be remembered that the preposition 'unto' does not

We were leaving Sabioncello behind and passing between Lésina and Torcola when I went on deck at five o'clock the next morning; and in another hour we had run into the harbour of Lésina. A very picturesque quaint little place it is, with a fine fortress on the summit behind the town. The hills are prettily grouped together round the little bay, but the slopes are so barren that the few olive trees scattered on them seem put there merely to show how little will grow on the rocky soil; and the bright little town itself, which was built by Charles V., is more worthy of notice. On the quay, a beautiful Loggia, the work of San Michele, carries one's mind back to the best days of Venice: these Loggie were erected for the meetings of the Municipal Councils, and they are still, more or less handsomely built, to be seen in nearly all the islands. The Loggia at Lésina is, however, the handsomest of all. The town is full of fine specimens of Venetian architecture, and there is a piazza in the centre of it, unusually handsome for so small a place. My attention, however, was

denote more than that he reached the frontiers of Illyricum. And it is certain that the Church of Dalmatia was founded, if not by St. Paul himself, certainly during his lifetime, by Titus.—*Life of St. Paul, by Conybeare and Howson.*

riveted on the two lovely campanile towers, of the same lightness and elegance as that of Perasto, and it was a pleasure to think I should meet the same beautiful objects all along the Dalmatian coast and islands. The church itself may be plain enough, but, in the Dalmatian expression of Byzantine forms, the campanile is almost always lovely. Lésina is a bishopric, and includes those of Brazza and Cúrzola, which were suppressed in 1830.

At the left of the town and rather beyond it is a curious stone seat or sofa, carved round into a half circle, and hedged in with aloes; I had not time to examine it, but, from a distance, it had a very Greek and quaint effect. I heard that the island is thickly planted with aloes, and that much cordage and cloth is made from its fibre: but I have reason to believe this is an exaggeration. When I came to enquire narrowly about the cultivation of the aloe, I never could find any place where it was really carried on, though very many people told me it was 'not here, but farther on;' and I imagine that, if it ever was cultivated and made into anything tolerably good, the manufacture has now died out.

Passing rapidly by the little crowd of the Spalmadore islets which guard the entrance to Lésina,

we danced on over the blue and not particularly calm sea to the famous Lissa—an island which was, from the battle of Austerlitz to the end of the war, in the possession of the English, and was made a depôt for naval and military stores, in the same manner as Corfu has been used of late years. It was also the nucleus of a considerable commerce, supplying the Adriatic with British goods. Off this island was fought the famous action between Hoste and Dubourdieu, in 1811, with the proud details of which my readers are doubtless familiar. The island is not pretty, and the English forts have been, I believe, rebuilt by the Austrians.

Then we danced back again to the Spalmadores, and past Lésina, and so on to Milnà, the capital of the island of Brazza: it seemed to me nearly as ugly and barren as Paxo, but it is an important island from its size and population, and the views from it are very pretty. The moment we left Milnà we began to see all the coast of the mainland, with the Vellebich mountains rising behind the shore and towering over the islands; and in a short time the city of Spálato became visible. We arrived alongside of the fine new landing pier at three o'clock. Immediately after, the Podestà Bajamonte sent the excellent Doctor Illich on

board to conduct me to the lodgings prepared for me; and I am glad to have the power of thanking him here for his unwearied kindness and attention throughout my stay in Spálato. There is no hotel at present of any kind in Spálato, but one has been built on the grand quay, and in a few months now it will be opened for travellers. I occupied a couple of rooms over the reading *salon*, and took my meals at the *restaurants* and *cafés* in the town.

We must now proceed to examine the many beauties of Spálato.

Everybody knows that, towards the middle of the third century, Diocletian the Great was born in Salona,* the then capital of Dalmatia. His parents were poor and humble, but, even when clothed in the imperial purple, the Emperor retained the simplicity of heart which kept him a faithful friend to his hearth and home. Revisiting Salona in A.D. 286, he laid the foundation-stone of this palace and fortress combined, for the future home of his mother, and to it he himself retired in 305, after his abdication of the throne. Three hundred and thirty years later the old Salona was destroyed by the Avars,

* Salóna, not Sálona, as in Northern Greece.

and the fugitives from the city fled to the huge palace, finding plenty of space in the nine acres and more within its walls. These have since, till quite lately, contained the whole of the town, ancient and modern—the city receiving very naturally the name, with but little change, of *a palatio*.* The horrible persecutions and massacres enacted at Salona, for which the reign of Diocletian has acquired lasting infamy, continued under varied forms of barbarity until A.D. 832, when Dalmatia was thoroughly Christianised. From this time till 1420, when Spálato became finally Venetian, it was the object of ceaseless wars between the Venetians and Hungarians; and so it happened that almost every relic remaining in her of imperial Rome is built up, overlaid, or altered, by one or other of her two owners.

* I never could learn when or why an *r* had been inserted in the last syllable of Spálato, without any discoverable meaning; but it was curious to observe how completely it was supposed to be a piece of fashionable refinement. On the coast of Dalmatia, or farther south, or in the place itself, no peasant ever said anything but Spálato; there one or two of the best educated, or of those who wished to *prôner* the fact that they had travelled out of their own country, had adopted the *r*; and farther north it amused me to hear such people hastily correct themselves in conversation to the pronunciation they thought most pleasing to my foreign ears.

The ground plan of the palace is a parallelogram, of which the long side is next the sea, and close upon it; but it no longer strikes the eye as anything imposing or palatial. Nearly the whole of this lofty wall was once one long grand gallery of open arches. This was the great feature of the exterior of the palace, and must have been, like the flat face of our own palace at Westminster, imposing merely from its monotonous extent. Doubtless it was made, like our own palace-front, interesting and varied enough in detail and ornament, but the want of any one striking feature in the *coup d'œil* is unusual in ancient buildings, and scarcely successful. The sea-front of Diocletian's palace should therefore be considered the back. The real front looked towards the mountains, and, if Salona had not been concealed by the rising ground between, would have been naturally so selected. The centre of the wall on this side was pierced by the Porta Aurea—the handsomest of the four gates, and very elegant in detail, but by no means a fine feature in such a mass of wall. The small opening has a curious Saracenic lintel under an arch, over which is a row of seven circular-headed blind arches, there being alternately niches for statues. A small square tower stood on each side of the four gates, and a larger

square tower at each angle of the exterior walls. Four straight streets crossed each other in the very centre of the whole building, and here was the great court, or Peristylium, between which and the western wall all the principal buildings extended. At each side of this court was a small Temple—on the southern that of Jupiter (now the cathedral), on the northern that of Esculapius (now the baptistery). At the farther end of the court was the Porticus, through which one passed to the round and domed Vestibulum; and then to the Atrium, a square hall which led into the sea-facing gallery or Crypto-Porticus.

This was in the past. What now remains to be seen is soon told. The four great towers at the corners are all still standing intact as the noble old walls. The gates are battered and defaced nearly into obliteration—the Porta Aurea the least so. The façade of the great portico and the noble arcade of columns round the central court still stand nearly in perfection, but so built in and disfigured that it is long, very long, before the eye can search it all out, and keep it in a separated whole, distinct from the modern walls, balconies, green-shuttered windows and doors, with which it has been overlaid and spoiled. The circular vestibule and the fine

quadrangular hall are still visible, but in ruins, while the noble open gallery has almost entirely disappeared; the arches are filled up, most of the columns have been taken away (probably by the Venetians, when they robbed the Porta Aurea of hers), modern windows and doors are pierced at every few feet, and numbers of houses are built up in front of it. Still, in spite of all this disfigurement, there is much left that is very interesting, and the two temples are undoubtedly very beautiful, especially that of Jupiter. This latter is astonishingly dirty, having become so black that it resembles a London church in colour more than a Southern cathedral. It is chiefly built of a fine freestone, but the twenty-one steps approaching it are of excellent marble, and all the columns are either of granite (these were brought from Salona, it is said) or of red porphyry from Assouan. A black marble sphinx, of the time of Amunoph III., was probably brought over at the same time as these columns. Its calm dignified repose contrasts curiously with the two lively, snapping, snarling Lions of St. Mark, which lie close to their ancient and venerable cousin.

The arcade of the great court is composed of circular-headed arches, resting on very beautiful Corinthian capitals. Its peculiarity is, that in the

Portico at the end the columns are united by a very bold and handsome cornice, stilted up in the centre into an arch. This is strange; but, used as it is, it has a fine effect.

And now for the beautiful Cathedral. The original building, which was single and isolated, seemed to me to be almost identically the same as the exquisite little Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek, though less richly ornamented. Like that, the cella was octagonal, and had an open peristyle all round it. The proportions are beautiful, and the execution of the capitals, friezes, and under ornamentation of the roof is very good. Inside, the walls have been pierced for light, which serves to show some ugly coarse sculptures of Cupids and wild beasts, and the more interesting construction of the dome, which is curious. It is a succession of small arches, overlapping each other, like scales, until the edges are near enough to be concluded in circles.

The building must have had a portico; but this has been removed to make room for the campanile tower, added at the end of the fourteenth century —an incongruous addition truly to the heathen temple; but in itself it is so beautiful, that one cannot wish it away, and it is, besides, difficult to say how picturesquely the more solemn and venerable

Roman work has lent itself to the late and florid Romanesque addition. This tower was the gift of Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, and was finished in 1360, but it is said to have been executed by a native of Spálato. Its first story is supported on pointed arches, resting on a bold cornice, above alternate round and square columns, with richly-carved capitals; above these are three stories of open arches and slender columns, of the most lovely lightness and richness; and before the two upper stories (there were five) were blown down and replaced by a heavy circular story and extinguisher cap, the whole tower must have been exquisitely beautiful.

The inside of the church is much concealed by modern galleries, carved angels, and other trumpery; but a white marble pulpit, in the best style of Venice, is worth looking at. Under the peristyle are two tablets of curious coarse sculpture; the figures are of the birth and baptism of Christ, with St. Peter and some others—all much deformed, but very expressive.

On the other side of the great court is the Temple of Esculapius—a small building, with a tunnel-shaped roof in squares of carved marble, neatly joined together; a rich frieze runs round the wall, carved with Cupids and grapes, lions and

panthers, like the famous doorway at Baalbek. The baptistery itself is formed of slabs of marble, carved with geometrically-interlaced lines of the earlier days of Byzantine ornament—interesting only for their close resemblance to the ornaments on early Christian shrines in the East. But, apart from architecture and ornament, one's mind naturally turns to remember how many a fervent convert may have been baptised in this once-heathen temple in those succeeding centuries when baptism was usually sealed by martyrdom in the neighbouring theatres.

Two sculptured sarcophagi outside the temple are interesting: one of them represents a boar-hunt in a very spirited manner. They were brought from Salona, the ruins of which contain many very curious late Roman and early Christian sarcophagi and tombs, but none of them are as beautiful or as interesting as two bas-reliefs I was shown in Spálato. One of these is fixed in the interior wall of a private house belonging to the A'coutaïs family, who are said to be the oldest and noblest blood in Dalmatia; they account themselves to be patricians of imperial Rome. The bas-relief represented a fight of Centaurs and Lapithæ, and is said to have been brought from Salona, where it

was dug up two or three hundred years ago. The other slab is of very pure white marble, and is in perfect preservation, having been concealed and built in for many hundred years, at the back of an altar; it has been discovered but a few months, and is supposed by the Spalatians to be the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea. I do not venture to give my humble opinion of the age or merits of these two bassi-relievi, but I am quite sure that they richly merit the attention of antiquarians.

I had enquired, upon seeing the black sphinx beside the cathedral, for another, which I affirmed to be in the city. My friend, Dr. Illich, assured me so positively that there was no other, that I was much amused when, on the next morning, he told me he had found it, and also that he had lived close to it all his life without ever observing it. It lies in the courtyard of a private house, broken in many pieces and its beauty gone. This sphinx is of white stone; it bears the name of Amunoph III., and came from Thebes.

Before we turn to the mediæval or more modern interests of Spálato, let us pay a visit to Salona, remembering how inseparably the palace of Diocletian is connected with her still more ancient

ruins. Spálato stands on a long and wide promontory of rising ground, which forms one side of the deep gulf within which Salona was placed; the carriage-road crossing this promontory comes down upon the bank of the ancient river Iader (now Jadera), very near its mouth. The views, from the moment one has attained the low heights behind Spálato, are charming; Salona lies in the vale below; the gulf is enclosed in smiling woods and meadows round to Traü, and sealed by the long low island of Bua; while to the east the Vellebich range gives a noble background of wild-looking mountains, in an opening of which an almost isolated sugar-loaf is crowned by the splendid fortress of Klissa.

Salona was placed on gently-rising slopes facing the south and west; it was a very large and splendid city, and its ruins cover a vast extent of ground: the greater part of them have been uncovered by order of the Emperor Francis of Austria. Miserable vines are grown in the once-stately palace-yards, and struggle over the broken walls, and in the area of the too-famous amphitheatre corn is now peacefully growing. Here a few arches and some broken seats are all the remains that strike the eye; but I puzzled over a

number of small wedge-shaped spaces, divided by very massive walls, and wondered what they could be, till, observing their proximity to the area, I saw clearly that they had been the cells for the wild beasts and the prisoners. My thoughts went back to the gloomy caverns of the Bethlehem hills, where St. Jerome passed the latter years of his life; and I could not help fancying the terrible enthusiasm and passionate indignation with which the mind of the historian-saint must have brooded over the bloody massacres, done in the Salona of his native land, of the humble followers of the meek Babe of Bethlehem.

There are also remains of baths, with coarse mosaic floors, a great many marble columns, some of them fluted, marble-lined baths, and apartments for bathers. The fountain is choked up, but the spot is picturesque. The walls surrounding the city, the gates, and some of the paved streets (the latter marked with wheel-ruts) have been laid bare. But perhaps the most interesting object among these lesser remains is the fine aqueduct which brought water from the mountains to Salona, and was afterwards continued to Spálato. Unfortunately it has long been in ruins.

This aqueduct leads me to the present history of

Spálato, as the want of fresh water is the one misfortune of the city—a misfortune to be very soon, I hope, forgotten by the citizens, or to be remembered by them only in their gratitude to their present excellent Podestà, Signor Antonio Bajamonte. Of this remarkable man I must say a few words. His family, always natives of Spálato, were not of noble origin nor of much wealth, but his father acquired a very considerable fortune in medical practice. This he left to his son, who had received the invariable and only education of the young Dalmatian gentry, two or three years at the university of Padua, where he took an M.D. degree. Farther than this he did not travel, so that his modern and active ideas are doubly creditable to him.

Signor Bajamonte had no sooner come into possession of his large fortune and been made Podestà, than he proceeded to dispense it for the good of his native city. First he fronted the town with a magnificent quay, with two landing-piers, and a short row of lofty well-built houses. At the end of this is a large and handsome newly-built house, in which he resides. Then he laid gas in the streets, chiefly at his own expense, and added much to the cleansing of the town. Besides this, after having cleared away much of the *débris*, and many of the tumble-down

streets outside the southern end of the old city, and freed the noble old walls and towers of the huts and hovels clinging to them, he built a variety of very solid neat houses, adding to them a well-built church. He is rightly anxious to get the crowded population out of the narrow, dirty, cooped-up lanes they now inhabit within the old palace walls; after which he hopes the Austrian Government will aid him with a grant of money for clearing the cathedral and other venerable buildings of the miserable houses in which they are now buried. For this, and for money to build a breakwater for the completion of the harbour, he has already petitioned—as yet in vain; but we may hope he will ultimately succeed.

Signor Bajamonte's next gift was a theatre. It is small, but handsome and well-proportioned, and, although over-ornamented, it is pretty and conveniently arranged. In the same block of buildings there is a handsome reading-room, and a library is being formed in connection with it; whilst some of the official residences will be soon completed under the same roof. These buildings form the inner end of a fine large Place, planted with trees, and opening down upon the quay at the northern end of the city. One side of this

Place is occupied by a splendid building, with a lofty arcade in front of it, now advanced to its second story. This is to be the Palazzo di Giustizia and the University. Bajamonte has already built a large school for the sons of the Spalatian gentry some way out of the town, and another is being commenced for their daughters. These will be, if well carried out, an infinite gain not only to Spálato but to all Dalmatia; for the instruction given to Dalmatian boys is of the meanest kind, and the unfortunate girls get nothing beyond the commonest rudiments of education, unless their parents send them to Lubiana (Laybach)* or Venice. A very few are sent to Vienna; but of the education given them there and at Laybach I heard the same complaint from all the parents—that it was too conventual to be of any use to them in the world. Padua, as I have said, is the only real education given to their sons, unless they are sent to the military college at Vienna.

At the end of the Marina, close to his own

* When in Dalmatia, I was very much puzzled by constant reference to Lubiana as an important place, and I was much ashamed of myself for never having heard of it or not knowing where it was. It took me some time before I found out that it was merely the Italian for Laybach. A full dictionary of such duplicate names would be a great boon.

house, Signor Bajamonte is rebuilding the church of an old monastery, of which the pretty and curious Byzantine cloisters are still standing. Farther down the Marina is the new hotel. At the back of the town, behind the palace, is the nice-looking Civil Hospital, in a pleasant garden adjoining a spacious new public garden, enclosed and planted by the same benevolent hand. Near to this are two large pits or reservoirs, lined with stone, which are intended to receive the waters of the aqueduct of Salona, whenever Signor Bajamonte can manage, with the help of the citizens or of the Government, to complete the missing miles of this erection. It is to be hoped that this noble work will soon be accomplished; but Signor Bajamonte, from being a very wealthy man, has impoverished himself to a great extent, and he will probably not be able to add much to his many munificent gifts. The arches of the aqueduct are seen crossing the plain at intervals, but it will require a good deal of money to render it fit for use. Meantime, as all the water in Spálato is more or less brackish, the military quartered there are employed in fetching water from the Jadera at Salona, and the road is covered all day with artillery tumbrils, carrying huge barrels, drawn by sleek and well-conditioned horses.

Everybody agrees in saying that Spálato is a remarkably healthy place: the doctor told me there was very little illness at any time, and if an epidemic ever visited them, it took leave almost immediately. The people certainly look remarkably healthy: they are very tall and bony, but not, I think, handsome. I was a bad judge of their appearance, however, after coming so recently from Montenegro—the singularly ungraceful costume of the Morlachi naturally spoiling them much to my eyes after those of the mountaineers. The men of Spálato wear trousers that seemed to me as tight as those of a harlequin, from waist to ankle, and the shortest jackets possible; they have very long hair plaited into a pigtail, with a number of black cords, tassels, and beads, hanging down much below the waist; and sometimes they wear very handsome earrings. The gold and silver work, done here in the old forms, is the very best and most solid on the coast of Dalmatia: but the people are also beginning to buy a great deal of the cheap imitation ornaments from Birmingham and Switzerland, and you cannot pick up in Spálato any of the real antique specimens of gold and enamel work that abound in Ragusa.

Signor Bajamonte is trying to establish a line of steamers to run between Spálato and Pescara, on

the opposite Italian shore—a passage of eight hours only, which he hopes may be effected now that the Ancona railway is opened so far. But the grand scheme, dearest of all to his heart, is that of a railway from Spálato to Belgrade—a line which, I am told, is naturally very easy, with no heavy gradients in the Bosnian mountains or other expensive obstacles to be overcome, and which would be of incalculable advantage to the whole of that country. This railway would not only open up the whole of Bosnia and give the rich produce of a perfectly virgin soil to Europe by the sea coast, but it might pave the way to a more real connection of Bosnia with Dalmatia. It would be but sorry work for either the Austrian or the Turkish Government to thwart this scheme out of mere political jealousy or dread of South-Sclavism, whenever it may be laid before them as a substantial proposition. Bosnia and Dalmatia are each the natural complement of the other; religion and sect apart, their people are identical in every way; and it is infinitely better that they should be allowed to grow slowly and naturally into union by the strong bonds of intercourse and community of interest, than that they should be kept always estranged and apart, to end perhaps in a precipi-

tate union under a barren impulse of sentiment, or be patched together, when yet unprepared for it, by some dexterous political charlatan. Both nations are industrious, quick, and healthy-minded; both, as regards the Christians at least, are anxious to improve; and while the Dalmatians, although very poor, are immeasurably superior to the Bosnians in civilisation and refinement, they would draw the latter towards them in the double bonds of interest and affection. But Dalmatia has no money, and Austria spends but very little upon her, and she is scarcely likely to accomplish any part of this railway without English capital. We may hope that this latter may be forthcoming some day, for the line, as described to me, is one from which much success may confidently be anticipated.

I must not omit to mention another object in the general view of the city from the Marina, or quay, and this is the large, round, sturdy-looking tower placed on the sea-side of the palace, just within its walls.* The tower is in the Venetian style, low,

* When the Dalmatians invited Ladislaus, King of Naples, to take possession of their country, the King of Bosnia sent a force of Bosnians, under the valiant Harvoje, to assist his conquest. Ladislaus was crowned in Zara in 1403 King of Hungary and Dalmatia, and he created Harvoje Duke of Spálato. The new Duke built this castle, which is still called by his name.

with a deep machicolation all round the top, and in its quaint massiveness forms a singular contrast to the light, elegant cathedral tower rising up close to it. These Venetian towers are dotted all along the Dalmatian coast. Spálato itself is filled with Venetian remains, but not a few Roman bits crop out from among the mediæval and the modern. There are some tolerably handsome private houses within the palace walls, each conspicuous from its mouldings or cornices, broken capitals, little clusters of slender columns, stone balustrades, and the invariable well with its carved stone mouth. The churches also have pretty bits in them, and generally attempt a small campanile tower, but there is nothing very remarkable about any of them. The bishopric of Spálato is the second in Dalmatia; that of Macarska was incorporated into it about thirty years ago. Spálato, of course, inherited the very ancient bishopric of Salona, and soon after the fall of that city it became an archbishopric, and so continued till 1827, when it was changed into a bishopric, and Zara remained the sole archbishopric. A great fair is annually held at Salona on the 8th of September, in honour of the Nativity of the Virgin.

I walked out one evening to the cemetery to see

the lovely view thence of Spálato and the mountains. The long promontory shelves round in front of the city, and on this narrow tongue of barren rock, washed on both sides by the sounding sea, and in sight of their old houses, are gathered all the dead of the old and new city. Very lonely and triste is the place, but the view is very lovely. The city stands white and clear across the water, with its wide quay and handsome houses, its busy shipping and store buildings, its old fortifications, and the beautiful cathedral tower, closely backed by gently-rising hills. Behind these is the splendid range of Caprarius, snowy until June, with Klissa lifted up on high, looking proud and defiant as ever, though now half-ruined; and behind all, the noble head of Prolog, a mountain in Bosnia, towers up in the blue sky. This mountain is never quite without snow.

At this spot I saw clearly of how much importance the mole so anxiously desired by the Spalatians is: the outer islands of Brazza and Solta are too far off, and too low to break the SW. gales; and as Spálato is and must be the Liverpool of Dalmatia, she needs absolutely a large and safe harbour. Behind her, it is true, is the Canal of Bua, more properly called the Gulf of Salona—a

deep, safe, land-locked harbour, capable of containing a whole navy and more; it has a safe opening at either end, but it is too far inland to be of much use to Spálato save as a store-port. The time may come, however, when the store-houses and factories of Spálato may gather round the whole of the gulf.

I do not think this day would be despairingly far off were some changes made in the government of Dalmatia. I heard the same cry everywhere, from high and low, master and peasant. The Dalmatian is poor, miserably poor, because he has no encouragement to improve his condition, no profit by which to benefit himself. The customs and the dues are so heavy, that they absorb more than could be earned from the products of his mountain soil. Even now, without any railway, Spálato is the port of Serayevo and Travnik, and Bosnia takes all her imports through Spálato—a trade which has made Sign the half-way stopping-place, a thriving and prosperous town in comparison with other towns. It is impossible for me to detail the numbers of articles which would be sent from Bosnia and the Herzegovina if they could be profitably shipped at Spálato; but with these countries so bountifully endowed by nature behind

her, and with her own fine harbours and her immense power of producing wine, oil, almonds, silk, brandies, anchovies, corals, &c. &c. &c., she has but to acquire an improved system of trade from her now cómplaining and shortsighted government, to become a truly rich and flourishing country.

Upon the shore of this pretty Gulf of Salona, at a mile-and-a-half's distance from Spalato, there is an old Franciscan monastery, called the Convent of the Paludi. One evening I called there with my kind friend Dr. Illich, and after examining the interesting little church with its fine sculptured pavement, the monks took me to the library to show me two huge mass books, most gorgeously illuminated, of which they were very proud; they were works of great labour, and of the worst possible taste of the seventeenth century, but numbers of people crowded in to see them, and they appeared to be very highly admired by the Spalatians. I was better pleased to sit quietly in the garden, famous for its fruit and wine and fresh water, and to please my eyes with the moonbeams on the old building, which was half pulled down by the Turks, in spite of a tower added by the Venetians to the church as a fortification. The old monks, of whom there are now only four, sat and talked to

me of the wants and ways of the peasantry, and of the terrible misfortunes caused by the grape disease. I had heard at Ragusa that every plant of the Malvoisie grape, for which that city was so famous, was destroyed by the disease: and they have now to seek for grafts from some other place to which plants had been carried years ago, in order to get back their own *spécialité*. The disease attacked all the white grape vines everywhere in Dalmatia, and besides destroying the Malvoisie, it also destroyed all the *vugava* vines of the island of Brăzza (the wine from which was like Frontignac, and was very celebrated), and the *maraschina* vines about Sebenico. This latter is an excellent wine or liqueur: it must not be confounded with the *maraschino*, for which Zara is so famous, which is made from black cherries. Miles and miles of vineyards along the coast have not, for some three or four years, yielded a grape; and they were then anxiously examining the vines to forecast the probable reappearance or not of the disease. As yet it had only been seen in the convent garden. There are also some very good red wines made in Dalmatia; the manufacture is rude, and they want a better class of cellar for the ripening of the wine, but some of it is full bodied and well flavoured.

A good deal is sent to Venice, in order to correct the light wines made there.

I learned that the peasants are beginning to consent tolerably freely to improved modes of agriculture, and to make use of better implements than the rude articles to which they have been accustomed. They would gladly earn money by the sale of their own products was exportation made possible by encouragement. It is curious that the Dalmatians will not be persuaded to take kindly to the culture of the silk-worm. Whether it is that the close and unremitting attention necessary during the feeding months does not suit the taste of the Morlach peasant, or some dim recollection of the prohibition on silk-culture in the old days of the Venetian Republic—whatever it is, they have not as yet been induced to undertake it freely, and, in some cases, have been turbulent and obstinate on the subject. It is a pity, as the climate and soil all along the coast are particularly adapted to the mulberry, and the success of the worm would be unquestionable were proper care taken to ensure it. I heard the same all along the coast, and also in Southern Albania; but there the people are so lazy and so poor, and the population so scanty, that one cannot wonder at their undertaking nothing new or more difficult than the

old tracks of their forefathers. I believe that silk, in a very moderate way, has succeeded better in Northern Albania.

Spalato contains 13,000 inhabitants. There are only two families of the Greek rite, but they are building a handsome church for themselves. There is a very large number of Jews, who are now tolerated with as much freedom as in other parts of Austria; but only thirty years ago their condition was little better than that of slaves, and so strictly watched that they were almost prisoners.

The climate of Dalmatia is by no means a cool one, and in this unusually warm summer I found the days considerably too hot for any kind of exercise. I therefore rose at four o'clock each morning, and had generally returned from my drives before the sun had become unendurable. One morning I started, after a good breakfast at the café, at 5.30, on my way to Traù. The drive takes just three hours, along a wide, smooth road, as admirably made as all the roads I saw in Dalmatia—they are certainly, in every respect, excellent. After crossing the Jadera, the road lay all round the Gulf of Salona, the coast of which is called the Riviera dei Castelli, from the land having been granted in the fifteenth century to certain nobles on condition that they should build seven castles along the shore, in

which the peasants could take refuge from the Turks, when these latter ravaged the country. The castles are now all ruined; but a village has sprung up round each, with its little church and campanile, and its comfortable-looking houses—spoiled, in my eyes, by the fashion of white-washing the roof-tiles. The land is very rich and fertile, and the fruit and almond gardens are crowded together below the corn fields, which are in their turn succeeded by the mulberry * and olive groves which climb up the slopes as far as the barren rocky soil of the mountains will allow them to grow.

The town of Traù stands, one-half on an island which it completely covers, and the other half on the island of Bua. It is connected on each side by bridges, but that between Bua and Traù opens for the passage of ships. Traù is old and picturesque, and it boasts a church more interesting, architecturally, than any other in Dalmatia, and quite as beautiful in its own peculiarity. It was commenced in 1213, and is a perfect specimen of Lombardic Romanesque. The exterior is solid, heavy, and lofty, but sufficiently ornamented for the style. The three round apses at the eastern end are rather

* The mulberry is cultivated for the leaves throughout the countries bordering the Adriatic, in Syria, &c. as food for the sheep and cows: as most people have seen in Italian Switzerland.

low and small, but at the western there is a magnificent porch or arcade, extending the whole width of the building, and from this rises a campanile tower, which, though only two stories in height, is of exceeding beauty. It is less light than that of Spalato, but it has a curiously Oriental idea thrown over it, which reminded me of many beautiful *morceaux* in Spain. The flat surfaces are pierced into open-work quatrefoils, which are more Moorish than Italian. The entrance at the west end is magnificently sculptured; very rich borders surround the arch of the door, and at the sides the flat surfaces of the shafts are covered with the closest sculpture. Beneath them, Turks, crouched in the attitude of slaves, are placed as a sort of caryatides; while the backs of huge lions of St. Mark support statues of Adam and Eve, whose history is sculptured round the door. The vaultings of the porch are all of rope mouldings, springing from spiral columns.

At the end of this porch is the baptistery, an interesting building, vaulted like the Temple of Esculapius at Spalato, with a frieze of fat Cupids, and a curious carving of the temptations of St. Jerome.

The inside of the church is very good: some fine

alabaster columns and good figures, a beautiful white marble pulpit, and very well-carved black oak stalls, attract one's notice. William, the son of Baldwin, Latin Emperor of Constantinople, was buried in 1241, under a plain stone in front of the altar —over which, by the bye, is a curious old baldachin. This William was betrothed to his cousin Margaret, the daughter of Bela IV., King of Hungary; she died at Klissa a few months after the death of her lover. Her tomb is to be seen over the door of the cathedral of Spalato.* But the most singular part of the whole is the north transept—a chapel that I beg to believe was intended for a temple of Hymen. The walls are divided into seventeen compartments, shaped like cupboards, from each of which a fat life-sized Cupid bursts out torch in hand! The roof is covered with a diaper of Cupids' heads, with the figure of the Almighty (or Jupiter?) in a medallion in the centre. Every arch springs

* Bela IV. sent his wife (who was daughter of the Emperor Lascaris) and daughter to Klissa when the Mongol Tartars in 1240 overran Hungary, massacring every woman and child they met with. The Tartars followed him and attacked both Klissa and Traù, but failing in the sieges, they withdrew into Bosnia. Both William and Margaret are said to have died of the hardships they had suffered during their flight from Hungary.—*Wilkinson.*

from a corpulent Cupid, and every capital is saddled by another; while, mounted mid-air over the reredos, an alabaster Bishop, large as life and in full robes, lies on his side, staring with glassy eyes at the surrounding Loves. Altogether it is about the oddest place imaginable.

A small chapel close by belongs, I was told, to an English family, anciently resident in Traù, but I could find no name or coat of arms in its precincts, and I do not believe the story. The sacristy contains some good intarsiatura work, a damaged Palma Giovine, and some ancient embroidered robes worth looking at. I heard afterwards that the church possesses some splendid gold and jewel work, but unfortunately I did not see them.

The episcopal chair of Traù is said to have been founded by the first Archbishop of Spalato. A prelate named Giovanni Orsini was elected in 1062; he was canonised some hundred years after his death, and is venerated as the patron saint of the whole district. He is buried by the altar in the cathedral; but the Venetians carried away one of his arms as a relic. The bishopric was suppressed in 1822, and incorporated into that of Spalato.

Opposite to the cathedral is a Loggia, built

during the Hungarian régime, while on one side is a fine old bit of Roman work, and on the other of Venetian; the very narrow lanes of Traù are full of such *morceaux*. Through these streets I was then conducted to the very picturesque old castle, called Camerlengo, erected by the Venetians in 1420, on a spit of land running out towards the open sea; here one line of the coast steamers touch every week. A very small temple, or templet, has been erected here, of white marble; it looks like a sugar thing for the top of a cake, and forms a strange contrast with the venerable and solemn old castle close to it.

I was sorry not to be able to visit Bua, but the heat rendered any further exertion impossible; so I consoled myself with visiting the other churches of Traù, after which the gentleman who had kindly guided me over the town took me to see a collection of specimens of marble he had just made from Bua and the mountains immediately about Traù; there were certainly not less than fifty specimens, of every imaginable colour, mostly of a fine grain, and taking a good polish. I regretted, with him, that they had not been exhibited in London in 1862.

The next expedition I made was to Almissa, a place at about the same distance as Traù from

Spalato, but to the south. The road was equally excellent, but the scenery was infinitely more attractive, and I enjoyed beyond everything the early morning lights upon the thickly-wooded, lofty mountains and bold cliffs, as the road wound round headland after headland at the foot of Caprarius. On the right hand the island of Brazza seemed to come nearer and nearer, as every half-mile brought a change in the delightful views, to which the lofty mountain behind Macarska, Bicoglio, the loftiest in Dalmatia proper, lends an additional charm. At last we turned suddenly into a deep, wide creek, and Almissa stood before us. I was quite enchanted with the scene. The grey rocky cliffs, which are here very lofty and bold, have been, as it were, suddenly rent in twain with a perpendicular rift, through which flows out the most extraordinarily brilliant copper-green river I ever saw, in Switzerland or anywhere else; while between the two walls of the chasm one gets a lovely glimpse of richly-wooded mountains, folding back inland. On the sea-coast beneath the southern cliff a castle, called Mirabella, is perched up on a needle and shoulder of rock, like a bit of Cattaro, and the prettiest of little towns is crowded in at its feet.

Almissa was famous for its pirates throughout

Hanhart lith

ALMISSA.

the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; they drove a thriving trade in pillaging the pilgrims and merchants who went to and came from the Holy Land. The Venetians were most anxious to reduce the place, as the Almissians were a constant and costly annoyance to their commerce; but the natural features of the creek formed an almost impregnable defence to them, and they had increased that security by building a hidden wall across its mouth, the passage through which no one knew but themselves. It must, indeed, have been most aggravating to the feelings of any honest trader in chase, to see the Almissa pirate-boat run in at the open mouth of the river, and whisk in one moment round the sharp angle of the rift, disappearing almost like magic from the disappointed eyes of the Venetian skippers. In time, however, Venice had her will, and the winged lion on the wall of the town bears token of her reduction. The castles are all in ruins, and the inhabitants are few in number.

We left the carriage on the river bank, and crossed the water in a ferry; the Pretore or Governor of the district immediately joined me, and took me through the little town. He seemed to be energetically doing all that the poverty of the place could allow, and even emulating Signor

Bajamonte in his actual and contemplated improvements. A port was being constructed at the southern side—public gardens and an esplanade had been laid out,—and the first road ever made to connect Almissa with the interior has been commenced; hitherto, every thing and person has been passed through the opening by the river only. Now a road is being cut out from the cliff, but the rock is extremely hard, and the work necessarily slow; perhaps all the more, as the men have no pay for their labour, and the Pretore said he could not expect them to do anything in this unusual heat.

Then, joined by the Podesta, we got into a boat, and proceeded up the river, passing through the narrow rift, and under the overhanging rocks into the wide full flowing river beyond. The view was beautiful—rich woods up to the very summits of the hills and mountains, villages, vineyards, and gardens crowded together, and the river winding through all. This is the Cettina river which rises in Mount Dinara, on the borders of Bosnia, and after a long course southwards, makes a sudden bend back again, and comes out at Almissa. At about half an hour's distance, we passed a fine cascade on the inland side, closely resembling the Bayerbach Fall on the Lake of Wallenstadt. I

should have liked to have followed the river much farther, but the sun was so hot, that we were forced to turn back, and I found that, though only 10·30, the townspeople were already retiring to their houses to sleep till 3 or 4 o'clock. At midday, when nearly everyone was asleep, the trains laid for blasting the rocks were lighted, and for half an hour we had a succession of really beautiful spectacles, as masses of rock were detached from the overhanging cliffs, and, after apparently leaping up into the air, fell with thundering echoes into the water below. I never saw a more wonderful set of contrasts of colour than the sudden torrents of red flames bursting out, and the cascades of snowy foam thrown up after the falling rocks had met the brilliant green water that closed over them. I spent my afternoon in sketching, and drove home late in the day, after having refreshed myself with some excellent wine, sent to me by the Podesta. The wine of Almissa is said to be one of the very best that is made on the Dalmatian coast. It is called *vino di rosa*.

I had intended to have left Spalato on the following morning for a little tour in the interior of the country, which I was particularly anxious to see; and I had made, as I thought, all the arrange-

ments necessary for the journey. But on returning to my apartments, I found the man who has a monopoly of all the horses and carriages of Spalato, waiting to see me, and he informed me that, on consideration, he would not take me in this weather. I had agreed to his own prices and hours, but I was not prepared to agree to the only condition on which he would take me, viz. that I would occupy *six* days for a two-and-a-half days' journey, and only use the carriage between the hours of 5 and 8 A.M. I had not time enough for this, even if there had been sleeping-places on the road for me; and so I was obliged reluctantly to give it up, and to pay a high price for his taking me by the short road to Sebenico. Signor Bajamonte had provided me with letters to all the places in the country that I wished to see, but he said the heat was so extraordinary, that he was not at all surprised at the man's refusing to travel in it. Nor could he be persuaded even to take me in one day to Sebenico—a common nine hours' journey; he insisted on my sleeping at Traù, and leaving only six hours for the following day, which I promised should commence at six A.M. I was exceedingly disappointed, but I could not help myself; and therefore I drove over to Traù late in the evening,

and endeavoured to sleep, after a very good dinner, in the filthiest of little dark holes, called by courtesy, an Albergo. All through Dalmatia, except when I staid in the houses of kind and hospitable friends, I found a Levinge's bag indispensable for a night's rest, as even if the house or country inns are clean, the musquitoes are intolerably troublesome.

I was rewarded for my fatigues and troubles by the splendour of the view, after we had mounted the new road from Traù for an hour and twenty minutes. It is, on the whole, the finest view in Dalmatia, without excepting that from over Gravosa; and I was fortunate in having a gentleman of Traù with me who could name the immense numbers of islands and mountains in sight. My road had mounted nearly the whole of the very steep slope immediately behind Traù. A fertile country of wood and meadow lay at my feet, beyond which Traù stood out in the sea, with its pretty church towers and bridges; then came the islands of Bua, Zirone great and small, Solta, Lissa, Lésina, and scores of others; while, more directly to the south, beyond the Riviera, Salona, and Spalato, mountain after mountain appeared in range behind range, extending beyond Macarska to Lésina, Curzola, and

Sabioncello. Whatever aridity there was on these mountains to spoil the view was veiled in the early morning mists, and the scene was gloriously beautiful. We turned away at last, and entered into about the ugliest district I ever saw in my life—a dreary upland of treeless, herbless, villageless desolation. The five hours in the scorching heat we spent over it seemed to me intolerable, and I was very thankful when the carriage stopped at the gate of Sebenico. I have said before that no carriage can enter any of the Dalmatian cities.

Sebenico, in the days of the Venetian warfare with the Turks, was a place of the utmost importance. It was considered quite impregnable, and it has still a remarkably imposing appearance. Three fortresses or castles are mounted one above the other on the steep side of the mountain cliff, while the dome of the cathedral and plenty of church towers diversify the crowded houses. The city appears placed on the shore of a winding lake, but a narrow opening or channel directly opposite the town leads out into the open sea. This strait is deep and safe, but so narrow that the Austrian Lloyds' will not enter it but by daylight. The canal or fiord runs up from Sebenico, the distance of some miles, to Scardona and the mouth of the river Kerka. Sebenico itself

is a curious collection of narrow streets, containing many small piazzas and some good houses. In the principal *place* there is a fine large Loggia, and the beautiful cathedral—far larger, more important, and grander than that of Traù, but not half as curious and interesting.

Commenced in 1415, it was not finished till 1555. The style is Lombardic-Romanesque and Cinquecento. The western façade is very handsome and rich, though many of the statues which once adorned it have been taken away. In the upper part there is a very beautiful rose-window of twenty-four leaves; below, one of twelve. The interior is very grand. The nave is lofty, with a curious semi-cylindrical vault; below this is a beautiful gallery, all round, of square white marble triple columns, with very elegant flower-mouldings. Over the choir, and in the centre of the church, like the glorious cathedral of Burgos, a circular story rises, pierced with cinquecento windows. From this springs a lofty dome. The choir is reached by a flight of white marble steps, inclosed, as is every chapel and recess, by galleries of small white marble columns. Perched on the tops of them are frequent repetitions of the Venetian Lion, sitting in the pertest attitudes. The stalls are sculptured in white marble. The baptistery

is very curious and interesting. It is of two stories, as it were—a circle upon a square, with classical shells richly sculptured in each space. The font is sculptured with fat boys. The diocese of Sebenico is the fourth in Dalmatia. It has, since 1830, included both those of Knin and Scardona in its own. There are here about 1,000 followers of the Greek rite.

As the miserable little Albergo in Sebenico was quite full, I was very thankful when the excellent Pretore, Signor Piperata, brought me an invitation to the house of Signor Vincenzo Rossetti, the richest gentleman in the city, and a most agreeable and kind friend. The house was newly built and superbly furnished, and I was received in it with the very utmost hospitality. My obliging host and the Pretore arranged an expedition for me on the following day to see the falls of the Kerka, and, in spite of a disagreeable maestral, we started, after lemonade and coffee,* in a close carriage, at 6 A.M. The road, which is very good, and newly made, lay over the same sort of dreary uplands as I had passed over on the previous day, and I could not help ex-

* The Dalmatian gentry begin the morning with large glasses of lemonade or orangeade; when they have been up about an hour or so, they take café au lait and sweet cakes.

pressing my horror of its hideous barrenness, with a regret that efforts were not made to plant and reclaim it. The Pretore shook his head, and said it made him most unhappy to see the waste of what could be turned into good olive-groves and vineyards, but that such are the present laws of Dalmatia, that no one can touch it. The land belongs to the commune, and no individual can purchase, hire, or make use of it. In the last district wherein he had been governor, many people cut the natural woods, planted the spaces, and inclosed bits of the waste lands for themselves. This is contrary to the laws, and is in fact stealing; but he always shut his eyes, and secretly helped them, and he hoped that the same thing would take place in his present district.

The government of Dalmatia is entirely a military one, and therefore not in the least adapted to the wants of the country. At this moment there is a just and upright man as governor; but it is a military appointment, given only to a good soldier, and neither the governor nor the military laws of the government have any comprehension of the needs of a country that can only devote itself to agriculture and commerce. The Pretore said his great object in the present state of things was to make roads and to encourage agriculture; but the

district is so poor that he could not pay the road makers, and the poor creatures themselves can gain no profits on their agricultural labours. There are 6,000 souls in Sebenico, 25,000 in the district, and, he added, he was thankful to say, so small a garrison that eight or ten was the largest number of officers ever in the place.

I never found any active feeling against Austria or the Austrians in any part of Dalmatia, from high or low; but I did find at every step the same earnest complaint, that, in her system of centralisation, she forced upon them a government which, however good in one country, was fatal in another, and that the carrying out of her one general system of laws forbade any chance of improvement to Dalmatia in particular.

The Pretore had commenced making a road direct to the falls of the Kerka, and had hoped to have had it nearly finished this summer; but, from the intense heat and the failure of water everywhere, the people could not raise even the most miserable crops, and were in consequence so poor that he could not expect them to do any public or unpaid work, and he looked forward with the utmost anxiety to the winter. He had last year made an esplanade for the good people of Sebenico, and improved the quays, and was doing his best to encourage the little society of the place

to unite in efforts for their own improvement; but he sighed bitterly for Englishmen or anyone to come and erect *fabriques* of any kind at Sebenico as at Fiume, and so to bring some movement into the place. There is very good coal close to Sebenico, and quantities of iron in all the country round. The port is one of the best and largest in the world, but such is the want of all energy or capital there, that it was cheaper to import all their coal from England rather than cut or carry it to their own doors. I was glad to learn, however, that a company of six gentlemen had been formed to build a small theatre at the gate of the town. It is to cost 3,000*l.*, and was to be commenced in a few days; and it is to be hoped that other works will follow this beginning of combined interests.

Our drive across this uncultivated tableland had lasted two hours, when we found ourselves standing at the mouth of the Kerka, where it falls into the Gulf of Sebenico. On the other side of the gulf was Scardona—an unhealthy place on the borders of a marsh, which, however, could be easily drained and freed from malaria. We got into a rough country boat, and were rowed up the river for nearly an hour. The water here is very deep, and runs between barren stony cliffs, which reflected a very

burning sun most unpleasantly upon us. We landed under the shade of fine walnut trees, and in full view of the falls. They are beautiful—not so much from their height as from the wide crescent-shaped expanse of cascade, tumbling over rocks which are so crowded with trees and vegetation that the snowy foaming water seems bursting through the foliage. They are remarkably picturesque: and their beauty lies entirely in themselves, for they owe nothing to the surrounding scenery. I was very sorry not to go higher and see the lake and the various convents on the borders of the river, but the heat was far too great to think of it. The maestral or west wind chose to rise for the last three weeks each day at noon, and it made the afternoons intolerable with its heavy, hot, sudden blasts.

The next morning the Pretore took me to see a beautiful picture of the Madonna and Child by Andrea Schiavone, who was a native of Sebenico; and a very fine group by Tintoret, the canvas of which had been torn in two by the soldiers in some unhappy siege of the city. The old noble in whose house they were showed me a splendid dagger which had belonged to Matthias Corvinus. The handle and sheath were of carved silver, inlaid with gold, in cinque-cento and Oriental patterns.

Accompanied by all the kind friends I had made in Sebenico, I went on board the Arciduca Ludovico at eleven, and had plenty of time to admire the picturesque city before we started. Passing through the channel of San Nicolo, we steamed close under the Venetian fortress erected by San Micheli to guard the entrance to Sebenico. Those who are learned in such matters say this is his masterpiece in fortification. The maestral had gone, and a pleasant south wind was blowing in its place; the day was serene, and the sky blue; the steamer was excessively crowded with gay and noisy pleasure parties enjoying a Sunday trip, when,—with a suddenness that is quite indescribable, the ship staggered as if she had been struck with a blow, masses of clouds went skurrying across the sky, and a violent wind began to blow. 'The Bora! the Bora!' resounded on all sides, in tones of terror and dismay. The decks were immediately cleared, the captain ordering all passengers below at once, and everyone began to heap on cloaks and shawls, and worry the steward for blankets. Very cold, rough, and disagreeable it was; and we were none of us sorry when we steamed into the harbour of Zara at six o'clock. An Austrian three-decker was there, and she at once sent a boat-load of sailors to assist in

mooring the steamer with double and triple chains, in case the much-dreaded Bora should increase. Happily it ceased to blow at midnight; but the captain of a steamer I sailed in from Fiume a few days afterwards told me he had made his passage that afternoon across this Quarnero Gulf in imminent danger. It is a very rare occurrence for the Bora to blow in this manner in the middle of summer; but, for several months of the year, a collect is added to the daily litany in all the churches of Istria and Dalmatia for deliverance from this dreadful wind.

Zara, the seat of the Diet, the bureaucratic capital, and the archiepiscopal throne of Dalmatia, is a very small city, standing on an island completely inclosed in high ramparts. These have been lined with grassy banks, and thickly planted with trees; so that Zara is pleasantly inclosed within leafy as well as stone walls. In the centre of her sea-front is a gate, Venetian on one side, Roman on the other; it leads into the principal street of the city, which is a quaint little place, clean and bright-looking, with very narrow streets and several piazzas. On the other side of the city, the connection with the mainland is guarded by a very handsome Doric gate, the Porta di Terrafirma —a work of San Micheli in 1543; as also a simple

but rather handsome Loggia, built a few years later in the Piazza dei Signori. Close to this is a solitary Corinthian column, said to be the sole remaining fragment of a Roman temple. Another, not far off, was erected for exposing malefactors to public view before execution; the chains for this purpose are still hanging to the column.

I came in for an enormous procession of all the noble and pious occupants of Zara, who were engaged in carrying a figure of the Madonna from church to church in hopes of obtaining rain. It was Sunday evening, and the crowds of people thronging the streets and the bastions were dressed in the fullest Viennese or Morlach fashion, according to their station; and the merest glance told me at once the difference in the gentry between the proud, old-fashioned, grave aristocracy of Ragusa, the busy, commercial man of Spalato, where few ladies join the promenades, and the bustling, important, authoritative look of both sexes in Zara; added to which, I think I did not meet a dozen gentlemen in plain clothes throughout the evening: all were either in military or civil uniforms.

The churches, in order to give effect to the prayers of the processionists, were brilliantly illuminated; the cathedral alone was deserted. This is a

fine picturesque old building in the Lombard style, erected in the thirteenth century by the French and Venetian crusaders.* A campanile was added in the fifteenth century, but it is too low for the size of the building. The west façade is very fine and good; it is covered with arcade-work, with two beautiful rose-windows, and three deeply-recessed doors. The capitals of the nave are some of them of the simplest Lombardic, and some of rich Corinthian. A beautiful white marble triforium, like that of Sebenico, runs round the nave, and balustrades of rich yellow marble inclose the chapels below. The very handsome stalls are each surmounted by a little gilt figure holding a scroll, containing the name of the stall. The crypt is very handsome and curious.

I will spare the reader any more churches, although some of them are very interesting, and contain some splendid gifts of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. I will only mention that in one of them is a huge picture, painted by a native living artist

* The Venetians, after the arrival of the French for the Crusade of 1202, insisted on their joining in an attack upon Zara, which they besieged and took; the Pope was extremely enraged at the delay, and to appease him, the Venetians and French united in the erection of this cathedral upon the site of a Roman Temple.—*Paton.*

of no mean merit, who is also the best rosoglio merchant in the place. I was then taken to see a large addition, just completed, to an ancient Benedictine monastery; it was a long, flat, ugly wall, pierced with narrow, pointed windows of the commonest village meeting-house description.

'Ebbene! che ne dice?' exclaimed the Zara gentleman who was lionising me. 'Don't you recognise it?'

'Recognise what?'

'Eh! sicuro! il suo Palazzo di Vestminster! They say this is a close copy of it!'

We then went to see the outside of the handsome Bibliotheca, of which the Zaratines are justly proud; it was the gift of a Zara gentleman, and it is, as yet, the only public library in Dalmatia. After this, having exhausted the lions of Zara, and the evening having closed in, I sat at the café, eating ices, and watching a number of Montenegrines, who looked strange enough in their beautiful dresses. Some of these men are exiled from the Black Mountain on account of old blood-feuds, which they would not consent to give up, and some because they belong to a family who think they have as much right to rule Montenegro as the Petrovich family of Niégush, who have now ruled for one hundred and

sixty-seven years. These men have caused so many dissensions in the little principality, that it has been found necessary to exile them; and they have, I believe, been joined by all the family of Radovich, one of whom, named Kadich, was the murderer of Prince Danilo.

Few of the richer gentry live within the confined precincts of Zara; they all have villas on the mainland, whence of course every vegetable and fruit that is eaten in the city is sent; in fact, the inclosed space is so small, that only one house in the whole city stands in a garden or has the smallest court, and not even a washerwoman is allowed to have a yard in it. Zara, though actually the capital, and for many centuries the key of Dalmatia, was never really Dalmatian, or rather Sclavic. She is said to have been founded ten centuries before Christ, but, without venturing upon that legend, we may say that she was a flourishing Roman colony called Jadera, and in the Lower Empire Diodora. The large number of fine Roman remains still existing prove her to have been an important provincial city, containing several fine temples. She was Hungarian from 1105 to 1499, when the Venetians succeeded in keeping possession of her after years of fighting. The Turks also, from 1461 till the battle of Lepanto,

were continually trying to capture her, but they never achieved the conquest.

During the French occupation of Dalmatia, the head-quarters of the general were fixed at Spalato; but all the Dalmatians (with the sole exception, of course, of the Zaratines) now greatly desire the removal of the capital to Spalato. Zara is at the very extreme end of the country; it is inconveniently small, and although the Venetian fortifications are good in themselves, the city would be indefensible, it is said, if attacked both by sea and land. It is but little nearer to Vienna and Trieste than Spalato, and now that the whole coast is furnished with telegraphs, this is of no consequence; and as I trust we may look forward to seeing a railway made from Spalato to the Danube, it is but natural to expect and hope that that place will in time become the real capital, as well as the chief commercial city and port of Dalmatia.

Zara is now the factory of the best liqueurs in the world; *maraschino* (made from black cherries which are grown chiefly at Almissa and Macarska), *rosoglio* of several sorts, *portogallo* from oranges, *garofalo* from cloves. I was told that more are exported to England than to any other country. Zara is also famous for its tunny, sturgeon,

anchovies, and other fish; but I was told that Sebenico has the most numerous and choicest variety on the Dalmatian coast. They boast much of the *dentaglie incoronate*—a very delicious fish, which is said to be only found at Sebenico and Constantinople; it has a sort of crest on its head. Just outside Sebenico also is the chief coral fishery; I saw none of very delicate colour, but it seemed to be very plentiful.

The coast from Sebenico to Zára was very ugly and barren; there are plenty of fine mountains inland, but we passed too near the low shore to see them. It was the same thing when I went on deck at three A.M. after leaving Zara; though there was a fine serrated outline looming in the distance after seven o'clock when we had landed a few passengers on the most wretched-looking of all dreary spots—the island of Pago. There was not even a hut to be seen, but I was told there was a small fort on the inland side. It was chiefly interesting to me as the first land we touched after leaving Dalmatia: a country from which I could not part without regret, and one of which I shall always bear an affectionate memory.

Then we ran across to the two islands of Lussin Grande and Piccolo, and stopped at the latter—a

very pretty little place; and after five minutes' detention there, we ran past the southern end of Cherso, and reached Arbe, where I longed to stay, so pretty and picturesque was the combination of castles and fortifications, churches and houses, woods and gardens, with the barren mountains behind the island and all in front smiling and gay. There was one beautiful church tower of four stories which charmed me, and several very solid-looking convents. The Arbiotes are very proud of their island, and they have divers songs and distiches which celebrate its beauty as the 'capo del mondo,' and the 'next place to Rome,' &c.

Each place seemed to improve in beauty as we went on, and every part of the scenery became now really beautiful. After rounding the whole island of Arbe, with Cherso on our left, we stopped at Besca nuova, the most charming little green nook with crowded houses and a little plain behind it, at the southern end of the island of Veglia. A pretty little river dashed down through the gorge, woods climbed up on every side, and bold rocky islands with rough cliffs dotted the sea. On leaving this, the Croatian coast became really splendid; Plissivitza in the far distance rose up behind the last of the Vellebich peaks, Marzuran looked lofty

and grand, and, farther on the north, a monster rose up, which they told me was Mount Klek.

We stopped half an hour at Zengg, where I saw several handsome houses, an old ruined Venetian castle, and a quay that looked busy and thriving; it is a bad port, but from being free, it has a good deal of trade. Zengg never formed a part of Venetian Dalmatia, and there is nothing Venetian about it. It is the seat of a bishop, in whose diocese Fiume is included. The mountain slopes were thickly covered with walled gardens, terraces of apple, almond, cherry, and other fruit trees and vineyards. They were all sheltered as best they could from the terrible *Bora*, and it was curious to observe how every atom of mountain that was turned to the north was utterly bare, even of a tuft of herbage; the very rock is blown into wind and weather-worn rifts and roughnesses. But it is said that all the mountains behind and about Zengg were covered till not very long ago with thick forests.

After leaving Zengg, the scenery of the narrow strait was still prettier. The Kapella mountains come down close to the water's edge, the slopes covered with sparkling white villages and smiling gardens, while Veglia on the other side is ever

picturesque and pretty. At six o'clock, we went through a strait so narrow, that three steamers could not have passed each other in it; here the sea winds round the islands like the arms of a lake, and every turn brings a new surprise; then steaming away from under the broken walls of the old castle that once guarded the passage, the Quarnero Gulf opened to my delighted eyes. Another charming gulf, or rather winding bay, containing the white town of Porto Re, opened on the right hand at the foot of the Kapella range, behind which Klek towered up more grandly than ever; the Julian Alps with their peaked serrated outline bent round the head of the gulf, and turning southward into Istria, the beautiful Monte Maggiore stood out in deep purple shadow from the sinking sun.

Porto Re, whose beauty has passed into a local proverb, became an important town under the Emperor Charles VI., but, on account of the prevalence of the *Bora*, it has been lately abandoned for Pola. Buccari, an equally pretty place at the other end of the graceful little gulf, is nicknamed 'the home of the Bora;' it is here that the astonishing and almost incredible stories of its effects are literally verified, and here that the denuded appearance of the northward slopes is in the

most striking contrast with the woods and gardens that are sheltered from its blasts. Standing on a rock in front of the pretty port is one of the three famous castles belonging to the Frangipani family; two other castles belonging to them still bear their name—one at Tersatto, by Fiume, the other at Osaly, near Karlstadt. This Castle of Tersatto is the most prominent object as one approaches beautiful Fiume; but I confess to having soon forgotten it, and everything else, in the pleasure of finding myself once more in a first-rate hotel, with spacious airy rooms, modern furniture, and a good *cuisine*. The Hôtel de l'Europe is situated on the quay, one side facing the sea, the other opposite to the new Casino and the *Piazza Grande*.

Fiume is itself very pretty, and all the views from it are still more so; it is a healthy, pleasant residence, and very cheap. Steamers from Dalmatia arrive once a week, from Trieste three times a week. The town is not in the least crowded, but, on the contrary, the streets are wide and airy; and the modern aspect of the place, with its bustling commercial sounds and sights, formed a striking contrast to the old-fashioned, walled-in cities I had so lately seen. There was but little Italian to be heard, but much more German, and all the rest

Sclavonic or Hungarian, Fiume being the only sea-port of any importance belonging to Hungary. The port is a good one, and admirably situated, as far as the sea is concerned; its disadvantage lies in being closely surrounded by high mountains, and in the inevitable consequence of steep and laborious roads. To obviate this the Austrian Government, in 1802, constructed a superb road, winding up the valley of the Fiumara—a very narrow ravine leading into the vale which separates the Julian Alps from the Kapella mountains; this road is continued to Karlstadt. The expense of making it was, however, so great, and it is so finely kept up, with parapet walls and double corners, that it has never paid more than one or one and a half per cent., and not always that. The tolls are of course heavy; they amount, for a vehicle with two horses, to about six shillings between Fiume and Karlstadt.

The west end of the town is occupied by some very large and handsome factories, the chief Piazza, two hotels, Government House, and a very splendid Casino, containing reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, libraries, concert-rooms, and a beautiful ball-room. The quays are fronted with blocks of excellent houses, among them a very pretty theatre

or opera-house, which is kept up for six months of the year. There are several bathing establishments, and a fine swimming-school of large dimensions. One of the handsomest of the quays was crowded with ships bringing quantities of material from Santorin for making compost; this the Fiumans work so well, that a commission from our Royal Engineers had just been there to study their method.

All this, and a number of good shops, form the west end of the town. At the eastern end the old town straggles partly up a steep hill at the mouth of the Fiumara, and a forest of shipping gathers round the old quays. In the midst of this part, where some quaint and grotesquely-ornamented old houses attract the eye, a very pretty public garden has been made, running up the gorge, and following the windings of the little river. This gorge is naturally lovely; its nearly perpendicular rocky sides seem but just rent apart one from the other, and if the mountain stream dashed down in freedom it would leave nothing to be desired in its way. But the ravine is filled up with large paper-mills and factories, whose smoke-funnels (which are not as lofty as the sides of the chasm) render the air thick and filthy; and very curious it was to see

the gay colours of the men's dresses, the bright greens of the foliage, and the brilliant southern sky, all dimmed and darkened into a sort of miniature Manchester or Bristol. The stream is pent up into little channels or wooden troughs, and it is only alongside of the gardens that its then dirty waters are allowed to flow in their own channel.

Above all this, perched on the eastern summit of the chasm, is the Castle of Tersatto, or Tarsat, as it is mostly called in Fiume—one of those belonging to the old family of Frangipani. It was bought by Count Nugent, the late Field-Marshal, some years ago, and it was there that he died last September. The situation is good, and almost any kind of building would have looked well in such a position, with the advantage of commanding such a view. But, as it is, it is impossible to imagine such an utter Castle Rackrent as the whole place is, or such a jumble. The late count used to build three or four yards of wall in one place, and years after he would go on in another, leaving the first bit to form a picturesque ruin, and wasting sums of money in what never formed a single room. The only thing he ever finished is a foolish-looking Grecian temple over the mouth of a subterranean vault, which had once been a dungeon. This he opened at great expense,

through the rock lower down, and has made it his own sepulchre. The cottage he lived in is at a stone's throw from these sepulchral rooms—half-a-dozen miserable rooms huddled together. A variety of sheds contain innumerable relics and bits of antiquity; fragments of really good sculpture, patched and repaired by the village mason, with new heads, fresh noses, improved legs and arms, &c.; and outside the temple are trophies from the battle-field of Marengo.

Fiume, with Veglia, and many others of the beautiful islands at the head of the Adriatic, were in the independent possession of this powerful family for several centuries. They claimed descent from a patrician of Rome, and enjoyed almost royal prerogatives. Veglia, and some other portions of their property, was ceded by them to Venice at the end of the fifteenth century; but they still maintained a magnificent position till 1671, when the head of the house was executed for treason at Vienna, and the family is now, I believe, extinct. A ruined wall, the angle of a small tower, with a window from whence you can peer down into the very bottom of the chasm below, is still shown as the chamber of the count's wife; but the hall has disappeared, where, concealed in a niche that was shaded over

by a curtain, the lady stood and listened while her husband and his two brothers discussed their plot against the Emperor. The countess immediately sent off a courier to the Empress, whose *dame d'honneur* she was, and the three brothers were in a few days arrested and carried off to Wiener Neustadt. Ere he reached the city, the count despatched a trusty servant back to Tersatto with a letter for his wife, bidding the messenger be careful to deliver it in this room 'between the day and the evening. She will draw near the window to decipher my letter in the failing light.' He added: 'Then take her by the waist and fling her unto the Fiumara.' *

The famous Church of Tersatto commands, like the castle, the magnificent view of the whole Quarnero, with its glorious coasts. In the church itself there is

* Some persons say that this tragedy took place at the other castle of the Frangipani's at Ozaly in Hungary, and that the countess was thrown into the Kulpa. She is also said to have been the sister-in-law, not the wife, of the beheaded conspirator. The Count Francis Frangipani had conspired with Count Zriny, the Ban of Croatia, Count Nadasdy of Hungary, and Count Tattenbach of Styria, to free themselves from the yoke of Leopold I.; and, by the aid of a body of Turks and Transylvanians, to make their possessions independent. Count Zriny and Count Frangipani were executed at Wiener Neustadt on April 30, 1671, after first losing their right hands; the stone erected to their memory is still to be seen with the inscription describing their crimes.

nothing to see but the thousands of thankofferings given to the holy shrine, chiefly by home-returned sailors. Many of them are dreadfully ludicrous. As is well known, it was here that the holy house was transported, according to the legend, from Nazareth; but the sins of the people were so great that after three years it was removed to Loretto. The holy house arrived in 1291, bringing with it a portrait of the Blessed Virgin, said to be painted by St. Luke. The church is about eight times as large as that of Nazareth.

In spite of the severe blow—almost a death-blow—dealt to Fiume in the opening of the railway from Vienna to Trieste, it is by no means a stagnant city; on the contrary, it is gay and thriving, and hopeful of becoming a very important place. Unlike Dalmatia, with the excellent ports that border her narrow strip of barren territory—'a face without a head behind it'—Fiume has the command of inexhaustible commerce, if only it can bring its abundance to the ships that would then crowd its harbour. A short line has been already commenced to unite Fiume with St. Peter's on the Trieste railroad; but another line has been contracted for, and will shortly be commenced, by an English, French, and Belgian company, from Fiume to Agram. Probably it

would ultimately be carried farther, as the navigation of the Save is uncertain, both in summer and winter. This one is likely to be very useful in throwing open the grain districts of Southern Hungary and that part of Sclavonia bordering on the Save; but the new line now open from Pesth to Trieste will always carry off the chief products of Northern Hungary. It is possible that the Austrian Government may, as they sometimes talk of doing, change the bad port of Trieste for the good one of Fiume, as far as commerce is concerned, and in that case the St. Peter's branch would pay well; but as Fiume stands now, there are two chief objects in the contemplated Agram line. The first object is to form a road for the produce of Eastern Hungary and all the Sclavonian countries north of the Danube, without touching Turkey anywhere, and without going round by the Black Sea. The Banat, Transylvania, Hungary, &c., would empty themselves at Semlin, and pass up the Save to Sissek or Agram. The second object is to open up the wood trade of Croatia, an almost inexhaustible commodity. The oak of Croatia is famous; but, unfortunately, when our Government made a contract here, some years ago, for timber, it fell into the hands of a few dishonest men, who cleared their lands of dead timber, and

Fiume wood naturally came into disrepute. As it is, and in spite of the heavy tolls on the road, scores of waggons pass down to the port all day laden with thin beech boards, which are carried to Italy for orange-boxes; while stacks upon stacks of felled timber are seen piled up everywhere. The ship-building is rapidly increasing, and the Fiumans hope soon to get beyond what they were before the Crimean war paralysed them. Labour is very cheap, and the ship-workmen of Fiume are remarkable for their excellence, especially as caulkers. Meantime some things are very dear: salt is fifteen shillings a basket, while meat is less than fourpence a pound, and fruit and vegetables are at prices so low as to make an Englishman stare. Corn is also excessively cheap. The Fiumans are greatly in hopes that, with the contemplated railway, they will quickly outdo Trieste as a commercial port; and I believe this hope is well founded. I learned from commercial men that the opening of the line from Vienna had had a curiously slight effect upon the trade of Trieste. The great steamers from Liverpool, &c., go in and out occasionally, and pay their dues; but the usual shipping-dues have scarcely increased by a florin a-year. This is natural, as there is nothing to export from Styria, and it is not till last autumn that

the new line, branching off to Buda, has opened the corn-growing districts of Hungary.

The Austrian Lloyds have a large settlement here; a steam-engine and anchor foundries, and several other factories belonging to government and to various companies and private individuals, among whom are several Englishmen. Many of the Trieste passenger steamers are brought here for repairs. A Government Military Academy in a noble building stands a little out of the town: it is very large, and the boys in it are some of them as young as eight years old. There are also some large cigar factories, served by women. And I must not forget to mention some marble found in this neighbourhood, which is very common and cheap; it takes a high polish, and is of a beautiful nut-brown colour that I never saw equalled for dark richness. It would be quite worth bringing to England as a new coloured variety. There is also plenty of good yellow marble.

It was a great pleasure to drive in the early morning along the Karlstadt road — the Maria-Louisa road as it is called; as the Fiumara ravine winds farther inland, its beauty becomes more varied with woods, and two or three other little ravines break into it. In each of these are mills

and bridges and pretty little settlements of houses and gardens, though they are each so narrow and deep, that one wonders how people can find breathing-room. After driving on about two hours, the ravine ends in a rich open valley running from east to west; on the other side of the hills which border it, and which are dotted with villages, is the oval plain of Grobnik, till comparatively lately the bed of an upland lake. It is said that the mountain between it and the sea was opened by an earthquake and drained off the water suddenly; certainly nothing remains but the dry shingle, which the peasants believe were rained down upon some sinful pagan. It is to be hoped that some day they will try to plant it, for, though very poor land, some kinds of trees would grow there. The mountains round the little plain of Grobnik are very pretty and varied, but the Julian Alps of Carniola, which tower over them, and to which one is coming nearer at every step, are most beautiful and noble. All this time in looking back there are the loveliest views of the Quarnero and the graceful Monte Maggiore mountains of Istria, with the islands of Cherso and Veglia.

The people of Fiume are ceaseless and bitter in their regrets for the old Hungarian times. '*Then*

we were all happy,' is their constant exclamation. Now there is nothing but jealousy and suspicion, each man of his neighbour and the government of all. The best men are displaced, and good workmen deprived of work on the slightest suspicion, frequently unfounded, of an inclination to Hungarian or Italian sentiments. Of course, where every family, poor and rich, are alike proud of any connection in the old times with the Hungarian kingdom, this suspicion is constantly arising. And the consequences of these frequent displacements are fatal to any progress or prosperity in either the people or the government. The constant changes, too, in the ideas of the latter are very irksome and injurious to the people. It is the same despotic and vexatious system of centralisation of which I met complaints at every step in Dalmatia. For instance—the lessons of the schools long ago were learned in the Hungarian language: then in Italian: lately they were changed to German; while now, this year, they are suddenly all changed again, every child is forbidden to speak a syllable of German, and everything must be learned in Sclave. This is a language wholly useless for commercial purposes, when going to school has for its object to enable the pupils to do business, and no business of any

kind or sort is ever done in Sclave. The great thing to quicken progress in both Croatia and Dalmatia is, so long as their dialects remain imperfectly cultivated, the power of commanding a language of the West—German or Italian. Italian is the language for real practical use and instruction along the coast; it is unfortunately the last language now that Austria wishes them to learn. It is no wonder that the good people of Fiume should be rather out of patience with these unreasonable changes; nor that they should love to repeat old stories of past happiness and pleasure in the Hungarian connection, such as that when their Hungarian governor had been absent for a short time, they used to come out in forty or fifty carriages to greet him with acclamations on the plain of Grobnik, and to share with him omelettes of 100 eggs each, washed down with good Istrian or Veglian wine.

This little Grobnik is endeared to the Croatians by historical association. It was here that the great southern wing or section of Batu Khan's Mongol hordes were finally defeated, who had made such a successful irruption into Russia, Poland, Hungary, Bosnia, and Dalmatia—before whom Bela IV. fled to Spalato (see page 247). Not only was their further progress into Europe checked, but the whole

body of the horde were destroyed and annihilated by the united Croatians and Dalmatians on May 25, 1262. Last year, on the 600th anniversary of that day, the Fiumans assembled on the famous spot for the consecration of a new flag; the ceremony was described to me as most striking. The plain and the surrounding villages belong to Count Batthyany, whose castle is seen close by.

There is little amusement now in Fiume: I used to listen to the Austrian band playing in the evening, in the illuminated *place* in front of the Casino; but my chief pleasure was watching the fishermen spearing the leaping fish by torchlight on the calm sea, with the moon's golden crescent shining over the lovely form of the Monte Maggiore.

I was loth to leave so pretty and pleasant a place; but the beauty of the onward voyage partly consoled me. The voyage to Trieste lasts about twenty-two hours. The vessels that go round Istria are of the same size and character as the *Dalmato-Albanese* line, and very superior to those that ply between Zara and Trieste. I found the captain of the *Istria*, Giuseppe Bernatich by name, as obliging and courteous as these worthy Dalmatians almost invariably are. He spoke nothing but Italian and Sclave, but he made the most of my

slender stock of the former language, and constituted himself my guide and protector. We started one lovely evening at five o'clock, and nothing could be more charming than our slow course down to Malinski, the chief port of Veglia, through shoals of dolphins playing in the calm sea, and leaping high into the air. Then we turned up north again, and passed into the shadow of Monte Maggiore as we rounded the northern end of Cherso.

The good captain explained to me at supper that he intended to show me Pola himself, and would stay there an extra hour for that purpose, if I could be ready at four A.M. I should have been equally ready an hour or two earlier, for the ship was crowded, and the ladies' cabin so stifling, that I preferred the floor to a berth, and I was glad enough to leave it at any hour. So in the pale early light, I found myself walking past the splendid new palace of the Governor of Pola, to the old amphitheatre. The ruin gains little or nothing from its position, though from far out at sea it appears to be well placed; it does not even stand on the seashore as one fancies it does when seen from a distance; and the land close round it is so low and flat, that the monstrous building seems built upon

nothing, although there are pretty hills in the distance. But on approaching it, one finds a large town, a still larger harbour, bastions, towers, and defences, and beyond all a wild, low hillock, on which the magnificent ruin is placed. I thought of Verona as a little circus while I stood there—Pola is so grand, so enormous. And it is perfect all round externally; within, the seats of the spectators have vanished, and have been carried away, I imagine, so little *débris* remain in the centre, while happily the three tiers of arches remain unhidden and unburied. The theatre was an oval, with one larger arch at each end, forming the gates —the one leading to the Palace of Augustus, the other for the beasts and gladiators. The peculiarity of Pola is, I believe, in the four shallow towers which contained the staircases, but they are hardly important enough to form any features in the whole. Nor is there any attempt at architectural ornaments, scarcely even a frieze. The masonry is beautiful, and the stones, which are of splendid size, were joined without mortar. A huge pit is now open from end to end: this was a bricked passage closed over, into which the bodies of men and beasts were thrown, and the blood washed down by a little stream which now trickles over

the hillocks of peacefully growing grass. My visit was on a sirocco day, so that there was no blue sky to see through the many arches; but I could quite fancy the truth of Sir Humphry Davy's description of its splendour in the light of the setting sun, for the stone of which it is built is a good white, though coarse, marble, and the old walls have much of the *dorata* of a southern clime upon them.

Then we went to the Porta Ercole and the Porta Aurea — the latter a handsome triumphal arch—and to the Temple of Rome and Augustus. This building is nearly perfect, and is very graceful in its proportions; it is much the best of the three, but I cannot say that I admired any of them much—the architecture is of so debased a style, the execution so careless, and the ornaments so slovenly. It is now a museum. I thought the old Franciscan Convent much better worth seeing, but it is now a military bakehouse, and I could only examine the pretty cloisters and a small part of the church; it has Byzantine windows, with 'columnettes' of Istrian marble, of the very best style.

Pola is now the largest naval establishment of the Austrian government: more ships are built here than at Trieste—iron steamers and wooden sailing

vessels. I wandered up and down the quays while the good captain expatiated upon the merits of one ship after another with much pride, continually adding his praise and envy of the English ships he had seen in the Crimea. But he puzzled me very much by the repetition of his admiration for one of our steamers 'called after a big fish.' I suggested leviathans and monsters without end, till at last something made me think he meant the 'Himalaya,' and I said so. 'Ah yes, that is it,' he said; 'it is one of the great fish in your Tamigi, is it not?'

The steamer usually stops only a few minutes at Parenzo, where we found ourselves at mid-day; but my good friend said he should certainly stay to take me on shore, as the cathedral of Parenzo is a 'maraviglia.' I was too happy, when I saw it, that his kindness had enabled me to see such an interesting sight.

Parenzo was finished in the year 526, and is, therefore, almost exactly the same date as Santa Sophia at Constantinople, and 450 years older than St. Mark's at Venice. It is also older than the church of Torcello, the original bishopric of Venice. Parenzo is a basilica with atrium, a two-aisled nave, and one chapel; modern transepts have

been added, and some other chapels in an inferior style. At the east end is a round apse, as glorious in its mosaics as St. Mark's or Santa Sophia. Every part of the wall and rounded roof is covered with mosaic—a group of nine saints and angels surrounding the blessed Virgin and Child, on a golden background, exquisitely done. Heads of saints adorn the arches, &c.; all are beautiful. Below these, to about ten feet high, the walls are inlaid with whole shells of mother-of-pearl, let into a dark brown stone; it looks just like a piece of Damascus furniture, and, though rude, it is effective and beautiful. The flooring of the whole church is of coarse mosaic, in Byzantine patterns, the same as in Murano and in St. Mark's: but one can scarcely look at anything, after the wall mosaics, save the capitals of the columns. The pillars themselves are of a fine brown marble; the capitals are identically the same as those in Santa Sophia, one more exquisitely undercut than the other, into lace-work of leaves, flowers, birds, &c.; they are, perhaps, a little bolder than those of Santa Sophia, but full of life and spirit—not a line wasted nor a thought thrown away. I longed to sketch them, but I could only hope they may one day be photographed; Jerusalem and Constantinople alone can rival them.

The baldachin is exceedingly curious and fine, as are the very ancient altar hangings. There is a splendid altar front, of solid silver gilt, of the Renaissance date. The interest appertaining to this is, that it is placed at the *back* of the altar for high mass, facing the bishop, who is seated *behind the altar*, as at Torcello: this is an ancient, and, I believe, unique privilege. The chapel of St. Andrew, at the north-east corner of the church, is very interesting and curious. There has been a porch or cloister outside at the west entrance, but only two or three columns remain of it. I venture to think this church is well worth a special journey from England to see. I could think of nothing else through the rest of the day, although our onward voyage was full of beauty.

Pirano is lovely enough to make anyone wish to stop there, and I know few prettier views than that on leaving it, as the bay of Capo d'Istria opens out, and Trieste, with her white houses, wind-blown rocks, and her surrounding mountain wall, becomes more and more distinct on a summer evening. How sorry I felt as our steamer pushed her way in among the crowds of ships at the quay, and I knew that my beautiful journey was over! Even Venice

—long-loved and long-pitied—could not console me for having to plunge into the mass of routine travellers, and allow myself to drift on till I reached the surging ocean of summer Alpine tourists.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAOS.

Sed si nec laudis nec honesti pulchritudo animos torpentes inflammavit; certe utilitas, cujus hodie prima ratio ducitur, movere potuit, ut loca tam præclara, tantisque commoditatibus et opportunitatibus plena, barbaris erepta, *a nobis potius, quam ab aliis vellemus possideri.*—*Busbequius*, 1560.

C'est un terrible privilége de s'appeler Chrétien, quand on veut s'agrandir.—*Revue des deux Mondes*, 1860.

MOST of my readers, in these days of universal travel, will have been in the Austrian empire at some time of their lives. They will perhaps remember, that on their first entrance even the smooth but inexorable routine of the ordeal by passports yielded in importance to the necessity of having to procure and understand a new currency. At all the frontiers—Bodenbach or Orsova, Salzburg or Trieste, everywhere except Peschiera, against which the very currency cries out as an unfit frontier—the traveller bound for the interior of the Kaiser's broad lands has to exchange his good metal for unmanageable bundles of frail, and not often clean, bank-notes. These are for amounts

varying from a pound down to two pence; so that all the small circulation of the country, the work of our shillings and sixpences, is done by twopenny bank-notes. The Englishman who has to invest his money in great sheets of these, arranged like sheets of postage stamps, or still more resembling in shape and arrangement the slab-like compartments of stamped gingerbread which formed his childhood's delight, indulges his humour, and falls into a vein of joking both obvious and inevitable. Yet there is more in a ten-kreuzer note than the suggestion of finance in difficulties, or the chaff of having a bank-note for twopence. On taking it up, you may see it traversed in all directions by groups of extraordinary words, which at first seem as though the people at the Vienna Mint had been trying to spell the word *crackjaw* in as many different ways as they could, and had perfectly succeeded. It then comes home as a living reality to the mind how thoroughly the Austrian empire is a composite body, formed of twenty nations and more, each having to be addressed in one of twenty languages, and all standing towards one another in every conceivable variety of mutual attraction and repulsion, accord or discord. There are enough of them to allow even a certain amount of philological art and

tastefulness of grouping, with a couple of Romanic forms on one side, and a couple of Sclavonic on the other; while in the central place of honour the old-fashioned letters of the German ruler stand solitary and dominant over all.

Every one of these words, uncouth and strange as they seem to English eyes, is the symbol of an idea living and working in the hearts of millions of men. The political struggles of ages, the victories and defeats of their past history, the absorption or obliteration of old races and the development of new ones, the fusion or separation of varied nationalities, the hopes and the fears, the aspirations and the designs of a score of half-cemented fragments of the great human unity, are all here traced in clear and distinct characters to the eyes of those capable of perceiving and understanding them. Is there any one among us who is capable of so understanding them, and who can reduce into an orderly whole the mutual bearings of the entire conflicting mass? I cannot undertake to answer this question. Some separate parts of it are clear enough, and lie patent on the surface. We want no one to tell us what the words 'dieci soldi' mean on an Austrian bank-note: we know how they got there, and all true Englishmen are anxious to

know how they can be most easily struck out without a European convulsion: those who have resided in Venice can hardly refrain from saying even with one. We have not much trouble in guessing that the words 'Zece cruceri' suggest a speech and a nation which would be Italian if it could. We regret that it cannot, and we naturally lament the hundreds of miles which separate the people of the lower Danube from their nearest kinsmen over the head of the Adriatic. Then, perhaps, by its very solitude and utter want of connection with any of its neighbours, we can determine where to assign the group, 'Tiz ezüst kraiczár;' the utterance of a great people, perhaps the noblest race of eastern Europe, standing apart, defiant and determined. But who on earth is to stretch a guiding hand and help the plain Englishman through the dreadful labyrinth of 'Deset krajcarjew,' and 'Deset krajcarů,' and 'Deset kraicari,' and 'Deset krajcarah,' and so on, ringing the changes on the genitive plural through a score of Sclavonic dialects, each representing its own sectional ideas and its own party statement? Why, of character alone there are four varieties. There is modern Roman type, and there is old Gothic type; there is modern Cyrillic writing, and there is

a weird mysterious group of letters, which are to modern Cyrillic what old Gothic black letter is to Roman, and which probably is a financial way of letting everybody know that the Ruthenian peasant, in the eye of the Austrian Government, must not have the same written language as his Polish lord. Perhaps one form may be recognised out of all these by the sheer unsightliness of its spelling—'Dziesięć kraicarów'—with its strange hook, denoting the archaic nasal sound now lost in all the other dialects, and so precious in the eyes of the comparative philologist. Let us turn quickly away from this: it is no more possible to look a Polish word than a Polish man in the face: nothing but disquiet and anxiety can come out of thinking on a nation of patriots so gallant and so doubly deluded and abandoned.

No; I doubt greatly whether we have anybody who can see his way clearly through the whole of this complication of Sclavonic words and Sclavonic ideas, assigning each word at sight to its rightful owner, and accurately estimating the amount of truth and falsehood, of value or worthlessness, contained in the account each section endeavours to render of itself and of its neighbours. The Gordian knot must not be cut—it must be fairly

untied; and if we cannot do so, we must prepare or create somebody who can. As for trying to cut it by the repetition of a mere formula, such as a generality about Panslavonic brotherhood, Panslavism, the love or fear of Russia, Sclavonic Piedmonts, or the like, is either a parrot repeating a learnt lesson by rote, a dupe, or a tool. The English reporter has long begun his work in Sclavonic countries: it is time for the English critic and judge to follow in his footsteps.

As regards the north-eastern Sclavonians, it is our great good fortune that we have at our command a store of full and exact knowledge, organised by the most singularly perfect and impartial criticism. It is with them that the storm of controversy is at its height, and it is something astounding to listen to the hubbub of assertion and counter-assertion, of lying and giving the lie, of doctored ethnology, doctored history, doctored politics and geography, and universal one-sided uproar, raging for some time past among Poles, and Lithuanians, and Russians of all colours and all shades of honesty. Each province, claiming to ground its own case on some fact in history or ethnology, views it by the coloured light of its interests and passions, and almost in spite of itself it is always manufacturing

the facts to suit its views. The English traveller, unsustained by any elementary knowledge, brings back and repeats one-sided opinions, and the facts on which they are made to rest, according to his predilections or the accidents of his social intercourse. Readers at home, unsuspicious or off their guard, are apt to receive these as the result of genuine enquiry, or else to be wholly puzzled and bewildered by the conflicting statements.

Such a traveller is not safe from betraying himself, and may 'draw a dogskin over his face' as the Persians say. It is not long ago that one of them, half unconsciously becoming the mouthpiece of a Russo-Scandinavian theory of history, talked with an odd air of spontaneous contempt of 'that mushroom nation the Lithuanians.' This is like talking of 'those parvenu families the Courtenays and the Derings;' and it is a singularly unfortunate hit, because every other word of the Lithuanian's speech happens to be a genuine and remarkable voucher of the very hoariest Aryan antiquity, sometimes pre-Homeric, and even pre-Vedic. One is almost tempted to wish the writer up to his neck in a Lithuanian swamp, banished to the Lithuanian backwoods to keep company with the last living verb in —mi, the last old-world bison, and perhaps the

last patriot. Yet on this ground all we have to do is to turn to the masterly writings of Mr. Sutherland Edwards: he can lay his finger at once and with precision on the exact falsification, exaggeration, or suppression made use of by each party in its history and ethnology. He can explain with certainty all the surface talk, and lay bare the secret motives, the rights and wrongs of all these Poles and White Russians and Red Russians and Black Russians, and the rest of them, so as to put each in its proper pigeon-hole with perfect trustworthiness. Mr. Edwards has given us the great boon of a practical check on the talk of echoes, parrots, and mouthpieces, and I wish to take him as the text of the long sermon which I am now preaching.

Now what I want to ask is, whom have we got to be as Mr. Edwards to us in Southern Sclavonia, in the border-lands and the interior of European Turkey? There the complication is at least as great and as manifold as in the North-East; yet, with the exception of Mr. Paton, we have nobody upon whom to rely for accurate accounts and sound judgment, if even for elementary criticism; and then Mr. Paton is far from covering all the ground, or coming up to the present time. It is possible that our Government has fully, or at least

adequately, mastered the whole state of political opinion, and its historical and ethnological groundwork, in Dalmatia, and Bosnia, and Servia, and the Principalities, and the whole heaving Austro-Turkish frontier. But it is impossible to read the comments and enquiries of those outside the Government, which occur from time to time, without perceiving that, even if the Government be only one-eyed, its critics are absolutely blind. They seem to have nothing better to do, when wanting to express their uneasiness and dissatisfaction with things as they are, than to declaim generalities, which are not always so safe as they appear, to indulge in the luxury of wild indignation against infamous Austria and Turkey, or to utter vague wild hopes about the future of noble and suffering nationalities. The hopes and indignation are all well enough; but when any attempt is made to sustain them by facts, it is these latter which too often vanish into thin air. Even the treatment of current events is untrustworthy; for in practice they become always adjusted to some comprehensive 'platform,' or general set of opinions on one side or the other, either upholding the preservation, or preaching the destruction, of Austria or Turkey. Such generalities will almost always

be found to rest on some prodigious blunder in the elements of geography or ethnology; and thus the whole statement is no stronger, and too often no honester, than its weakest and most dishonest point. All this is preeminently the case in Turkey; in Austria, what with the Vienna statesmen, the Hungarian constitutionalists, and Mr. Paton's useful works, so far as they go, much can be made out in the way of check and counter-check. But in Turkey, after all the enormous mass of talk and writing, we know upon these points just as little as when we began, and, what is worse, we do not seem to possess the art how to know, how and where to learn, to unlearn, and to relearn.

Up to a very recent period this mattered very little, for we were all pretty well united in our principles or watchwords: we either had perfect confidence in our government, or controlled it by an orderly and organised cross-examination, or opposition. We saw, moreover, that they knew well enough all that it then concerned them to know. The modern political history of Turkey, the nature of its administration and dominant institutions, the produce and resources of the soil, its foreign commerce and internal trade, its military and naval capabilities, and all the details of its

diplomatic relations, have been given to the public in countless blue and other coloured books, and are all more or less sufficiently known and remembered. This would seem to include everything, but it is very far from doing so. To take the smallest but most obvious point first, the geography of the country, for one thing, is very little known, as regards much of European Turkey. The thick darkness which hangs over most of that land affords a striking contrast to the bright light, by the help of which we are gradually knowing everything about parts further east, such as Syria, which are less accessible, and much more lawless. The best example of this may be found in the great work of the historian of ancient Greece. Probably Mr. Grote, before he came to examine the subject, was as little aware as his neighbours how little we really knew of European Turkey; but having to work out the early northern campaigns of Alexander, and to investigate the geography of Macedonia in detail, he found himself absolutely without materials to help him in his task. He records in a footnote that Mount Rhodope, and the upper valleys of the Strymon and Nestus, remained an unknown land, until the recent visit of M. Viquesnel, a traveller sent for the special

purpose of geographical discovery by the French Government. Geography, however, is an abstract matter, which can well be left to take care of itself now-a-days, thanks to Sir Roderick and his men. The various, and as yet, ill-defined ideas expressed by the word *nationality* are of far greater and more immediate importance. The possession of a common nationality — by whatever rule that may be determined — is now held to have a distinct value of its own in politics; nationality is taking its place as a new power among us, with an organic vital growth, which may hold the same moral force as a treaty engagement, and may supersede it when they come into collision. We have already recognised publicly the right of a people to choose its own rulers, and many among us consider that when they have once said the words 'suffering nationality,' or turned a rhetorical phrase about 'groans of anguish,' or 'tears and blood,' they have settled the question, and have no need further to look for details. But it becomes necessary to look gift nationalities in the mouth, after all; if the principle be fairly established, an imperfect knowledge, or distorted comprehension of the various elements in detail, which go to make up the aggregate of a nationality, may surely become

a pressing evil. Everything is not a nationality which calls itself one. Every community which groans does not necessarily suffer; very much that is said in the name of a nationality may be only the cry of an ambitious clique, which is foreign to it; and it may be completely at variance not only with its true interests, but even with its actual wishes.

Perhaps we shall end by having to appoint ethnological attachés and secretaries at Vienna and Constantinople some of these days, like the naval and military, the Oriental, or the Chinese ones, and to send *colporteurs* with bundles of Dr. Latham's books for distribution among all our political Consulates. At any rate, it is important that we at home should have the means and the wish of examining and sifting details, before grounding any conclusive opinion upon them. Yet this is just what we seem unable to do, even if willing; and so we go on shutting our eyes and opening our mouth to receive everything which may be dropped into it from South-Eastern Europe. A statement of this kind must not be made without being supported by a sufficient number of examples; and, though it may be thought invidious and carping to bring them forward, it would not

be right to shrink from censure, when censure is felt to be a duty, merely for fear of being deemed censorious.

Who of my readers is not familiar with the wearisome enumeration of the various peoples under the Sultan's rule? Yet what speaker or writer has ever given their statistics without uttering many fallacies and errors, without displaying his own ignorance of the subject, or without insinuating, or being made to insinuate, the small end of a wedge of deceit? The predetermined friend of the Turks, using that word in a comprehensive sense, as equivalent to Mussulman, greatly swells the amount of the true Turks in Europe. The Christian advocate, who has made up his mind to wage war to the knife against the Turk, inveighing against the sin, absurdity, and 'anachronism,' of a Turkish minority, directly ruling over I don't know how many millions of Christian subjects, exaggerates the disproportion, and enforces his rhetoric, by adding to them the indirectly ruled and semi-detached provinces; even those where, as in Roumania, Turks are by treaty forbidden to reside. What between the facts given by the advocates of the different denominations, and those given by the 'friends' of the different races, of the

Greeks, the Sclavs, and the rest of them, you can get the cards shuffled into any variety of statistical combination; you can find facts to justify any opinion to the benefit or detriment of any class or community, and there is nobody of English blood to say nay, or to drive his criticism, like O'Connell's coach-and-six, through the entanglement of fallacy and error. My conviction is, that in these matters we cannot do better than rub off the tablet of our minds everything thereon inscribed regarding nationalities in Turkey, start fair, and begin to learn all over again correctly. Have we quite unlearnt the fallacy of our old friends, the twelve millions of Greeks, who used to be an article of faith before the Russian war? I am not sure to what extent it has been driven out by the impression now establishing itself, that they are twelve millions of Sclavs, after all. I read lately in a first-class periodical, of a something called *Yugoslavië*, or South Sclavonia, purporting to be a real national entity, composed of some such number of millions. The word has such a fine varnish of local colour, that it ought to have some meaning, and denote some corresponding reality, and not turn out a delusion and a snare. It claims to be the name of a genuine aggregate body, made up of various

communities, connected with one another in the same way, and differing from one another in the same way; all speaking the same language, and all, *exceptis excipiendis*, animated by the same desire, and invested with the same right, of political union, in virtue of the principle that nations have a right to choose their own rulers. What is it which constitutes such a body? The bond of union is not formed by common subjection to Turkey, for South-Sclavonia includes the Dalmatians, the Croatians, and the Rascians or Hungarian Serbs, all subjects of Austria. Common religion is not the bond of union, for the term includes the Catholic, the orthodox Eastern, and, prospectively, the Mussulman as one. Common language is not, unless we consider the common possession by all Christians of the old dead ecclesiastical Sclavonic, as the language of their rituals, to be a sufficient bond, for the term is stated as including the Bulgarians; and this last point happens to be the keystone of the arch, the pivot upon which the whole question turns. In two words, the real meaning of the term is simply this: The Servians, or certain parties in Servia, believe, and wish us to believe, that they have both the power and the moral right to annex to their own

rule some, if not all, of the country inhabited by Bulgarians; they are sparing no effort to work on the Bulgarians, and induce them to see the fitness of things in the way they do themselves; it is possible, nor is it undesirable, that with time and trouble they may succeed in so assimilating them; but, in the meanwhile, they seek to represent the relationship of the Bulgarians with themselves as a ready-made kinship already existing, and amounting to virtual identity. The Bulgarian is not akin to the various fragments of the Illyrian, Servian, or true South-Sclavonic family, in the same degree that they are connected with one another. In origin and descent he is different from them; though on this no stress need be laid, so long as the ethnologists know nothing of his first forefathers, and, even if they did, are all conjecture and no fact as regards the precise nature and value of hereditary transmitted aptitudes. In condition, habits, and character, he is widely different; and he is hardly less so in language. He speaks a Sclavonic dialect, it is true, which, according to modern German criticism, is one of the two sole living descendants of the old Cyrillian tongue.

But it is not the Servian's Sclavonic dialect; it stands apart from it; it has lost its declensions; it

has a different phonetic character, partly by corruption, partly by archaic retention; it uses a definite article, and postfixes it to its noun; and its structure is more analytic than the synthetic structure which made Niebuhr call the Servian the 'honestest language in all Europe.' In fact, his language differs from the Servian in nature as well as in analogy — though hardly so much in amount—exactly as the Danish differs from German. As Denmark and Germany are within the pale of our knowledge and common sense, we have been spared from having a rigmarole about their original Teutonism thrust into the history of their differences. The ethnological case is as though we were to have the Fleming, and the Hollander, and the Frisian, and the Sleswicker, all joined together under some such name as Netherdutchland, or Nordo-Germania, with the Dane or Swede kneaded up with the mass; the whole being then paraded before the acquiescent eyes of some remote part of Europe, as a real *bonâ fide* nationality, for the purpose of producing a certain effect on the opinion of that country.

The union of the true members of the South-Sclavonic family is another matter. This may come to pass some day in spite of the conflict of religious

denominations and of interests, and it will be a natural union when it does so. Yet, for reasons which I have no space here to give at length, I am induced to think that they will most probably and most advantageously grow into two main divisions, under the respective influences of Italian and of German or Austro-Hungarian civilisation—the western and maritime, the eastern and inland. Montenegro has a natural, though limited, line of probable annexation on her north-western frontier, in the border Christian districts of the Herzegovina, towards Niksich and Trebinje; she is not in the least likely to surrender her independence to any power, whether foreign or of her own race; she can stand alone, and I exclude her from the above speculation. United with Servia—an impossible contingency for some time to come—the Montenegrins would float on the Servians like oil on water, and would probably end by becoming a dominant military caste of Palikars, passionately attached to their own ruling family, and the reverse of subservient to any local interest or ambition. Servia has been called a Sclavonic Piedmont; and the adroit comparison, true enough if limited to her aggressive disposition, is not thrown away if it has led people to believe that she is also the most civilised,

free, and progressive of South-Sclavic communities. I believe the *mot* to be no more true than that she is the South-Sclavic Sicily or Calabria. Dalmatia is incomparably the most civilised and the worthiest of these communities; she is their Tuscany as well as the nearest approach to their Piedmont; and she owes this to Italy and to the sea. From her all their true civilisation and progress must arise which is to be home-grown and born out of order—not out of chaos.

The entire mass of the rural and non-Mussulman population of Turkey in Europe, with the exception of Bosnia, Thessaly, Albania, the Chalcidic peninsula, and a very narrow belt of seaboard, consists, not of Greeks and Sclavs, but of Bulgarians. They are not true Sclavs, nor do they as yet think of themselves as such, whatever they may end by doing under strong influences; but we are never safe from having them passed off upon us as an identical part and parcel of the South-Sclavonians. The fallacy may recur anywhere and at any moment when wanted. During the Montenegrin war, at the time when, as we now know, secret preparations were being made for Garibaldi's descent on the Albanian coast, the correspondent of a morning paper, who knew perfectly well what he

was saying and why he was saying it, told us that 'all the inhabitants of Servia, Bosnia, Montenegro, the Herzegovina, and Bulgaria, speak dialects of the same language.' This is equivalent to saying that all the people of Dorsetshire, Yorkshire, Massachusetts, and the Tyrol, speak dialects of the same language. So they do; but it is one thing to be cousins descended from a common grand parent, and another to be sisters born from a common parent.

'Once for all,' I recently read it somewhat dogmatically stated in the same flesh-tinted magazine to which I have before referred—an able and thoughtful one, which usually looks before it leaps—'the Christian subject will not tolerate a Mussulman Rajah.' Now, I cannot waste time in making game of the confusion caused in the writer's mind by the German spelling of 'Rayah,' which has apparently suggested and jumbled the ideas of a Hindoo prince and of eastern tyranny; though it is certainly very queer. What is necessary to be known is, firstly, whether the alleged fact be true; and, secondly, whether it and similar facts come to our knowledge in a legitimate way. We should clearly understand what and where is the point of contact, or the link of connection, between the Rayah speaker and the English

reporter. Putting aside the vociferous minority of Greeks, whose words, womanlike, do not always accurately express that which their inner selves wish or expect to be believed and acted upon, the vast and homogeneous majority of the Christian population in European Turkey, as I have said, consists of Bulgarians; neither Greek, nor even Servian, has any right or authority to set himself up and be trusted as their spokesman; and they themselves have said nothing whatever upon the subject. It needs no inference from analogy, nor even the little direct evidence which we possess, to tell us that they are discontented with the details of the Turkish administration under which they live. But that they are disaffected and ripe for rebellion, or that they have yet risen to the conception of liberty at all, is not only unproved, but it is exceedingly unlikely; and the direct contrary is stated by Mr. Paton, who can at least talk to them for himself in Turkish. This writer very acutely and truly says, in his recent history of modern Egypt, that all attempts at internal combination against Turkey in past times have failed, because the Bulgarians, that is, the mass of the Christians, have never stirred. Their active disaffection is unlikely, because they conceive themselves to have

been deceived and abandoned, not only by the Russian invaders whose part they took during the war of 1829, but also by those who instigated the local risings of 1841 and 1850; they were put down in these last cases, with ease and with much cruelty of retribution, and, under ordinary circumstances, they are not likely to listen to the voice of the tempter henceforward. But what they feel and think is unknown to us in its real nature, its breadth and depth, because actually no Englishman exists who is possessed of the only qualifications which can fit him to pronounce an authoritative opinion; who combines experience with long personal intercourse, and a knowledge of their language. Turkish is sufficient only up to a certain point, yet not more than a very few real Englishmen even know that. Bulgarian itself is known to none. A very slight grammatical sketch of a dozen pages in a pink wrapper, and an Anglo-Bulgarian dictionary, form the only recognition in English of the Bulgarian language; and these are not the work of Englishmen, but of American missionaries, a class of men who have more active sympathy and more enterprise than we of the mother country.

Yet the incipient literary cultivation and educa-

tional use of this Bulgarian language, and the roused consciousness of distinctive nationality among the Bulgarian people, simply form the most important events in the modern history of Turkey; events at least as important as the series of decrees and guarantees and treaties written on water or on waste paper. To the eye of the Turk and the conservative diplomatist, who stand on antique ways, to the tourist and the trader, the Bulgarian is merely a Greek Christian like another, only with a vernacular *patois* of his own; he is one of the '*Rum Milleti*' or 'Greek nation' spiritually and intra-nationally administered by the Patriarchate, and nothing more. Yet it is antipathy to that Greek spiritual administration which has called his sense of nationality into existence, and which is as the very breath of its life. He insists on having bishops and clergy of his own race and speech; he will not tolerate an alien priesthood, who are too often both the originators and the instruments of oppression and tyranny; he seeks to obtain the established use of his language as an instrument of prayer and education; and, rather than be deprived of this, he will go over to the Church of Rome. He has his own newspaper, the *Tsarigradski Věstnik*, at Constantinople, advocating his own

views; and both the capital and the great towns south of the Balkans, such as Adrianople and Philippopoli, where the Christian population is partly Greek, partly Bulgarian, have been set in ferment by a war of pamphlets and leading articles waging between him and the Greeks. Information about him coming from the Fanar is worth as much as information from a Pole about Russia, or from a Russian about Poland. The Christians inhabiting the villages near the capital, though of Bulgarian origin, have become assimilated to Greeks, and do not now differ from other Greeks; but the process of assimilation is stopped in our time by roused national consciousness on the Bulgarian's part. The internal empire within the Turkish empire which the Greek used to wield is thus being reduced to its barest spiritual elements; and the cherished dream of independent empire and revived dominion in the imperial city, which is the all-devouring master-passion of his life, can now never be more than a baseless fabric, even if the Turks were to be plunged to-morrow neck and crop into the Lake Balkash. The Turks are some way off the Lake Balkash yet, however: the Bulgarian's Anti-Greek feeling, if they are not too dull and routine-loving to turn it to account, or too dexterously

blinded by intrigue, may be made to tell for them in future just as his apathy told for them in past times. Russia once sought to annex from without by force of arms; she now seeks to dislocate from within by force of sentiment. Greece has no love for Russia; but Russia can afford to do without it, so long as Greece turns to, as she may do any day, and resumes the work of dislocation in the name of freedom and nationality, though in the real hope of clutching at an empire which she, as yet, is very unfit to wield. But Bulgaria—by which I mean a great deal more than the mapmaker's misleading conventionality of the country north of the Balkan so called—though she very properly makes use of the cognate Russian language as a means and a standard whereby to cultivate her own, refrains from Russian political work, and dances but sluggishly to the piping of Panslavists and Yugoslavists and Danubianists—the last new thing in politico-ethnological *nouveautés* turned out this spring from the *atelier de confection* in which they are made up, wherever that may be.

The irony of treating nationality as a fixed and defined principle never was better shown than in a recent double re-migration. A large Bulgarian colony, transplanted and settled in Russia, of its

own free-will, goes back again and puts its neck under the yoke of the hateful Turk; while the first instalment of Nogai Tartars, brothers in speech and religion with the Osmanli, who had rushed violently across the Black Sea in the frenzy of a semi-religious stampede, repent at leisure, and go quietly back again with Russian passports in their pockets. As for the Bulgarians, whether they remain yet awhile under Turkish rule, or free themselves from it in our own time, as they must ultimately do sooner or later, it is in them alone that one can see any really hopeful prospect, on taking a broad general view of the probable future of these countries. This is afforded by their numerical preponderance; their utter primitiveness, which has learnt nothing, and has nothing to unlearn; their industry and thrift, their obstinacy, and their sobriety of character. It is a conviction of their paramount importance, in all consideration of the European portion of that wonderful complex of smaller questions called by us collectively the Eastern Question, as well as a regret for our past blindness or neglect, hitherto content to range them either as rogues or martyrs, like any or all of other Christians in Turkey, which lead me to speak at greater length and

with more discursiveness on this subject than I had at first intended.

Here is my last and crowning quotation of confusion worse confounded, which I give, not for its importance, but because it comes from a book out of which all people help themselves when they wish to write about Montenegro and Bosnia.* 'Whose freedom (i. e. the Montenegrins) in their mountains, under a Christian ruler, appears insufferable to the Osmanlis. How often have these brave peasants had to fight with Ali Pasha of Janina? The elder Scodra Pasha, father of Mustapha, fell in battle with him. No sooner was Jelaluddin become the ruler of Bosnia than he attacked them.' I defy anybody to untie this knot. This is not the place specially to go cruising after great leviathans, wallowing and floating many a rood on the ocean of their reputation as Eastern authorities; else it might not be undesirable to send a harpoon into one or two, lash him alongside, cut him up, and scoop out of his braincase gallonsful of this sort of thing—pure oil of bosh, with which to nourish the flame of criticism. But I think the time has come when it would be useful, if not most necessary, to write the history of public opinion in England respecting Turkey, as displayed

* History of Servia, p. 348. Bohn.

in our fluctuations of sentiment towards the dominant race and the most prominent and typical of its subject-peoples. I can do no more than suggest the subject, and run rapidly over its main heads. At the first outset of the war of independence, up went the Greek, perched at his end of our mental see-saw, into the seventh heaven of idealisation, and down went the Turk into the abyss of loathing and contempt. The shock given to our supposed interests by the glorious and untoward victory of Navarino roused us up to the discovery that the Greek was no hero, but a villain; one who would not pay his way, insolvent and repudiant; or, at best, a worthless imp, chattering in attendance on the great Northern grandfather of all devils; so down sank the Greek, and up rose the Turk. Admiration for the attitude of Mahmud standing alone at bay against Russia and all her forces, reforming with one hand and fighting with the other; a vague feeling of enmity to Russia, and a sense of great interests being at stake in Turkey; able works of travel of a new stamp, marked by knowledge, many-sided sympathy, and judgment, like those of Lieutenant Slade; the perfervid ingenuity and Highland second sight, only just short of prophetic, of the remarkable Gael who invented Circassia; all these

things combined not only to lift up the Turk, but to keep him aloft at a high pressure. This was not impaired by the succeeding period of dilettantism; of light touristic books of travel in the East, then newly opened and newly made safe to Europeans; of kindly Western poets trying to catch a spark of divine fire from the Eastern imagination; even of idealising peculiar institutions like polygamy and the hareem, as we used to call it, under the impression that what was right for Egypt would be right for Turkey too. Then came the climax of glorification, when the Turks were seen by all Europe not only to have shown sagacity, self-respect, and self-control worthy of her best statesmen in the Cabinet, but actually single-handed to have outgeneralled and outfought their mighty antagonist in the field during the whole winter campaign of 1853. Slowly but surely they dilated into heroic dimensions before our astonished eyes.

But the contest lingered. An exasperated public clamoured for a real Russian war on a grand scale, waged everywhere, and with all weapons. Instead of this, the exigencies of our alliance, and the necessities of diplomacy, forced it to put up with a Crimean siege, and all other objects were made subordinate to this one. We, as one Power among

others, had to prosecute a joint war, in order to punish so great an outrage on international usage as the occupation of a province, in material guarantee of the execution of a treaty by its owner; and the relief of Turkey from military pressure, or other forms of aggression, was not meant to be the primary object so much as an incidental consequence of this war. The opinions and wants of Turks went for nothing in its prosecution, and were set aside, or not deemed worthy of being consulted, in the face of the major necessity. We grumbled at the peace, but we were fain to accept it, rather than carry on an exclusively English war, no man exactly knew how, and drift into an unknown sea, in pursuit of undefined English or Anglo-Turkish objects; so, in our dissatisfaction, we naturally vented much of our ill-humour upon those Turks whom the touch of an hour's actual contact had made to shrink and collapse into nothing, from the absurd stature of ideal heroes and patriots to which our imaginations had elevated them. The whole administration of Turkey, especially the military branches, which came chiefly before our eyes, was teeming with venality and corruption. Their army had disgraced itself in Asia, in 1854. It had failed to

satisfy military etiquette by going through the form of holding an untenable redoubt in the Crimea, and mighty was the tempest of wrath which then howled against it. Its greatest achievement, the memorable repulse of the Russian assault on Kars, came to be seen here as an English, not as a Turkish triumph, for the Turkish rank and file were without a sacred bard. The people were disdainful, apathetic, and thoroughly vicious; they repelled sympathy, and resented patronage; nor did any common medium of speech exist by which to overthrow the barriers of exclusiveness which separated them from ourselves. The officers of the Turkish contingent, mostly men of Indian training and experience, were disbanded at the peace, before they had time to take root in the country, to learn its language, or bring their unprejudiced judgment to bear in full on its manifold thoughts and ways.

So that when the peace came—and with it came back the original devil, bringing with him seven devils worse than himself, into a house by no means swept and garnished—we were, and have since been, in a constantly increasing measure, quite predisposed and ready to believe that every form of sin and wickedness which comes to light in Turkey is the result of a distinctive Turkish nature of evil.

Any foreign power, actuated towards Turkey by low motives of aggressive selfishness, such as even prevail among Christian Cabinets, is now armed with an instrument by which the precepts and morality of the Ten Commandments have been invested in spirit, if not actually in letter, with the force of a treaty engagement binding the Turk fully to observe them and carry them out. Every untouched iniquity of his former exclusive system and class-legislation, all the evil which arises from the rule of any dominant race, and all that which is inseparable from the institutions of Islam, all the myriad sins and crimes which Turks commit, and which all men commit, have thus come to be indiscriminately treated in an official way, as breaches of a pledge morally given to all Europe. Such leverage as this is not likely to be thrown away by those who wish ill to Turkey, and who, by giving the dog a bad name, betray their anxiety to hang him. The idea of his being now, and from the beginning, reprobate, outcast, and incurable, is therefore sedulously fostered by his old adversary, who has even thought it worth while specially to establish a newspaper for that purpose in the West, and who probably does not allow that newspaper to suffer when prosecuted and cast in damages

for uttering malicious libels against Turkish pashas, as it has been before now. The dynastic ambition and the desire of territorial annexation which influence the present or the expelled rulers of most of the tributary provinces or adjoining kingdoms, as well as the natural aspiration of some of these last towards union with provinces which still form a part of Turkey, as in the case of Greece and Thessaly; and the natural fidget and restlessness alleged to be felt by others under a false position, as in that of the Servians towards the Turkish garrisons; all tend to the encouragement of this idea in order to effect special purposes. The agents of these parties know well enough how to represent and to misrepresent their various cases, and how to turn to their own account the ambition and the vanity, the credulity and the vindictiveness, of those whom they consider the fittest instruments for their work. To them any dry stick will do for a lever, whether it be an honest fanatic, or a dashing cavalier who likes to appear as the *Pobratim* or adopted brother of the fairy Vila. This idea has also fallen into the hands of the Ultra-Liberal 'party of action,' who have no spite against Turkey for herself, but who simply wish to pull her down, in the hope of pulling down Austria

in the general crash. This they will do, even at the risk of only doing Russian work in the process, and surrounding that empire with a ring fence or outwork of petty masked despotisms of the Othonic type, yielding her moral allegiance. If such action comes with a bad grace from those who ate Turkish bread at Kutaya, and were sheltered by Turkey from the united vengeance of Austria and Russia in 1849, it is not from ingratitude, but from the consuming fire of patriotism, which burns up and withers any tenderer sentiment. In this way the rising wave of public sentiment, fed from unseen and unfelt sources, is dashing itself in foam over the rock of Downing Street, or saturating and undermining the shifting sands of unsettled national purpose, on which that rock is presumed to be fixed. The Government sits calmly by, and makes no effort to regulate or control the rising tide; it rests and is thankful, or it murmurs: 'After us, the Deluge.'

It would be wrong to omit recent books of travel from a summary of the elements which are causing the present deflection or change of public opinion towards Turkey. Most of these are records of journeys in Syria, the most utterly confused and disorganised of all Turkish provinces. The un-

doubted complicity of some Turkish subordinates, and the participation of Turkish soldiers in the horrible massacres which occurred there, have been by far the most just and natural cause of our indignation and discontent. But Syria has a special character, and must be treated specially. The most undiluvian of our wars passed over Turkey in general without leaving in the country a single English student of native languages and character; hardly a single traveller; and we have had no books of travel during and since that period other than the slightest and most trifling. The impartial or slightly biassed works of Thornton and Slade, full of sound information, and the more strongly biassed work of Macfarlane, have not been followed up by other works of corresponding, or in any way of approaching, value. Mr. Senior's compilation, conscientious and, to him who knows how to understand it, valuable as it is, forms no exception. It consists of a mass of evidence relating to Turkey, good, bad, and indifferent, often utterly contradictory in matters of fact, set before the public in the form of a diary, without being accompanied with any test or means of criticism and discrimination. There is more that is valuable, and more that is worthless, in this book than in any I know

of the same size and method: but previous knowledge, and the power of cross-examining the persons who are placed in the witness-box, can alone determine which is which. The evidence against Turkish slander and calumny may be given by a man on the brink of dismissal from his country's service for calumniously traducing a functionary of his country, with the slander hot in his mouth: the evidence against Turkish roguery and corruption may be given by a future convicted felon: the precious concentrated thoughts of the ablest public servant in the East may be commented on and pawed over by illiterate Levantines, no more able to understand them than a kitten to understand chess; what we hear may be the invective of Clodius against lady-killers, and of Catiline against Cethegus; and all this is passed off upon the public as of equal value with the evidence of scholars, historians, and statesmen; of Slade and Alison, of Wyse and Finlay. The book is like a bagful of jewellery turned out in a heap before our eyes; it contains precious diamonds, glass, and paste; but to distinguish one from the other is impossible, except for those who happen to be jewellers already.

I have only space for indicating, by one final instance, the method adopted in discrediting and

damaging the Turks in our opinion, for an interested purpose. At the time of the Montenegrin war of 1862, a correspondent of the 'Times' wrote as follows from Scutari, in Albania, under date of August 29:—'During the whole war the Turks have not taken a single prisoner; and it is only quite lately that some Albanian Irregulars have been preserved from the usual fate which attended them if they fell into the hands of the Turks, namely, mutilation of the most horrible kind and death.' Now, it is quite possible that the word 'Turks,' in the second clause, may have been misprinted or miswritten for the word 'Montenegrins,' the hereditary enemies of Albanian Irregulars; and the apparent intention of antithesis between the two clauses may help to bear out this view. Nor, on the other hand, should I feel justified in venturing on so sweeping and absolutely negative a statement as that no Albanians had been bullied or bribed, or cajoled into deserting the Turks and making common cause with the Montenegrins, seeing that no efforts, spiritual or temporal, had been spared for the purpose of making them do so. All I can say is that I never heard of any Albanians actually so cooperating; and I have been told, in answer to a special enquiry, by a gentleman of

the highest possible authority on these subjects, thoroughly acquainted with the Servian language, and for many years resident in Bosnia and North Albania, that no such cooperation ever occurred. This counter-statement I do not give as absolutely true, but only to be taken for what it is worth against the statement of one who has not resided in these provinces and who does not know their language. But, as the sentence stands, and so long as no explanation is given of the appearance of the Albanians on the other side, the Turks are represented as having intended to massacre their own side. Anyhow, whether the tangle in the sentence be an artificial snare, or a natural entanglement as regards the one point, it is our concern to look and see who are the great rams, the bell-wethers, and the weaklings of our literary flock who have been caught in the thicket, and who have ardently embraced the doctrine sought to be established, at all events by insinuation, that the Turk showed himself different in kind from the Montenegrin; that, being irredeemably vile and bad, he has placed himself out of the pale of humanity, and is only to be treated as a wild beast. Three writers at least have taken this sentence as the groundwork of their conclusion to that effect: Mr. Gold-

win Smith, a writer in the 'Saturday Review,' and a writer in the 'Illustrated Times.'

Two of these do not require a special comment. The third is one of the most brilliant public writers, and, what is a better thing, the most independent thinkers of the day, not to say one of the hardest hitters. I fear I may come in for some of the hard hitting, but I cannot help regretting that he should not have enquired into the truth of his premisses before deducing his conclusion, and enforcing it with all the fervour and glow of rhetoric. Putting on one side the queer hitch about the Albanians, which, if truly stated, is at least a striking historical novelty, it might have been enquired whether the Montenegrine, of whose practices nothing is even hinted in this letter, was not as bad as the Turk. As for the latter, the Pasha of Scodra himself declared that the Irregulars, and even the Turkish Regulars, were exasperated and reckless, and did not spare their prisoners. He said nothing about torture, nor do I know anything about it. The above is the only direct evidence I know on the subject, and it suffices to bring the charge of cruelty home to the Turks. Now for the Montenegrines. We have the direct evidence of Englishmen who saw Turkish soldiers

on board ship at Corfu, on their way round to Constantinople; men who had passed through the hands of the Montenegrines with noses and ears cut off, and otherwise ill-treated and mutilated. The lowest estimate of their number which I heard was from an avowed 'Philo-Montenegrine,' and it put them at eight; but I only give this as a minimum; and the number at the actual seat of war must of course have been greater. Details on the matter were given in a letter inserted in the 'Morning Post' of that time, bearing, I think, internal evidence of having been written by the Corfu harbour-master. There is no doubt that Sir Henry Storks's despatches have told the same tale. These men were fortunate to have escaped with their lives. It has always been the practice of the fierce mountaineers to put their prisoners to death, and themselves to die fighting rather than fall into the enemies' hands alive. This alone would account for few or no prisoners being taken from them. The story is well-known and often repeated, though it is perhaps mythic, of their having offered to cut off the head of a wounded Russian officer, their comrade during their joint campaign against the French, to save him from being taken captive. It is not as a reproach that I seem to throw this in the

teeth of the Montenegrines, for I am convinced that they have repented of the practice, and are most unlikely to repeat it; but there is no alternative so long as their past cruelty is suppressed for the purpose of deliberately blackening the Turks. It is not interest, nor fear of Russia, nor depravity of sentiment, nor even, as it is now said, senility which breeds our fits of reaction in favour of the Turks—it is the foul play and virulence of those who write them down.

As for what is said about the Turks' 'usual practice of horrible mutilation,' it must be either true or false. If true—and it is stated as unreservedly true, true now and at all times, without improvement or palliation—it is utterly disgraceful that any English officer should hold, or have ever held, a Turkish commission, or wear a Turkish order; and I have no doubt Sir Adolphus Slade will at once break his sword across his knees when satisfied of its truth. If false, it must be the result of ignorance or of calumny; and the context may determine whether these are or are not malignant as well. The statement is given broadly and without limitation; and it is no more use to justify it by appealing to all the horrors of Scio and Damascus, than in recriminating with the

horrors of Tripolitza and Athens and the sickening tale of Cerigo. It is not for us to cast the first stone at the retaliatory vindictiveness or the cruelty of proud or patriotic races. Nor is it for us to unlearn the lesson so lately taught us, that detailed narratives of horrors are, as often as not, mainly fictitious, the outburst of myth-creating power and of credulity on the part of a heated and panic-stricken imagination.

It is instructive to contrast the wise moderation and the precision, born of special knowledge, with which we habitually discuss practical Turkish matters connected with trade, finance, or other current business, such as railway and telegraph projects, or the Suez canal scheme, with the hazy sentimentality, masking ignorance of detail, and the credulous acceptance of unsifted statements, usually brought to bear on purely political or 'nationalistic' questions. The less such questions are insulated and treated on their own merits, the more they can be stretched or cut down to fit a Procrustean bed of prejudiced generalisation, the better and more practical do we seem to think our work. Dissipate the haze, unmask the ignorance, and trace the generalisations down to particulars; you will get nothing but a jumble of contradictions, and a be-

wildering dazzle of cross-lights, or a mere pile of 'sensation' metaphors, original and traditional, of old and new *mots* from the last clever traveller, and of sayings 'combining moral truth with phrases sich as strikes.' The Turk is, as we all know, a sick man; he will always be called so; and Nicholas never achieved a greater triumph than when Sir Hamilton failed to cap the imperial *mot* with some ready rejoinder of his own. The Turk is encamped in Europe. The Turk boasts that no grass will grow under his horse's hoofs. The Turk not only has no business in Europe, but himself believes that he has none, and that he is doomed to go to Asia, which fully accounts for the cypress trees in the Scutari burial-ground; also, according to the celebrated Dr. Cumming, for the *bazar caiques*, or water-omnibuses, taking passengers across the Bosphorus. The effrontery with which traveller after traveller goes on repeating this pure fiction, for all the world as though he had heard it himself and knew all about it, is something wonderful. The Turk is an irredeemable scoundrel, who has lost the 'grand but dangerous' virtues which he had before Lepanto. At best, like the Pickwickian greengrocer who waited at the Bath swarry, he is an 'inattentive reskel' and a 'low thief,' if not an 'unreclaimable blaygaird.' The Turk is naturally

a reforming animal on the whole, prone to improvement, and one who has reformed during the past generation more than any other European state—as indeed he might do, and yet leave a pretty wide unreformed margin. The Turk is an 'Asiatic.' The country from which he came was considered by the ancient world, which gave us the term 'Asia,' and by the Asiatic world itself, to be thoroughly un-Asiatic and opposed to Asiatic, under the respective names of Scythia and Turan. The European Turk 'desolates the fairest regions of the earth.' The south of European Turkey, under the name of Thrace, was once a byword for inhospitable bleakness of climate and ready-made desolation; as Eothen may have remembered when he rode from Adrianople in the icy wind, and as those did not remember who sent the first detachment of troops to shiver in light summer clothes under a blinding snowstorm of four and twenty hours, when the Himalaya first appeared in the Bosphorus in the middle of April 1854. The Turk is to be 'driven to his original seats in Asia.' It has not yet been ruled which are his original seats—whether Mecca and Medina, by right of his religion, or Mr. Atkinson's country in the parts beyond Balkash, or nothing more than Asia Minor, where he is to have it out of the Ar-

menians in return for letting go of the Greeks. He has less brains than we have, and his forehead recedes at an acute angle; and I am very much afraid that the worthy man who said this of him had himself an intellect which receded at too acute an angle when he sharpened his wits against the consul at Sycopolis, and got dismissed for his pains. Six millions of Daco-Thracians, and six more millions of Thraco-Dacians, the noblest races of the world, groan under the yoke of a vile Asiatic horde of only 600,000. After reading this, or something like it, as I once did in a Greek newspaper of Trieste, one is apt to think what devils of fellows the horde must be, and to go off on the tack not intended by the writer. There is less crime in Turkey than anywhere. There is more crime in Turkey than anywhere. And so on without end.

The Greek is degenerate. He is regenerate. He is neither one nor the other, but the same as ever. He is both at once, being utterly corrupt and degraded by Turkish rule, and at the same time as fit for self-government as a New Englander: this being the happy country where you can eat your cake and have it. He is so bad and shocking, because he has not a drop of ancient Greek blood in his veins. He is 'la même canaille qui existait aux jours de Thémis-

tocle,' and that is why he is so bad. These are also the reasons which make him so good, so full of promise and performance all at once, and so fit to 'carry the torch of liberty and Christian progress to enlighten the enslaved and benighted races of the East.' The Wallachian is the bravest warrior in the world, because he is descended from the Romans, to say nothing of the Dacians. So says Madame Dora d'Istria. The Wallachians and the Neapolitans are the two races in Europe who are so utterly unwarlike and spiritless, that you can make nothing of them as soldiers; they are hopeless, for it is not in them. So said an Austrian officer to Mr. Paget in Hungary. The Servian, who knows the value of sacred bards, and is uppermost over here just at present, is an eager fiery warrior of the Cross, athirst for civilisation, and anxious to help the Greek in carrying the torch of liberty, or, indeed, to snatch it from his hands if he does not move on fast enough. The Servian is an honest sluggish peaceful yeoman, wishing to live and to let live, who does not in the least want to follow to the field any warlike lord, but whose only care is to increase his store, and keep himself at home to feed pigs for the great three-decked floating stye-castles of the Danube. He is devoted to his Prince and his Prince's

dynasty. He does not care about him, if, indeed, he does not actively dislike him, because of over-taxation, espionage, and the fret caused by a petty bureaucracy: so that he has an inner domestic 'groan' over and above his 'groan' as a victim of barbarous Turkish suzerainty. The Turks got up the quarrel at Belgrade in order to kill off the Christians. The Servians got it up themselves. The Turks bombarded the town in a panic. They bombarded it because they had orders from Constantinople. They bombarded it because it's their nature to. The Mussulmans of Servian race in Bosnia, a million of men more or less, are the haughtiest and most fanatical of European Moslems. They are to be the soonest converted to Christianity; and this will be done off the reel by means and for the sake of the 'idea of nationality' so soon as the Turks are 'driven to Asia,' which, to be sure, will give you a very good kind of Christianity to begin with. The borderer of Servian race in another country, under the name and aspect of 'South Sclavonian,' is the actual incarnation of every military and civic virtue; he is to cry for all he wants, and what he cries for he is to get. The same man, under the name of Croat, is a bravo, a bully, an Austrian Bashi-Bozuk, the hateful minion

of a vile despot. All these countries, great and small, have in their time been 'bulwarks of Christianity against the infidel;' all of them are now, or are going to be, 'Piedmonts,' except, indeed, the Turkish part of Turkey itself, which is slow at analogies, and does not see what a case can be made by calling itself a Piedmont, with a mission towards Persia and Bokhara. When any of these races has produced a Cavour, it will be time enough to call itself a Piedmont. As for the 'bulwark' view, which even Wallachia has taken to herself, the only real 'bulwarks' were the kingdoms of Hungary and Poland, and, infinitely more than all, the Republic of Venice: and much good it has done any of them with the rest of Christendom. Last of all comes our old forgotten flame, Circassia. The Circassian, too, is a hopeless and foredoomed Asiatic reprobate; besides being a slave-dealing ruffian, which last is a capital stone for flinging at his head just now. But, by way of funeral obsequies, and as a parting salvo over the grave of his 'nationality,' we have adopted the name of Caucasian into our science, in order to represent everything that is most purely and typically European, not to say Jewish at the same time: and he himself has gone off to destroy European

patriots, and do all other behests of his new master assigned him as a task, on the principle of an honest man being set to catch an honest man.

A nice mess it is, certainly, and a fine muddle. What I have given as a sample is, after all, but a few bricks from the house, a few potsherds from the heap. I cannot undertake to sift the heap in this place. Much of it is mere error, wilful or unintentional; some of it is fair and natural divergence, which can be reconciled without difficulty; very little of it is the result of actual contact and direct intercourse between the Englishman and the stranger. The two main and seemingly divergent currents of such English opinion about Turkey, as really springs from genuine intercourse with that country, appear more at variance with each other than they actually are. The diplomatist resides entirely at the capital; the provinces are to him a mere abstraction, except in recent and rare instances; and in the ordinary exercise of his profession he sees nothing but Turkey as a victim; Turkey bullied, encroached upon, and brow-beaten; Turkey with short measure and false weights dealt out to her in the first moral principles of Christianity by those whose lips are always wet with the watch-words of Christianity. Interest apart, his feelings thus come naturally to be enlisted in favour of

Turkey, and many travellers and writers are found to reflect his lights for the public at home. The Englishman who holds no office, the merchant, the railway or telegraph superintendent, the man set in authority over Turks, the lawyer, and many other classes, see nothing of the diplomatic encroachments and foul play themselves; but they are face to face with venality and rascality every day of their lives; in the provinces they see countless instances of unequal justice, and unfair, often contumelious or oppressive, treatment towards the subject races; by profession, interest, or antipathy, they are often actively opposed to Turks, and their mind becomes tinged, at least on the surface, with the colour of vehement hostility. This, in Turkey, is rarely accompanied with any corresponding feelings of active sympathy towards the said subject races, whose qualities are not such as to endear them to Englishmen on the spot and away from home. The consuls, living wholly in the ill-governed provinces, are politicians one day, and merchants, advocates, or judges the next; they come under both of these influences, and their fluctuations of opinion may easily be traced in their reports. Yet no diplomatist would wish to support Turkish rule otherwise than as a provisional rule, and on any other condition than that of progressive reform of

abuses, which, if Turks do not undertake it, must be enforced on them—without wounding their self-respect if possible—but still enforced. The gist of our diplomacy in Turkey is contained in the motto over Westminster School, which should be written over the Sublime Porte, and perhaps, indeed, over Government House at Calcutta, or the palaces of any dominant race: *Aut disce aut discede, manet sors tertia, cædi*; though in our case in India it is *Doce ut discedas.** Nor, on the other hand, do I know of any non-official Englishman in Turkey, honest, and qualified by character and experience to form an opinion, whose hatred of Turkish abuses blinds his judgment to the fact that those abuses are diminishing, even though not so fast as he would wish, and that our imperial policy towards Turkey is both expedient for all parties and right in itself. He would like to stand with a lash over both the Turk and the ambassador at their work, to bring it down on their shoulders if they failed to 'toe the mark,' and to keep them up to the standard, so lofty in idea, yet so perfectly practical, laid down in the despatches of our great diplomatist. All English-

* The last words may be of my application, but the idea is that of an illustrious statesman lately deceased—Mountstuart Elphinstone—*clarum et venerabile nomen.*

men who have a real knowledge of Turkey, when thoroughly cross-examined, will be found to stand upon the ground of one common principle. Without such cross-examination, any opinion or any fact may be extracted from their words which anybody may wish to find. I pass over altogether the words of those who seem to be emptying the vials of honest wrath over the Turks, but are mere vitriol throwers after all.

The *mots* and metaphors about Turkey are out of all proportion in excess of real facts or of opinions founded on real facts. They are thus apt to become dangerous, besides being often in themselves worthless; for they serve to stay the stomach of inquiry, and make us content with a mere otiose habit of taking things for granted. The Turk, for instance, besides being a sick man, is a dying man. He is dying rapidly; or sometimes, in unmetaphorical phrase, the Turkish population is dying out rapidly. But this happens to be exactly the point on which we require statistics, and not similes. Having our imagination pleased and satisfied with the figure of speech which compares him to a dying man, we do not think it worth while to enquire whether his race is declining at the rate of one per cent. a year or of ninety per cent. a year; and there is not one man

in England, or out of it, who is able to give a conclusive, or even an approximative, answer, to this all-important question. I am not talking of fools willing to rush in, nor of angels—who have nothing to do with Turkey—fearing to tread; I only say that no one, as yet, is competent to answer this question as a whole, or to do more than contribute a possible quota of detached local information. We may pay very dearly for sensation metaphors, and have done so before now. How much did we once pay for the sensation metaphor of calling Herat the key of India—the key of an open outer gateway, hundreds of miles wide, in which no gate had ever been built, let alone the lock on the gate? Perhaps we may pay equally dearly some day for the torch of liberty; or the Cross on St. Sophia, before we have decided which Cross; or the absurd romance of the Turks all going over to be buried in Asia. I must stop to say a word or two on this last point. At certain periods of their history, especially after great reverses, the Turks have undoubtedly had superstitious misgivings as to the impending downfall of their empire in general. I believe Prince Cantemir is the first to have noticed this, and he is a good, though not an unimpeachable, authority. Dr. Russell, the author of the work on

Aleppo, a thoroughly trustworthy man, himself heard such a superstition from the mouth of a Turk of Konia. But all this has reference to their rule as an imperial race, as the successors and inheritors by conquest of the Cæsars of Rome and their dominions. This belief of an imperial inheritance, combined with devoted loyalty to his own ruling family, is deeply rooted in the breast of every Ottoman, and distinguishes him from all other Orientals. He knows nothing and cares nothing about this continent and that continent, and the European words which denote them; his whole heart is in the imperial city, which, however much the arch of conquest may be a tottering one, is still the keystone of the arch, and in which it is his care to bury the remains of his sovereigns and great men with something of superstitious persistence and veneration. I never myself met with any Turk who either entertained or reported this fancy about burying in Scutari, nor do I know of anybody else who has; but I have met persons who know more about Turks and their ways, and who have lived more with them than have any Europeans, to my knowledge; and these utterly deny the existence of any idea of the kind. I shall believe it when I believe that the *nouveaux riches* of Belgravia send

their dead bodies to be buried in Kensal Green cemetery, because they consider themselves only encamped in the favoured regions south of the Knightsbridge Road, and superstitiously look forward to a time when they will be driven to their original seats in the farther Tyburnia. The largest cemetery near a great city is generally the best place for burying its dead, and anybody wanting further information had better get it from the undertakers, and not from the poets.

I cannot leave this part of the subject without a word or two about the 'torch of liberty and progress' which the Greeks are predestined to carry, as being the most 'advanced and intelligent' race in these countries. This is a view which appeals most strongly to the imagination, and I believe it has much weight and influence among the ablest of our statesmen and our public writers. It has, of course, the voice of every Greek in its favour, but that will not go for much with the class—still a numerous one—which looks on a Greek as moved by the same impulses and prepossessions as any other human being. But the limits of the Greek race—however they might have extended themselves thirty years ago—are now defined and fixed by that uprising of the Bulgarian nationality in an

anti-Greek sense, which I have already mentioned in some detail. Time may prevail over any opposition offered by this; the Greek cannot do so at present, for he cannot overcome the Bulgarian, nor lead him, nor incorporate him. He is of a less numerous and not of a superior race; his mind is more keen but less solid; roughly speaking, he is to the Bulgarian as the clever Calcutta Baboo to the raw material of the English non-commissioned officer; his admixture with the Bulgarian would give each race a share of qualities now wanting to it; but such admixture on a large scale would only swamp the less numerous race. Far more powerful than this as evidence to disprove the correctness of the above view must be considered the actual Greek character itself. One of its mainsprings, perhaps its most important one, is the strength of its antipathy. This is the result of his own Imperial dominion, of his degradation under the Turks, and of his imperial sway within the Turkish rule, as a slave and a despot at once. He has lost the faculty of sympathy, and has paid this price for the preservation of his national life. His bitter spirit of antipathy has preserved to him an indestructible and iron-bound nationality, which may be diluted by commixture, but can never be crushed by force. He

is no more foredoomed to one character and reprobate from the beginning than the Turk: the rigidity of his antipathy must gradually relax and be thawed into sympathy with his neighbours who are different from himself; but time alone can effect this, and when this is effected, he will be other than what he is now. His forefathers had no sympathy with aliens, but they had a thirst for abstract knowledge and a strong spirit of enquiry; he himself has neither one nor the other, except so far as conducive to his merest material interests and every-day business; and without these he cannot hope to influence or rise superior to Armenians, Bulgarians, or Turkish peasants. His church was and still chiefly is the symbol and the mainstay of his nationality; its ritual and doctrines cannot be transgressed or questioned for a moment without the utterance of treason against that nationality; and, if either living spirituality, or freedom of thought in religious matters, be better than dead ritualism, there actually seems more likelihood of their being found among the countrymen of Omar Effendi, preaching something like open Protestantism in the streets of Brusa, than among those who hound on the public against and prosecute Lascarato and Kaïri.

I have only treated of one or two out of the

number of clever sayings and fallacies which form our current talk about Turkey, and even to do this has largely encroached on my space. These do not matter very much, after all, so long as we confine them to our own current literature, and consume our own smoke at home; but honour as well as interest urge us to keep contradictions, elementary ignorance in matters of fact, à priori views, or the evolution of noble Turks and noble Rayahs out of the mere operations of inner consciousness, as far as possible away from the debates of our great national assembly. A debate respecting Turkey, conducted without an object, without knowledge, and, by some at least, without any definite principles of attack or defence, took place last year in the House of Commons. I was in Turkey at the time it occurred; and I wish to bear distinct testimony to the fact that the character of our country was not improved by that debate in the opinion of leading men in Turkey, whether Turkish or other than Turkish. This debate certainly did much good in one way, but I do not think that was in the way for which it was originated. Everybody was startled into a show of activity, if not the reality. The ambassador began to instruct the consuls, and the consuls began to reprove the

pashas, and the pashas began to imprison the tax-gatherers, and the taxgatherers began to refund their squeezings to the peasants—just as the water began to quench the fire, and the fire began to burn the stick, and the stick began to beat the dog; and it needed a column full of gossip in the 'Illustrated News' to poke fun at all the superhuman debaters before people found out that after all it did not matter so very much. In other respects it did greater harm. Not so much—though that was something—by the exceeding animosity and bad blood shown on the subject, most demoralising to the weaker heads of those classes whose presumed causes were advocated; nor yet by the amateur and debating-society tone of the whole proceeding, only paralleled by the way in which we make such friends of the Italians every year by holding public disputation on the non-execution of their Hatti-Humayun and on the wrongs of those oppressed Christians the Bourbons: but by the open display to friend and foe of the sad nonsense which some of us greedily swallow, and others of us allow to pass current uncontradicted and unchallenged. One man tells you he knows that there are six millions of Greeks, and hurls his fact as a triumphant rejoinder at the head of a previous

speaker who had talked of three millions—itself probably an over-statement, though a very slight one, and with Finlay's great authority on its side. Another dilates with much dogmatism on the most incredible muddle in the way of statistics I ever read, given on the authority of 'two clever men'—one clever man, indeed, could hardly have invented them—and he winds up with the convincing statement that there are 'only ten thousand Turks in Samos.' Ten thousand, indeed; why there are not ten score! But the whole world may see, and profit by the sight, that nobody knew or cared to say that Samos has been for thirty years past a semi-detached province in the same category as Moldavia and Wallachia, with its own prince and its own constitutional assembly; that, during the period between 1851 and 1858, after attention had been called to it by a revolt consequent on the delinquencies of a Fanariote absentee prince, it was wisely and excellently governed by a Wallachian — must I say the one Wallachian?— of integrity and patriotism, M. John Ghika; and that under this gentleman's rule it rose to a height of prosperity which, for aught I know to the contrary, it may have retained since his return, at the higher call of patriotism, to his own country when

united with Moldavia: having been, in fact, a model of what these tributary principalities can be and ought to be under good management, and let alone by foreign intrigue. And so on throughout the debate. All this stuff being thrust into a legitimate discussion of a question which may fairly be considered an open one, how far the Turkish governor's conduct at Belgrade in 1862 was or was not censurable, and whether the continued Turkish occupation of that and other forts in Servia is expedient, if morally right. What do speakers of this kind imagine that native Christians who have seen the world think and say of their advocacy? What is thought of a country when its government is likely to be moved by this sort of thing? We could afford the discussion on the English country-house at Therapia which followed it—that was good fun enough in its way. What with the man who had been there and thought it was three miles from Pera, and the wary veteran, tongue in cheek, rejoining that it was six, with or without knowledge that it was twelve, and the man who said that the town-house at Pera had a view of the entrance of the Black Sea, twenty-five miles off, the English residents in Turkey got as much fun for their money as if they had gone home to see Lord Dundreary. But in higher and political

matters we cannot afford to talk on what we do not understand.

The stress of unfavourable opinion against the Turks, however unjust and wrong in many of the details by which it is sustained, has a wholesome bracing effect and even a welcome rigour with Turkish statesmen of the reforming school. But, as an odious insular egotist, I had almost rather no Turk should reform and no Greek grow to freedom than that we should lower our character and weaken our influence by talking nonsense. Here is the best part of the East, so far as I know it; the best Greek, the best Turk, the best Montenegrine—I do not venture to add the best Servian, because I have no knowledge to authorise my doing so—all joining in the cry of 'Save me from my friends.' Among Turks, statesmen like Fuad and Ahmed Vefyk, though certainly not without a healthy human appetite for public praise, have had enough of flattery in Western papers about 'les intentions bienveillantes de notre auguste maître;' and they gladly turn to their English newspaper for opinions and criticism which they know to be generally impartial, according to its lights. As for abuse, they have a fine humour, a thick skin, and a most creditable career; and they have therefore been able fully to enjoy being called 'infamous ruffians

from the Haymarket.' It is the Greek and the Servian who are exposed to more risk of being relaxed by the enervating breath of feckless sympathy, or demoralised by finding that men who have the power of making and unmaking the government of a great country can become the ready instruments of their pettiest intrigues or their wildest dreams. Men like Ahmed Vefyk do not believe that everything is always going on for the best in the best of all possible Ottoman empires: nor are men who stand at the head of their nation, like the Rallis, unaware that what Greece wants is the naturalization of a greater idea than the great idea of aggrandisement. There was a deeper feeling among the Greeks in the autumn of 1862 than exultant dexterity at the dodge of slamming King Otho's own door in his face. It was an active uprising of the nation's conscience in revolt against intrigue and corruption and dynastic ambition working under the cloak of a vague but ardent popular aspiration, and thus seething the Greek kid in its mother's milk. It was a most emphatic declaration in favour of the righteousness of our policy towards the Greek race. It was not Philhellenic, nor rhapsodical, nor doctrinary England that touched their conscience and roused their enthusiasm. It was cold, dry, unsympathising,

diplomatic England; England believing that engagements imposed on her by treaty are equally binding, whether made with church-goers or mosque-goers: England not as a gay green young sapling, but a stiff-jointed old oak, indisposed to follow the first Greek that comes in the guise of Orpheus for the mere tuning of his lyre: England that preserves Turkish rule not for the sake of Turkish rule, but for the sake of sheltering the immature growth of future free nations against the destroying blight of despotisms far more dangerous, if not worse, than Turkey. It is not for us to assign this reason officially and publicly as the cause of our support of Turkey, nor to refer to the philosophy of history as proving that all dominant races must either absorb, be absorbed, or perish; having only a life interest in the country which they hold from generation to generation. We cannot say this to Turks, nor take direct action upon it, any more than they can say it to us; but the ablest and most honest men among the tributary races are well aware of it, and, taken in conjunction with the utter absence of anything like territorial ambition or low forms of selfishness in us, it becomes the great and increasing source of our power with all classes, and of their most anxious desire to obtain the sympathy and countenance of our

Government, as well as the intelligent appreciation, not the echoing platitudes, of our people. The Greek had rather be reproved in Greek by a man who understands him all through, than praised in English by a man who has only worked his idea of him out of his inner consciousness. How far our position has been impaired by the premature cession of Corfu, and subsequent haggling, I do not know; but then I do not know to what extent the making haste to cede and the repentance at leisure shown in the haggling may not themselves have been the result of a compromise *in excelsis* between our own Greeks fighting triumphantly for an idea and our Trojans fighting for terms. Be this as it may, our general policy in Turkey does meet with the distinct approbation of the better and honester class of natives of all persuasions; and, when these are dissatisfied with that policy, it is because that is occasionally ill administered, untrue to itself, and carried out in a half-hearted way. Contrary opinions have often been given of late, to which I shall attach credence when I see that they come from Englishmen capable of holding intercourse in its own language with any Christian community in Turkey, understanding its real and its ideal life, and both able and willing to tell the truth and distinguish truth from falsehood—but not till then.

We have lent our ears too long to opinions which are mere chaff and brass, or echoes of the wild frenzies of young Athens, young Bucharest, or young Belgrade. Those, indeed, are wofully mistaken who view the youth of these places by the light of their experience of our own young Liberal Oxford and Cambridge, or even of young France or young Italy. I do not despair of seeing a wholesome mistrust of unsupported facts about Turkey coming from these sources arise among ourselves; even when such facts bear official attestations which are worth as much as would be the official attestations of the Mayor of Gotham, Archbishop Hughes, and General Corcoran, upon details of Saxon misrule and tyranny if New York State were to find itself three thousand miles nearer to Ireland. Nor do I despair of young Athens actually studying ancient Greek history some of these days, instead of merely telling Europe that it does so; and of its showing to the world that a Demosthenes and a Chares may yet be found keen-sighted and patriotic enough to perceive that the true danger to Greece cannot come from the Great King, but from the European despot.

I am not going at length into the particulars of this policy, nor does it want more to justify it than the unanimous voice of the Greek nation, such as I

have above referred to, or than the forcible remarks of Continental Liberals such as M. Forcade, which anybody who cares may find in one of the autumn numbers of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for 1862. Whether those whose official routine and duty it is to defend and inculcate that policy understand fully what constant vigilance and exertion it requires, and with what anxiety the foremost men among Christian communities in Turkey look to its efficient maintenance in all points, and to the independence and integrity of English opinion, I know not. But I know that when that policy does not succeed, or seems to break down in detail, it is because it does not work at full power under a full head of steam; because the vessel is often ill-equipped, ill-manned, or half-manned. The diplomatic aggressions and the revolutions of tributary provinces by which Turkey has been assailed in the last fifteen years always occurred at these periods of impaired efficiency with us. Thus the Leiningen mission of 1852, when Austria was made to render homage and service to Russia in exchange for the reconquest of Hungary, the famous Menshikoff* mission which followed it, and the

* Will Mr. Kinglake allow me to correct his spelling? The Prince's name is written Menchikoff, according to his own signa-

Belgrade revolution of 1858, were all timed to coincide with a Conservative Ministry in Downing Street and a Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople—the Conservative ministry not being inefficient because Conservative, but because weak and known to exist on sufferance. In the former instances it was no wonder that the assault was so timed, for our great diplomatist had just bidden a solemn farewell to the East before an assemblage of fellow-countrymen, his hosts; he had shaken off the dust of his shoes on a country of which he despaired, and turned his face away for ever from a stiff-necked and unrepenting generation that would not amend their ways. Which things may help to convince people that politics in Turkey are an active game of attack and defence, and are not to be decided off-hand by hopes, generous sentiments, and phrases about the growth of Wallachia. So far as the cry for the reversal of our Eastern policy is more than mere baying at the moon, it means much the same thing

ture, after the French sounds of Roman letters; Menschikoff in the German way; Menshikoff in our way. The three-pronged Russian letter of the original is our sh. Any of these three will do; but not Mentchikoff, nor Mentschikoff, which give the palatal sound of our ch, and are as bad as the 'Times's' way of always spelling Reshid Pasha Redschid Pasha—which should, for very consistency, have been Padscha too.

as the policy itself has always meant, only laying exclusive stress on that part of it which consists in compelling Turks to reform all their abuses, render absolutely equal justice everywhere, and make all vice and crime to disappear from their portion of the earth. The seed of Turkish reform has been already cast into the ground. It must grow up into a tree, perfect and without blemish; and grow up, too, in one night, like Jack's bean-stalk. If not, Europe has been outraged, and the Hatti-Humayun violated. Europe, armed and indignant, will offer Turkey at the sword's point a choice between the Code Napoléon, which will be called Christianity to save appearances, helotry, or the Lake Balkash; and the Russians, whose business it will be to transport them to their original seats, will probably be glad to give them return tickets. These words may sound like irony, and are certainly not written without irony; yet for all that they are almost literally true. The Turk has got to reform three steps for his Christian subjects' one step. The chances are against him in so doing, because he has to reform against the grain of his religion, and does so with difficulty: while they, if not reforming by reason of the ritual and dogmas of their religion, imperfectly connected as these are

in their minds with the morality which is its essence, are at least thereby placed in direct unison with the progress and civilisation of Western Europe. The danger with us is lest, in over-zeal for the name of Christianity, we play fast and loose with the morality of Christianity, and view a treaty with a Turk as less binding, or otherwise binding, than one with a Christian. We must not be always shouting 'Ecrasez l'infâme' in the Sultan's face, or flying off at a tangent about the cross on St. Sophia; we must learn to think straight on these subjects, and examine for ourselves how far our highest obligations as Christians affect our dealings with unbelievers: if not from duty, at least from interest. Those who are fond of working the Italian analogy in favour of Turkish Christians often compare the Sultan's power, as Caliph, to that of the Pope; though the Sultan has not fallen to the Pope's temporal weakness, he has got much of his spiritual power; and a sovereign who can release a silk merchant at Bokhara on the one hand, and arbitrate among thousands of our Mussulman fellow-subjects at Cape Town on the other, cannot be outraged with impunity because his religious persuasion is not ours. At any rate, whether we exchange our old lamps for new lights; whether we follow mere

will o' the wisps, as many of us are doing; whether we are to be always going on seeing how far we can sketch the Ottoman 'formula,' fit the new European 'fact,' or do something desperate for doing's sake, and plunge bodily into chaos and black night, it behoves us now and at all times to see whom we have got to do our nation's work for us. *Laissez-faire* or chaos, we want the most efficient of action and the best of information. We want our country to be served in Turkey, as everywhere else, by the most perfect and highest type of English manhood; but we want it there far more than anywhere else, for our work is of a very special nature. We require the best ambassadors, the best attachés, the best interpreters, the best consuls, the best railway and telegraph men, or 'Anglo-Saxon' pioneers, such as those who have transferred the bustle and enterprise of an American back settlement to the dreary wastes by the Black Sea, untrodden by European foot since Ovid. But we have not got these uniformly, and we are very lucky when we can be said to have them generally. The most remarkable fact in Turkey, as I have said before, is the awakening of subject nationalities, the rising cultivation of their languages, and the utter untrustworthiness of their talk about themselves when not properly controlled.

But we have no Englishman who knows anything whatever about Servian, about Bulgarian, or, beyond a moderate point, about Wallachian; very few who know Turkish; fewer still who know modern Greek comprehensively, under all its various aspects: yet the language of each nationality—Turkish hardly excepted—is its life-blood. I say nothing of the Arabian countries, and have all along kept them separate from Turkey. In Arabic we are very much better off. We have one Englishman in the Constantinople embassy, born and bred in England, who is versed in both Turkish and Greek, to whom the wickedness of the Eastern world is as print—and but one alone. Though we have among our public servants men of experience, common sense, and extended intercourse with some of these peoples; men possessed of the rare gift, granted to so few, yet so indispensable in the mendacious East, the instinct of separating false from true in a nation's statement; yet we have not got that knowledge of their languages which gives us sympathy with their ideal aspirations, as well as insight into their real condition, and which alone leads to the highest and most fruitful kind of action. Those who revile our policy and our public servants have usually neither the one nor the other. The

consuls, the main supply of information to the nation itself, through their reports presented to Parliament, are, upon the whole, a meritorious body of men; but this arises, not from uniformity of merit, but from the average struck between great merits and great defects. The merits are more conspicuous in Turkey in Europe than elsewhere, because the consulates there are more political and less trading in their nature, and are therefore more generally filled by Englishmen of a higher stamp than the once common run of bankrupt merchants. Moreover, by far the greater part of them have only been established within a very few years, in consequence of the pressure of political events: only it is greatly to be regretted that their creation has always followed, instead of preceding, such events, and that the stable-door should never have been shut until after the steed had been stolen. But among the whole body we find comparatively few Englishmen of full English blood and rearing; and even among those born and reared in the Levant there are very few who have a true fundamental knowledge of its leading languages, and next to none of its subordinate ones. Those who have such knowledge deserve the greatest credit, for they have acquired it under great difficulties. It is a great, though a common

fallacy, to suppose that those who have only a mere colloquial knowledge are thereby fitted for high employment in the public service. They are, on the contrary, unfitted for it; for they speak with an accent and idiom identifying them, in the minds of the ruling or educated classes, with the illiterate or despised part of the community. Frenchmen who study our literature are esteemed among us, even though they discuss Hallam and Macaulay with a strong foreign accent; but we should not think much of one brought up in the Minories, for all his fluent converse with us on its local topics in its local accent and idiom. We want, throughout Turkey, the multiplication of direct points of contact between the Englishman of the best type and the native leaders of the peoples and races—such an Englishman as Colonel Leake, when on his promotion at Ioannina, may best be held to represent; such as our country is always able to produce without stint when roused to the necessity of work. There is no fear of Levantines ceasing to find employment of some kind so long as a means of easy transition and communication is required between the higher morality of England and the lower morality of Turkey. We ourselves are obliged to find some such means in India, where the standard

of morality, so far as I may speak on what I do not know personally, seems far lower than in Turkey. Such a connecting link between the two moralities, for our outer public, may sometimes be found among those who are loudest in vilifying Turkey.

How are we to get our Colonel Leake on his promotion? A year ago, I should have pointed to the Corfu garrison as a sufficient answer. If that island had been in the hands of France, or of the much-abused East India Company, it would at once have been considered as a moral *tête-du-pont* of Europe, thrown across the Adriatic; the study of the races and languages of the adjacent parts of the mainland would have been officially and actively encouraged, without any necessary after-thought of future aggrandisement, but rather with a distinct view to the benefit of the public service; and their inhabitants would have been looked upon as actual human beings, with living and growing souls, instead of mere bipeds, born to beat cover for woodcock. This is not a sarcasm on the sportsmen, be it understood, but on the authorities, who let them live by sport alone. Could not the island have been spared to us at the eleventh hour, if only for one more hour in which to prepare an officer or two for useful public employment in Turkey?

Even as it is, we have several who have acquired some knowledge of that country within the last year or two, by dint of walking tours in Albania, undertaken in parties of three or four, and carried out all over the country with as much safety as if it had been Switzerland. But that was for the sake of walking, and not for the sake of knowing Turkey. I wonder how they would have succeeded south of the Greek frontier, and it is quite fair to express such a wonder. But the English occupation of Corfu is now a thing of the past. The Embassy at Constantinople, and perhaps those at Vienna and St. Petersburgh; the Legation at Athens, the Consulates-General at Bucharest and Belgrade, all seem likely, more or less, to afford favourable training ground for future public servants of the first class, in those countries where conflicts of languages and nationalities may be expected to arise. Some sort of experiment of this kind has already been tried at Constantinople, and it is not considered by the highest authority in these matters to have been altogether, if at all, successful. But its object, that of replacing Levantine dragomans by Englishmen, for the purpose of official communication between the Embassy and the Porte, was not exactly the same as that which I am now ad-

vocating; the chief part of the original scheme, the encouragement of travel in Turkey, was neglected in some cases, and impossible in others; the rest of it was only carried out in a very careless and perfunctory way, and, as circumstances then stood, could not have been otherwise carried out without unpleasantness to all parties. The scheme, moreover, was deprived of its main hope and prop, by the premature death, in Persia, of a young gentleman of the greatest talent, and most unusual, nay, special linguistic capacity and acquirements, Mr. Almeric Wood. A man had rather work with an old kind of tool which he knows, than with new ones which he does not know; and all the more so, when the new tools are imperfect, and he has to depend on the work itself to fashion and complete them. A thoroughly efficient dragoman could not be thrown away, perhaps in face of a political crisis, for an unformed attaché. But now and henceforward, communication with the Porte, where French is largely spoken, and where official notes are often written in French, is of minor importance; travel in Turkey, intercourse with the people, and comprehension of the rising nationalities, especially of the Bulgarians, are of paramount importance. It is on the necessities of these points, the last in

particular, that I rest my present case. But the weight of a recognised authority is chiefly necessary in this country, before a thing can be done, even for its benefit. Such authority, I am convinced, will not be wanting, if proof or guarantee be given by any one, who may bring forward or comment upon this subject, that his remarks will be absolutely devoid of retrospective censure or criticism; and I am equally sure that those gentlemen, who were selected to carry out the first and only partially successful experiment, will gladly take the blame on their own shoulders, and ascribe its want of success to their own deficiencies, provided they can secure that or any other authority, to advocate and insist on the commencement of a new and far more necessary work. It is not for me to presume to point out how to choose men to enter this service. Perhaps it cannot be done otherwise than by competitive examination; yet this may burden you with a short-sighted invalid, who can no more sit a horse than Coleridge when he enlisted in the dragoons, merely for being the best hand at answering questions like, 'What did Mr. Kemble mean, when he called English a dead language?' Not but that competitive examination is the best, or the least bad, system to apply to a vast branch

of the public service like the Indian Civil Service, where you must have a system of some sort; but in Turkey you want no system, and are better without one. All I can do is, to call notice to the type of man who should be selected, and who is as often the product of the hunting-field as of the study. More than one such man is wanted, and in more than one place; for many different subjects have to be learnt, and checks must be established against possible one-sidedness, or enthusiasm. Time is wanted; for every Englishman in Turkey who is worth anything, or is likely to become so, has to go through the stages of learning, unlearning, and finally relearning, with a consciousness of his own ignorance and a respect for the limits of his knowledge: he has to pass through the Philhellenic fever, or the Turkish fever, which is apt to become the chief of its *sequelæ*, or the Servian or Montenegrine fever, before his judgment becomes properly hardened, and inured to the work of digesting the information he receives. Money is wanted; only a very little, it is true; but it is not usual with us to apply even a very little in a new direction, and without any immediate return. Still, penny wise though we may be, I trust a penny or two may not be considered thrown away in this matter. We, at

all events, are not pound foolish—not like those ridiculous and benighted Turks, who have actually bestowed an annual subsidy of a sum equal to seventy thousand English pounds on an inconvenient and impracticable port in Thessaly for the purpose of carrying the Greek and Thessalian mails between that province and Athens: the money is thrown into the Ægean, and all the Rayahs eagerly rush over to the shores of free Greece: yet the great despotic Ottoman organ, the 'Asharru 'l Hanâbîgh' (the maker easy of things to the conscience), cynically justifies a measure it cannot prevent, because it serves to stop a Rayah cry.

Such a measure as that which I recommend may probably be passed over on the ground that we have already many young men belonging to the families of our Consuls in the Levant who 'know the languages,' and upon whom such appointments would be most properly conferred. To this I altogether demur; for, on the one hand, they do not 'know the languages,' as they should be known, unless properly trained; and, on the other, they are not Englishmen, but Levantines; and it is only Englishmen that we want. Their parents, unless they have enriched themselves by trade or otherwise, are mostly men of small means, and often very inade-

quately paid: they are rarely able to send their sons home to England for education during the most precious years of boyhood, and are thus often compelled to see their children losing the English nature day by day, and visibly acquiring the uniform low Levantine moral type. It is not for us to laugh at them for Levantines, or to bear too hard on their short-comings, their narrowness of mind, their follies, even their crimes. It is for us to reclaim them and to make Englishmen of them; and surely our Government is not so poor as to be unable to come to the assistance of its consuls in the Levant, and help them to some extent in obtaining an English education for their children. Considering all the circumstances, I think we are almost bound to do this. We *must* have Englishmen in our public service in Turkey: if we do not send out Englishmen, we must Anglicise our Levantines, and for my part I think we can afford to do both.

Upon the whole question of the appointment of consuls, dragomans, and the like, I care not to enter just at present. But I am afraid one bad consul may do harm which two good ones can hardly remedy; and good consuls in Turkey do not as yet stand to bad ones in the proportion of two to one.

There is, perhaps, no use in advocating any system in this point: things have improved much of late, and may fairly be left alone as likely still further to improve. Administrative Reform Associations will not insure you against bad and worthless consuls, for you cannot insure the associations holding together; and the reformed popular rake who comes out of them may often make the steadiest, not to say the most unprogressive and somnolent, husband for a public office. Competitive examination will not so insure you. Parliamentary committees will not; for the big fish break through the meshes of their net, and the middling and little fish are not worth having. The Roving Englishman, viewed as a permanent institution like the Lama of Thibet, might do a great deal of good; but then you must keep up a permanent succession of them; and as each attains Nirwâna and is absorbed into the essence of the Deity through his goodness and the practice of virtue, you must be sure to replace him, hot and hot, with another scourge of consular and diplomatic malefactors. District visiting, a judicious use of tracts, and appeals to conscience, among our great London job-masters and job-mistresses who have the right of selecting and rejecting, have as yet been untried, and perhaps may have some

effect in keeping the garden of consular employment free of weeds. My words are nearer to earnest than to jest, for a consul in Turkey has powers which he does not profess elsewhere: and the light word or careless recommendations of a fine lady may 'desolate the fairest regions of the earth' as much as the tyranny of a pasha. The weeds must be rooted out and cast into the fire when they spread and are noxious. The day may come when it will be felt as great a matter in London as in Asia Minor that horror and desolation should be spread over a whole province by a man wearing British uniform: we cannot afford to employ in Turkey the last new-converted Capuchin friar or the last new deposit of the Syrian Orontes in the Thames, merely to gratify the anile or the clerical habit of patronage: it must surely seem far better to Englishmen that the energy of parliamentary enquiry should find vent in this direction, even at the risk of disclosing details of the dismissal of consuls and the investigation of consular delinquencies, rather than in talking nonsense about Turks and Wallachians and illustrious Servians. There are other sick things in Turkey besides the sick man, though they are not half such good subjects for declamation.

Liberavi animam meam. I have gradually worked my way round from ten-kreuzer notes and Yugo-slavian wire-pulling to the state of our public establishments in Turkey, the necessity for improving or invigorating them, and the means which I venture to think are the best for that purpose. In so doing, I have addressed myself to readers whose first regard is the efficient state of their own country's service, and not to those whose care is devoted, in the first instance or exclusively, to redressing the real or imaginary wrongs of Rayahs. Our policy in that country, violently assailed, and now seldom adequately or clearly explained to the outside public, does not seem to satisfy our real wants, so far as we believe ourselves to understand them, or to meet with a defence which is at all capable of withstanding the strength, the animosity, and the unity of purpose shown in the attack. That policy, though not likely to be reversed, is very likely to be held in check and neutralised, or to dwindle into apathy and feebleness, into *laissez-faire* without *laissez-savoir*. I sincerely hope I may never see such a result; for my own part I believe that policy might and ought to be quickened with a new life, knowing as I do that all classes

in Turkey look forward with hopefulness to such a prospect, and with anxiety and dread to anything which may weaken or impair it. That policy is dual, for it is the expression of English dualism; it is Liberal in one sense and direction, Conservative in another: and its value lies in the honesty of purpose and practical nature which are seen to be at the root of this double tendency. As regards the mere work of counteracting Russian aggressive policy, that can be done cheaply and easily enough, by simply paying for the annual subscription of all the restless Voivodes and Hospodars and Princes to the *Kolokol*, which will teach them that there is a far different and grander Russia in the future than the old intriguing and annexing Russia, without an idea beyond the double spread-eagle of intrigue and territory. We can save our pence in this way. But we must also look to see that, after putting the sick man in his coffin when much breath is still in his body, we may have something better to take his place than a nursery full of fractious and rickety children. Seriously, one branch must keep pace in its growth with the other branch; if Turkish dominion is to be upheld, the subject races of Turkey must be understood, and must receive intelligent and disciplined sym-

pathy from us. If not, and the country falls to pieces, or is shattered to pieces, we must call persons into existence to explain to us the disorder and the chaos which will arise, for few or none such now exist. I speak for the public as well as for the government; the public does not know which way to turn in Turkish matters even in quiet times, this way and that way dividing its not very swift mind, or drifting with the words of the latest clever man from the clubs and drawing-rooms, fresh from Siluria and Pisidia. But to whom is it to turn for guidance in the turmoil of a chaos, in the agony of a struggle for life among all the various races of Turkey, the destruction of the old and less favoured forms of national life, and the development of new ones under the process of natural selection? Whatever the issue may be, active work or passive observation, influence will be wanted in one case, knowledge in the other; and, under either contingency, real knowledge and influence can only be obtained by the increased employment of Englishmen. With a body of English gentlemen of the true kind in the public service, ambassadors and consuls dare not play juggling tricks in their despatches, or suppress truth to order, as they are rightly or wrongly alleged to do; nor, in the face of their official reports, would mere declamation

for declamation's sake dare to sustain itself for an instant. Before men of this kind, we should have our theorists and doctrinaires more respectful of special knowledge and more cautious than they are now; and they would perhaps abstain from seeking to tear open the Turkish chrysalis with their untrained hands in order to fledge the Christian butterflies. And from such men, whose insight will be directed to the ideal as well as to the material life of a nation, it is possible that the Greek and the Armenian and the Bulgarian may learn that there is a voice and a power in our nineteenth century England which all the City Articles and Mark Lane Expresses in the world cannot explain to him. He will learn that there is a greater idea in the world than imperial power, for power's sake; and he will hear that even that power is only to be obtained by those qualities of self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control which he has not got. And it is from our precepts as well as our example that I trust all will rise equal to the great fortune which is in store for them with patience and opportunity, and that the future page of their history will be inscribed with no records but those of—

> Freedom, broadening slowly down
> From precedent to precedent.

NOTES.

I.

It may be interesting to add the subsequent history of the Suliotes, gathered chiefly from the pages of Finlay.

Ali Pasha, from the very beginning of his career, had been incessantly labouring to make himself an independent prince. He mistook the profound sagacity and silent prudence of the Sultan Mahmoud II. for weakness, and quietly defied him. The Sultan, however, became alarmed at the power of Ali, and disgusted with his cruelties, and in 1820 he deprived him of the Pashalik of Ioannina, sending an army under the command of Ismael Pasha, to enforce his degradation. The Ottoman troops penetrated all the surrounding passes, and besieged Ioannina, but their difficulties in such a country were so great that they were compelled to look out for allies.

The Suliotes had now been seventeen years exiles in Corfu, fed by Russia, France, and England, as each became master of the Ionian Islands. By the Sultan's command they were invited to re-enter Albania, and to attack Kiapha, the fortress built by Ali, and garrisoned by his Mussulman Albanians. Ismael, however, forgot to send them any rations, and the Suliotes, to prevent themselves from starving, naturally levied provisions from the peasantry of the Pàshalik, who had been tribu-

tary to them in former times. Ismael was a bigot, and not inclined to favour any Christian tribe; he resented these depredations, and ordered the Suliotes to join his army before Ioannina. Starving as they were, they were compelled to obey; but, once there, they found themselves treated with scorn, exposed in all the most difficult positions, ill-supported by the Ottoman troops, half-starved and unpaid.

Ali soon came to a knowledge of their grievances, and was a witness of their excellent fighting, which indeed he had proved greatly to his cost before. He opened negociations with them, and in a short time they had concluded an alliance with their once bitterest enemy. In December 1820, the Suliotes quitted the Seraskier's camp in the dead of the night, and were put into possession of Kiapha, which contained vast stores of arms and provisions. They soon re-took all the Christian villages and mountain positions of their former territory, which were occupied by the Ottoman troops. Immediately after this was accomplished they formed a junction with a corps of 1,500 Mussulman Albanians devoted to Ali. Two months later, the Greek revolution broke out in the Morea.

The peasantry, who had been serfs under the Suliote confederacy, found their condition improved under Ali Pasha during the exile of their mountain masters: they therefore returned to their former allegiance with unwillingness. The Suliote warriors were so reduced in number that they were forced to seek recruits among other Christian tribes; they were obliged to form a new constitution among themselves, and, in fact, to organise the confederacy anew. They found the Albanian peasantry much influenced by Greek ideas; and they

were themselves almost unconsciously drawn into the vortex of the Greek revolution. Once engaged in the cause, embarked in it with vehemence and enthusiasm, subsequently sacrificing even their beloved Suli to join the modern Greeks. Their army now consisted of 700 men, but they had no tactics or science of war. They refused to learn any. Every Suliote was independent and self-important: he paid but a limited obedience to the chief of the phara, and the chiefs of the pharas paid as little to the commander-in-chief. For the defence of their own mountains, their system was admirable; anywhere else there was nothing but their bravery to depend upon or to give them success.

The agents of the Greeks strongly urged the Suliotes to give up the cause of Ali; but they refused to break faith with the Mussulman Albanians who had so lately assisted them. These latter, however, finding it impossible to cooperate with the Greeks in any way, separated themselves in 1821 from the Suliotes, who retired into their own mountains. After the death of Ali and the suppression of the revolution caused by him, the Greeks became most anxious to support the Suliotes, and thus retain a force on the flank of the Turkish army. But their position was now desperate: they had wasted the stores shut up in the castle of Kiapha, and they were reduced to starvation. Fortunately for them, Omer Vrioni, the new pasha of Ioannina, was very anxious to get rid of such dangerous neighbours, and he offered them most favourable terms of capitulation. On September 16, 1822, they bade adieu to their native mountains, and, after receiving from the Turks the sum of 200,000 piasters, they retired with their families to the Ionian Islands.

A year later 300 Suliotes enrolled themselves under Lord Byron: the only result of which was, that they thoroughly disgusted their new master by their rapacity, pretension, and falsehood. His death followed a few months after, and from this time it is impossible to trace the Suliotes; they became absorbed among the Greeks in their general struggle, and were so entirely dispersed that the Suliote name has never reappeared anywhere but as belonging to an individual.

II.

Since Chapter IV. was printed I have received a detailed account of the goose-fights that took place this last season at Skodra; and also of fights of another kind, —those of ducks. My informant had witnessed several sanguinary and long-contested battles between pairs of the latter birds; and he considers that the ducks are more *plucky* than the geese, while the larger birds are more furious and fierce.

Ducks are bred in great numbers on the Lake of Skodra, and preserved with care. At the end of the summer they are collected, and the skins of their lovely dark green heads are made into linings of cloaks for the richest men and pashas of Skodra. The sewing together is executed with extreme neatness; and nothing can be more beautiful than the effect of the rich and glistening hues of these linings, which are also excessively costly.

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